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A TRIP HOME

WITH

SOME HOME-SPUN YARNS.

TO

THOMAS DANIEL, ESQ.

AS A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT AND ESTEEM

FOR A CHARACTER

TOO WELL KNOWN AND APPRECIATED BY A LARGE CIRCLE OF ACQUAINTANCE

TO REQUIRE EULOGY,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE INSCRIBED,

BY

HIS OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

It is customary for a gentleman to enter a room with a bow, and for a book to be ushered into the world by a preface: fortunately, it is not necessary that the bow should be very profound, nor the preface very long: in fact, in the latter case, the quality is pretty generally esteemed in the inverse ratio of the length: a happy circumstance for one, who like the Author of the following pages, has little of an introductory nature to say; who has, in fact, *only* to express a hope, that even should his efforts to amuse prove unsuccessful, they may be viewed with a lenient eye. He is fully aware of the danger he incurs of being charged with presumption, in offering to the public what may be deemed not worth acceptance. He can only plead in extenuation, that the letters were not, originally, intended for the pages of a book, and that since that destination has been assigned them, for reasons which it is not necessary to intrude upon the public, they have received such revision as

he could give them. In some instances, considerable additions have been made in the way of filling up sketches in the original letters, and in others, a good deal has been expunged. His greatest difficulty has been to condense what was originally written without restraint, into the moderate-sized volume, which he was anxious not to exceed: in this, as in many other points, he has not succeeded to the extent he wished, but he has done the best he could. His hope is, (though he dare not enter into competition with Autolycus, in the Winter's Tale, who had "songs for man and woman of all sizes,") that there may be variety enough to beguile the reader, and that the lively and the grave may each find something to their taste. He concludes in the words of Byron,

"What is writ is writ,
Would that it were worthier.'

N.B. The Author particularly requests that the reader will be good enough to correct with his pen the typographical errors, of which a list is given below, which he concludes he must have overlooked in correcting the press, in consequence of their occurring in familiar passages which passed muster without due examination.

Page 3, line 7, for vocare, read vocavi.
" 27, in note, for Physalido, read Physalida; and for Acalepho, read Acalephæ
" 56, line 6, for that's, read that is.
" 168, last line but one, for aliquæ, read aliquid.
" 193, line 11, for recant, read ruant.
" 303, " 12, for antem, read autem

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A TRIP HOME.

LETTER I.

My Dear Friend,

You were very urgent with me when we were about to part, that I should send you a detailed account of my wanderings "at home," and I accordingly purpose to do so, as well as circumstances will allow. I shall not keep a regular journal, because I know very well that it would, in fact, be an irregular one, in as much as I should often be obliged to omit whole days from pressure of other occupation, and often from want of matter to record. My plan, therefore, will be just to "jot" down, as the Scotch express it, what occurs to me at the moment when I am sitting to my desk, without reference to the circumstance recorded, having occurred to-day, yester-

day, or the day before. I shall devote my blank days to giving you some idea of my proceedings, and I warn you that you must *not* look for my sheets very regularly: they will be made up, not always for the packets, but for such private opportunities as may take several at one time. By such means I hope to give you some idea of my movements "at home;" a term, by-the-bye, which we colonists all use with reference to a country which perhaps we have never seen, and in which we may not even possess either friend or acquaintance, except such as we may casually meet with, wandering like ourselves from their real home, and in which we are so far from being "at home," that the very customs of the country are strange to some of us: not so much so, to be sure, as they were some few years ago, for we have now most of us been home, and exported thence, with ourselves, the customs of the mother-country to our father-land. This puts me in mind of a "leetle annecdote," as Mathews' old lady used to say, illustrative not only of the subject in question, but of the difficulty which must be experienced by foreigners in familiarising themselves with the conventional use of terms employed in the countries they visit, even after they have made themselves masters of the grammatical structure of the language; illustrative also of the logical definition of "words," viz. that they are signs arbitrarily agreed upon by common consent to represent things or ideas. Not, however, to enter upon any disquisition of this sort, albeit interesting enough in its proper place, the

anecdote runs thus.—A certain gentleman, well-known in our island one generation back, going "home" for the first time, was anxious for an interview with a lady of "ton;" he had been unsuccessful, though he might have adopted the lamentation of Æneas, and exclaimed—"iterum, iterumque vocare," having *called* repeatedly at her door, without being fortunate enough to gain admission; in due time he received a card, inscribed—"Mrs.—— at home such an evening." "I'm very glad to hear it," said he, "and I wish she'd stay at home a little more, it would be a very good thing for her family. I've called fifty times, and she's always been not at home; I'll take this opportunity of having a chat with her, though it's rather an unseasonable hour." It is very much to be questioned whether he found himself much "at home," when, instead of a tête-à-tête, he found himself in the midst of a crowd of fashionables; it is even questionable whether he might not have exclaimed with Hamlet—"Oh! that this too solid flesh would melt, thaw, and resolve itself to dew!" though, by the way, he was more likely to have deplored the absolute probability of such an event, which always seems to threaten one upon such an occasion, even though out of doors it may be so cold as that the very breath shall be freezing about the whiskers of your horses and coachman. Apropos of routs, have you got a good receipt for making one? possibly not, though the style of thing is now common enough with us; here then I send you one which may possibly be of use to you

some of these days. "Take all the ladies and gentlemen you can collect, and put them into a room with a slow fire; stew them well: have ready twelve packs of cards, a piano forte, a handful of prints and drawings, and put them in from time to time. As the mixture thickens, sweeten with politesse, and season with wit, if you have any, if not, flattery will do, and is very cheap. When all have stewed well for an hour, add some ices, jellies, cakes, lemonades, and wines; the more of these ingredients you put in, the more substantial will your rout be. Fill your room quite full, and let the scum run off."

If it were not for the intrinsic value of the above receipt, I should apologize to you for the very discursive nature of this letter: the fact is, as I dare say you will presently find out, that my pen is affected with a species of St. Vitus' dance, and is constantly starting off in various directions without leave or license, carrying with it the hand and head which should direct it; pray forgive the infirmity. In the present case perhaps you will make a further allowance for my thus indulging in a sort of flourish of trumpets, instead of rushing at once "in medias res," "in the midst of the matter," according to rule. Can you not understand that there is a slight horror and squeamishness at the bare idea of recapitulating the miseries of that afternoon when you and I shook hands together last upon the deck of the good ship ——, whither you had kindly accompanied me with some two or three other friends, for the purpose of wishing me farewell, at the risk of

demonstrating that your kind wishes came from the very bottom of your heart?—No, that's not *exactly* the word; for, if not in your case, surely in some others the horrid pale and greeny cheeks indicated that if the tongue failed to give utterance to the thoughts of the oppressed mind, other hidden things were like to be revealed; that if the friendly bosom heaved, other organs were like to participate in the affection, and that in fact it was necessary to cut short "good byes," and to leave the ship as soon as possible, infinitely to the satisfaction of the captain, who, however well pleased to see his friend's friends, and his own future passengers, he may be, must surely be very glad to see them go over the ship's sides, and so obtain time to think of *business* instead of *company*. Except in particular cases, I must say I do not like this system of congregating on board ship, and last farewells; it may seem ungracious to say so, but it is not intended as any slight to friends, but as a protest in general against a system which I *think* must be annoying to the captain, and though by no means *annoying* to the friends about to leave their homes, relatives, and acquaintances, yet certainly is seriously *inconvenient*, as they begin to find, as soon as the vessel gets fairly under way, and they discover that they have lost that irrevocable half-hour during which their stomachs could have stood the trial of superintending the arrangements of their cabins and stowage of their baggage, so as that they might have felt in some degree "at home," instead of miserably "abroad," as they do, when hurrying below

to throw themselves on their beds, in a state of utter incapacity and helplessness, they are compelled to select the particular trunk which contains the sheeting destined for their beds; perhaps to witness the awkward pulling out of a bottle of Eau de Cologne at the same time with the sheets, and its consequent fracture, and possibly the dispersion of its precious contents throughout the very parcel of gingerbread which was to have been munched that very night, as a preservative against sea sickness. These and innumerable other miseries might often be avoided by the proper use of the first half-hour on board; a hint well worthy the attention of young voyagers. Profiting by your kindness and consideration, which left me at liberty soon after seeing me safe on board, I lost no time in acting upon the lesson to the above effect, which I had received from a *travelled* (or to be free and easy with the Queen's English, after the fashion of our American brethren, I might say a *voyaged*) friend, and taking a hasty but affectionate farewell glance at the well-loved isle and its *warm-hearted* capital, I dived down the companion stairs, muttering to myself,

> ——"Facilis descensus Averni,
> Sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras,
> Hic labor, hoc opus est,"

conscious too, that, as the doctors say in certain interesting cases, it was most probable that I should be worse before I could expect to be better. To work, however, I went, like Peter Bell's horses, "with

right good will." I had not, indeed, to gain the top of any hill, but I had to dive under a mountain of things to discover my carpet bag, which contained articles which I wanted that night, and the portmanteau, without which I had no chance of effecting a comfortable lodgement in that little fort, my state-room, which seemed likely to sustain a considerable siege, so diligently was it fortified by boxes of all sorts and descriptions, rendering it a matter of difficulty even to gain an entrance without the aid of petards. By-the-bye, I never could imagine why the name of *state-room* should be applied to an apartment just large enough to afford room for a sleeping place for one person, and space for an individual to dress in without the risk of falling more than a foot on each side.

Whatever may be the solution of this question, this state-room now seemed utterly incapable of accommodating me in the most homely manner, so full was it of a heterogeneous assemblage of luggage. Only think of that vagabond, Cudjoe! I had sent him on board early in the morning with my kit, and with particular directions as to the disposal of it in the most convenient manner, and even given him a note under my hand and seal to him who had expressed himself so unequivocally my friend, when I went on board to select my state-room or berth,—the steward, directing what things were to be put into the said state-room, and what stowed away as not likely to be required until our debarkation. Ah! put not your trust in stewards, neither in Cudjoes, upon such occasions!

(" haud ignarus ego miseris succurrere disco,") the former have really too much to do; the latter have too much to see, and to say, and to hear, to attend to their instructions. Accordingly there they were, all my packages in one lot, as saith he of the hammer. Hodge-podge is gone out of fashion, savoring mess though it be, except in the forecastle of some vessels, principally " frae the north," but here I had one of my own, digest it as I might. For goodness' sake look at the catenation, and say whether a landsman has a chance of getting things to rights before he is called upon to settle his own personal matters, and to give himself up to a state of utter helplessness! The odds I felt were fearfully against me, but remembering what Hercules had effected in the case of the Augean stables, I set to work with the best grace I could, and I assure you some stoicism was required to bear the sight of my valuables so mercilessly compounded. Only look, for instance, at that beautiful sea-feather, which Mrs. —— had confided to my especial care for delivery to Dr. ——! Carefully and neatly had it been done up in cartridge paper, and most particular had been the directions which I had given to that rogue Cudjoe to tack it up securely to the ceiling of the state-room. Instead of that, behold it there, not square as originally, but triangular in form! Oh, there's the other half I see, jambed down between a case of sweetmeats, and a box of arrow-root! Beautiful it will look when taken from its delicate packing case! And, as I'm alive, if one of the ginger-pots hasn't

got smashed, and there goes the syrup all over my morocco writing-case! Well, it might have been worse; the large jar of tamarinds, and the ditto of pawpaws are whole, but unfortunately too tall to be stowed away under the crib of the bed, and they can't possibly stand at the end of the state-room, which is the only spot where my trunk will be openable, and my vestments comeatable. — "Here, steward, just put these two jars away, will ye, that's a good fellow?"

"Oh, yes, Sare, but dey niddn't be opened to-day, I 'spose."

"Opened! I should think not! neither to-day nor any other day. One is for Mr. ——, and the other for the Miss ——; and the lady that sent them charged me to take particular care of them, as she had had them put up on purpose."

"Oh, well neber mind, massa, I can just put 'em away in here with the cabin stores, for *de present*."

Why will people regularly load one with all sorts of things to take to their friends, when really one can hardly manage one's own little matters? Nice and foolish I shall look when asked about these sweets if they are not forthcoming, which is likely enough, and my face will almost be as much awry as the sea-feather, when the doctor, eagerly opening it, finds it utterly spoiled,—to say nothing of the trouble at the present moment, and in transitu through the customs.

Well, not to be further tedious to you, let me say that I had just got my arrangements completed,

when some of them were put to the test by the first heeling over of the ship, as, the anchor being fairly catted, the canvass filling with the land-breeze, occasioned a graceful motion of the vessel, not unlike the stately movement of some courtly dame, retiring from the presence of the sovereign. Anon, "she walks the waters like a thing of life;" the leeward ports are closed; an avalanche of promiscuous goods and chattels to that side of the cabin ensues; and congratulating myself upon the consciousness that the truant packages could be none of my chicks, up I tumbled, the best way I could, and found the deck not only cleared of visitors, but already getting into sea-shape. The captain and mate were evidently anxious to lose no time in getting the lumber from the deck;—the boat had been stowed in safety over the well battened main-hatch; and the unfortunate sheep duly consigned to that their last dwelling-place: the provender, too, was being stowed away in the same ark,—provender for man and beast;—yams, eddoes, corn, whole and shelled, cocoa-nuts, plantains, and I know not what besides.

Of my compagnons de voyage I shall say but little: to a stranger we might have formed an interesting group for aught I know, but to a fellow-countryman there was nothing particularly striking that I know of amongst us. Indeed, had there been, I should hardly have felt myself justified in being that "chiel amang ye taking notes," of whom the great northern poet warns his countrymen.

> "At pater ut gnati, sic nos debemus amici,
> Si quid sit vitium non fastidire."

as old Horace says, a *habit*, which it is most devoutly to be wished was more in fashion, as he adds,—

> "Opinor
> Hæc res et jungit, junctos et servit amicos."

I am happy to say, that though we constituted a large party, and some of us were entire strangers before, we amalgamated so well as speedily to become a friendly, and, if as a member of it I may be allowed to say so, an agreeable community; at least so we seemed to think, for there was much good fellowship and happiness amongst us, and I, for one, should very much like to ensure the same, or a similar assemblage for any of my future voyages.

Of our worthy captain, it is impossible to speak too highly. The captains in the Barbadoes trade are, I believe, noted amongst other good qualities for their kind deportment towards their passengers; and, without any invidious comparisons, surely our good captain may be said to be "primus inter pares," the first amongst his fellows, or, as they have it, I believe, at Lloyd's, No. 1 A; for it is quite impossible to conceive that any man could be more kind or considerate towards his passengers. Thoroughly a seaman, and ever wideawake to the responsibilities of his situation as commander of the vessel, he yet seemed always on the watch for any opportunity of ministering to the comforts of his passengers, utterly regard-

less of himself, and his own ease and comfort. Take for instance a morceau from our first dinner, which by the way was principally a cold collation on deck, for which many needless apologies were offered upon the score of the bustle and confusion of the first day. "Mr. ——, your plate is empty."

"Thank you, I'll take a little of that cold beef."

"Steward, Mr. ——'s plate: a glass of wine, sir, in the mean time. Mrs. ——, I am afraid you find the deck damp (some water had been spilt on it in filling the dripstone); steward, just bring up my pea-jacket and put it under Mrs. ——'s feet. Ah, that will do. Oh, it will never hurt it ma'am. Steward, tell the man at the wheel I feel how he's yawing the ship about, though I am under the awning: he's losing a knot an hour. Boy, hand the yam to Mr. ——"

Warmly was that cold collation pressed upon us; but alas, and alack-a-day! it met not with its deserts, for there was a most unaccountable lack of appetite amongst us. The hearts of some were, doubtless, too full of the thoughts of those they were leaving behind to do justice to the viands; the hearts of others were full of,—their owners knew not what, but so full that they seemed like to burst their bounds, and leap from their proper places; whilst the hearts of many seemed circulating something of a pale greenish nature, instead of red blood, judging at least by the hue of divers countenances.

Well so it was, that one by one sought the cabin, and consigned themselves to bed; some finding

things tolerably well prepared for them by their sable sea-servants (a most valuable class), and others having to deplore the loss of that half-hour of which I have before spoken, and destined to a miserable night as the penalty of their want of forethought. I believe I suffered as little as most (with the exception of one or two, who did not suffer at all,) and was able to pace the deck in confab with the captain until a late hour.

The brevity of the twilight, I might almost say its absence, within the tropics, must always be a subject of regret, as it often is of inconvenience, but then in point of beauty we gain in intensity what one loses in duration. It is impossible adequately to describe the exquisite and rapid changes which occur over the face of the heavens in the course of the half-hour succeeding to sunset, exceeding anything that can be conceived by one who has not witnessed them. Byron has described them as occurring in Italy, with the feelings and language of a true poet. In conclusion, he says parting day

> Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
> With a new colour as it gasps away,
> The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.
>
> *Childe Harold*, cant. iv.

Again, a fine tropical night is a glorious thing at all times, but never so glorious, I think, as at sea, when the cool steady breeze refreshes the watcher as he paces the deck, ever and anon casting his eye aloft to mark the lifting of the canvass, and the

gentle undulations of the tall and graceful masts against the deep blue sky bespangled with innumerous hosts of stars of all magnitudes: the larger ones ten times more radiant than they are seen in the murky atmosphere of the temperate zones; the smaller increased in number by many times owing to the clearness of the air allowing the eye to wander into regions far beyond the ken of those at home. Fierce though he be, and often disastrously so, the tropical sun is all glorious; sovereign despot of the sky, he runs his race as doth a giant: plenteousness and riches are the gifts which he bestows in his kinder moods, but when he looks forth in his more angry moments, desolation, misery and ruin attend him; and so his subjects, though they reverence and duly appreciate his value, cannot but stand in awe of him. But she, the beauteous queen of night, see with what benignity and radiance she shines upon her subjects as she walks forth with her soft and lovely attendants the stars, "those stars which are the poetry of heaven!" What a galaxy of beauty is there! The mind must indeed be dull which does not feel elevated by such a scene; which does not feel that He who made the heavens and the earth hath done all well, and might justly say that they were all "good."

Tell me not of scepticism so long as "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work." Who does not feel that "one day telleth another, and one night certifieth another?" that though "there is neither speech nor language,

their voices are heard among them;" that "their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world;"* and that these all speak "of the glorious honour of His majesty, and of His wondrous works," who created them in wisdom, in goodness, and in power.

The philosopher, you know, demanded but a fulcrum whereon to fix and ply his lever, and he promised to move the world. I, though no philosopher, would only ask for the fulcrum of candour, whereon to apply the lever of common-sense, and should have no fear of demolishing any amount of scepticism. Sceptics however, seldom will, or indeed can, give the fulcrum I require, for their disbelief is nothing but a mass of prejudice and vanity. "Eyes have they, but they see not; ears have they, but they hear not;" they *will* not see; they *will* not hear, much less believe; otherwise how could they fail to feel, if not to exclaim with Milton,

> "These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
> Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
> Thus wondrous fair. Thyself how wondrous then,
> Unspeakable! Who sittest above the heavens,
> To us invisible, or dimly seen
> In these thy lowest works, yet these declare
> Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine."
>
> *Paradise Lost*, book v.

Unless blinded by prejudice, who would not join with Cowper when he says,

> "The Lord of all, Himself through all diffused,
> Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.

* Psalm xix. Prayer Book Version.

> * * * * He feeds the sacred fire,
> By which the mighty process is maintained;
> Who sleeps not, is not weary.
> His presence who made all so fair, perceived,
> Makes all still fairer."
>
> *The Task.*

If it be thought that the starry heavens are too high a book to be understood without the help of philosophy, let us look more immediately around us, and we shall find

> "There is a voiceless eloquence on earth
> Telling of Him who gave her wonders birth
> Hill, flood and forest, mountain, rock and sea,
> All take their terrors and their charms from Thee!
> From Thee, whose hidden, but supreme control,
> Moves through the whole, a universal soul."
>
> *Montgomery.*

Nay, if we do not care to look far for our proofs of the existence and goodness of the Deity, let us look at our own physical, not to speak of our moral constitution, and we shall there find ample demonstration of these things. The ropes and cordage, the spars and rigging of a vessel are very wonderful; but what are they as evidences of design and skill, when compared with the muscles and tendons, the nerves and vessels of our frames? You may possibly remember the happy manner in which the talents of Sir Christopher Wren are made to commemorate themselves in St. Paul's Cathedral. No costly marble has there been inscribed with the name and merits of the great architect; but his name has been placed in a conspicuous situation, and it is added,

"Si monumentum queris,—circumspice." "If you ask for his monument, look around you." So I would say, "Si Deum queris,—circumspice, inspice."—"If you seek for the evidences of the being of God, look around you, look within." This will furnish more than a foundation for natural religion; it may be said to be one of the channels of revelation, for we read, "He set his eye upon their hearts that he might *shew* them the greatness of his works. He gave them to glory in his marvellous acts that they might declare his works with understanding."*

But I must not now attempt a *ninth* Bridgewater Treatise, the eight genuine ones constituting a sufficiently bulky work, and one, as I conceive, complete in itself, and forming a marked feature in the literature of our day. I will only add, that I consider that he who does not see the hand of God in all things, loses half the interest and pleasure which the book of nature presents. In the words of the interesting Lady Flora Hastings,

> "Is it not bliss, where'er the eye can rove,
> To feel the hand of Heaven—to find no spot,
> No desert region, no sequestered grove,
> Where the Divinity inhabits not?"

But it is really time to turn in, so good-night.

I had been the last upon deck the night before, and now was the first to re-appear; sooth to say, I met with no very warm reception, though it was ad-

* If you would like to see this subject touched with a master-hand, I would advise you to read a Sermon by Chalmers on the Constancy of God in his words and works.

dressed to my *understanding*, and touched, if not melted, my very *sole*; vile enough that, but writing *currente calamo*, let it stand. It was a bucket of water *slushed* along the deck by the brawny arm of a sailor, who only thought in what direction it was to go, without calculating upon my stepping upon deck at that very moment; well, *n'importe*, many things might have been worse, and I was amply repaid for all by the glorious sight of the sun just emerging from the eastern wave: a sight of unparalleled splendour and magnificence; ah! then indeed he looked like a giant bridegroom coming forth from his chamber, and entering upon his course with joy and pride.

> See how at once the bright effulgent sun,
> Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
> The short-lived twilight; and with ardent gaze
> Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air.
> *Thomson.*

I must not, however, dwell upon the beauties of that early morning, nor upon the savouriness of those hot rolls, and acceptableness of that bit of red-herring, the very best pacifier of the stomach after the evening turmoil.

I need not tell you that shut up in a vessel on the bosom of the wide deep, all hands are ready to make the most of any amusing story which may be told; accordingly you will understand that the following, narrated by one of our fellow passengers, as occurring on a former voyage, occasioned us no small entertainment.—"In attendance upon one of the ladies of our

party, and now for the first time embarked on the briny ocean, was a sable and exceedingly prim personage, rejoicing in the name of Agatha: well, about a week after sailing, this damsel accosted her mistress one morning as she was assisting at her toilet, after the following fashion, with a very mysterious air.—'Here, Missy, you know dere is a female woman on board dis ship dat we none of us hab seen?"

'No, indeed,' answered the mistress, 'I was not aware of it, is she a servant?'

'Dat I can't tell,' rejoined the maiden, with another look of mystery.

'Well, where is she?' asked the mistress.

'Dat I can't tell neider, Missy,' was the reply, accompanied by a look of some impatience as well as mystery.

'Well, what do you know about her?'

'Bery little I know about she, Missy, I wish I knew more: but I tought it right for tell dat der is such a person aboard; de cappan p'raps he can tell you more about she, if you tink proper for ask he.'

'Well, but tell me what *do* you know about her.'

'Stand den, Missy, and I tell you all I know, and see if you don't tink der's someting bery 'strordinary 'bout it. Look here, ebery morning de steward come right early for call de cappan, and de first ting he say as he open he eyes, is—'how she head?' as if she was ill, as indeed I s'pose she must be, poor ting; I neber can hear what dat man reply, he talk so low and so *niggrish*; (a common expression of

contempt between negroes) Hows'eber, dis morning de cappan didn't seem for like whatever he say, for I hear him say—'No, no, is't,' as if he could hardly b'lieve it; so den you see I listen good, and I heard de steward make answer plain,—'Yes, sare;'—'Well,' say de cappan, 'go upon deck and ask de mate if she wont lie no higher?' by dat he go, and he come back and make answer,—'No, sare, de mate say she wont lie no higher, and dat her head is falling off already.' Well, the cappan seem bery sorry for hear dat, and well he might be, poor ting. 'Hows'eber,' says he, 'go tell him to keep her clean and full, any way, not to let her shake, and not to let her fall away more dan he can help, and to see all clear for putting she in her stays as soon as I come upon deck.'—'Ah! ah! beau,' says I to me own self, 'you tink nobody hear you, I s'pose, but you mistaken, b'lieve me, and I tink I going for see what you 'bout dis time:' so wid dat I dresses myself as fast as eber I can, for go upon deck close after him, but for all dat he leetle too sharp for me, for you know, Missy, I couldn't go upon deck 'mongst all dose men widout making myself 'spectable looking; and so as I was a saying, de cappan get upon deck about a minute before me, but I rayder tink he forgot de poor woman at dat time, for I hear he call out seberal times to de men, and as I put me foot upon deck, he sing out—'Let go and haul,' and just den all de men in de ship 'gin running about like mad tings, and pulling de ropes, and hollowing as if dey try for make all de 'fusion dey can. So you see, my dear marm,

I was obligated to come down again, and before de tumult was well ober upon deck, ebery ting in de cabin 'gin to roll over from one side to de toder, as if dey was as mad as de men, and to tell you de plain truth, de ship gib a sort of a heave, and I was pitch ober myself right into de steward's pantry door, and I bring up, as he call it, wid my arm right down to de bottom of a keg of salt butter; in course I was obliged to go change my dress, and wash off de butter, and I had no time to see if de cappan really had de woman up on deck to put on she stays. But, Missy, look here, I beg you,—I, Agatha, beg you for try find out about dis woman.'

"Such being Agatha's tale and prayer, the mistress could not avoid communicating the matter to some of her female friends, and after a few hours' wonder and scandal, curiosity got the better of other considerations, and I was consulted on the subject, when I explained to them, much to their ultimate amusement, though at first they were incredulous, that it is common for the captain frequently to enquire 'how's her head?' meaning how does the ship's head lie in respect to the compass, as by that he regulates her course, even should he not be upon deck: that in the present case the wind having become unfavourable, the vessel would not lie nearer her course than north-north-east, which was taken by Agatha for 'no, no, is't,' a mistake occasioned by the nautical pronunciation of the captain, whose directions to the mate signified that the vessel should be kept as near her course as possible, yet with her sails full of wind,

and not shaking, in consequence of being too close to it, nor yet falling off, by being too far from the wind; lastly, that the confusion on deck had been occasioned by the ship's being put into stays, as it is termed, and so upon the other tack."

To give you anything like a detailed history of our voyage, would, I fear, be to exhaust your patience, though I cannot admit that the reality was either monotonous or uninteresting: to some, indeed, a sea voyage is not only hateful, from the horrible malady peculiar to it, but wearisome and tedious in the extreme; few perhaps so thoroughly enjoy the sea as I do, yet I cannot understand how people can be so ennuyé, as is often the case on board ship, except, indeed, when subjected to the horrors of a long and perfect calm: then truly, I must give up the case, and admit that the misery is very great: there you lie like a great log upon the wide expanse of water,—no, not water,—say rather quicksilver, or lead, or some such bright matter in a hardly fluid state: yet not at rest,—oh! no, far from it; not a ripple breaks the uniformity of the surface from which the sun's rays are reflected in unmitigated intensity, creating such a glare, that the eye can hardly distinguish sea from sky;—such a heat, that the awning hardly renders your situation more tolerable.

> 'Tis raging noon, and vertical the sun
> Darts on the head direct his forceful rays;
> O'er heaven and sea, far as the ranging eye
> Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all
> From pole to pole is undistinguished blaze.
>
> *Thomson.*

But the mighty ocean knows no rest: unruffled though it be by the passing wind, it yet heaves its broad bosom as with innate force and restlessness, whilst the poor voyager is not only weary in spirit, but absolutely also in body, whilst he in vain endeavours to keep himself still; a thing which he finds quite impossible, whether he attempt it on a chair, a settee, or even upon his cloak spread out upon the very deck. Then as to amusement, to write is next to impossible, for nothing will remain stationary on the table; chess and backgammon equally impracticable, for ten to one at the most interesting point of the game, the whole of the men take refuge in your own, or your adversary's lap; would you sleep, the detestable creaking of the masts and spars, the cheeping of the rudder, and slamming of doors which nothing *can* keep open *or* shut, forbid you thus to close your senses to the miseries of your situation;

> In vain you sigh,
> And restless, turn and look around for night;
> Night is far off, and hotter hours approach.
>
> *Thomson.*

so there is nothing left for it but to take your station at the bulwarks, hang on by your arms, and look down into the vast deep, and meditate on the treasure-caves below, or, to repeat Byron's celebrated lines, which alone would have rendered his name immortal.

> Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean,—roll!
>
> *Childe Harold.*

Having mused yourself into tranquillity, raise your eyes to the horizon, and look for the long-wished for breeze,—in vain; then turn your anxious eyes aloft, and passing by the outspread canvass now listlessly and heavily flapping against the mast, watch the vane above, and see if there be passing air sufficient to keep it steady for a minute:—no; again and again it is whirled round as the vessel rolls from side to side, till the water dashes in through the scuppers, washing the deck up to the very battening of the hatches. As this is now the fourth, perhaps the seventh day that you have been going through the same routine, you may well understand how that "hope delayed maketh the heart sick." This is a dismal picture: take its opposite, and enjoy with me the delight of seeing the horizon astern assuming a deeper blue: watch that welcome line extending itself on each side, and coming up with you apace;—now, look aloft again, and then astern, and then aloft once more, and see the vane no longer whirls round, but pointing steadily over the bows of the ship, though the masts are still reeling;—ah! now the royals feel the light air, and it is worth while setting the sky-scrapers and moon-rakers: the top-gallant and steering sails are lifting, the ship has steerage way; and there is a light wreath of foam playing round the bows: the deep blue water is eddying astern: the ship is once more steady, and as the boatswain observes,—'It's as pleasant sailing afore the wind as ever.' Only imagine the happiness which reigns abroad, as all hands set themselves to

calculate, and to bother the unfortunate captain as to the *precise* time it will take to reach "Old England," *if this breeze lasts.* Of course it's not his business at such a time to cast a damp upon the buoyant spirits of his passengers; in fact, he sports champagne at dinner, and with a hearty good will we drink to the breeze; still he can't help mentioning to one or two, his very decided expectation, founded on long experience and observation, that we shall have quite wind enough somewhere about latitude 41° north; adding, that he never passed that latitude without more or less of a stiff breeze. Well, but you say, I have by no means demonstrated the agreeableness of a sea voyage; I answer, the exception proves the rule. I have tried to give you some idea of a calm at sea, as a contrast to the general tenor of a tolerably propitious voyage; on the other hand, not to mention the exquisite pleasure wafted upon the wings of the rising breeze, only fancy the interest with which you watch the direction of the wind; the process of trimming sails, of inspecting the chart daily, and learning from the captain exactly the progress made in the last twenty-four hours, and your actual position on the face of the vasty deep.

In the way of something extra, you may imagine the interest attached to the vessels which now and then appear in sight, and some two or three of which, at far distant periods, cross your path so nearly, that by a very little mutual sacrifice, the captains come, not only within signalizing distance, but within the reach of the speaking trumpet. True, the individuals

who eagerly crowd the deck of the passing vessel are total strangers to you, and will probably never be seen by you again: still they wear the "human face divine;" they are brothers and sisters, as it were, and all feel more nearly related, owing to the solitude which reigns around; in a word, each party represents to the other the whole human race, and accordingly monopolizes nearly the whole of the kindly feelings which warm each other's breasts: the meeting is indeed transitory; a few brief sentences alone are interchanged, and the vessels and their passengers part to meet no more. But it is not till night-fall that you cease to cast a friendly look at the still receding sail, and even in the morning, if the breeze has not been very fresh, you sweep the horizon, as you step on deck to ascertain whether your friend of yesterday be still within sight.

For a day or two you are amused by watching the black fin of a ravenous shark, which follows your vessel at a respectful distance, but with the steadiness of a blood-hound;—two or three times he approaches the vessel; and his attendant pilot-fish swims around the bows, in search of anything which may furnish their hungry patron with a meal; at last the monster is allured by the huge piece of salt pork which has been towed astern for many hours, attached to a great iron hook; all hands are now upon the *qui vive* and their patience is not long tried: with open jaw the voracious animal has gorged the bait, hook and all: he feels that all is not right, as he closes his teeth upon the small chain attached to the hook, and away

he goes, drawing out a long length of line after him, but he is soon brought up by a turn of the line, which has been selected for its strength: he struggles, but it is in vain: he is rapidly drawn to the side by the efforts of the whole crew: and see, now he is drawn up with extended jaw; but we are in danger of losing our game, for his great weight has torn the flesh in which the hook was fixed, and the monster is about to fall back into the sea, when the second mate dashes a harpoon deep, deep down his throat, and gains a purchase by which this tiger of the sea is drawn on board: here he is soon dispatched with glee by the sailors, notwithstanding his violent throes and struggles; even in death his jaws threaten destruction, as they open and shut convulsively, and the quivering of the flesh, long after it has been cut in pieces, indicates the great muscular power of the animal.

Another day you are amused by hosts of Zoophytes, Portuguese men-of-war, as the seamen term them,* which float by the sides of the vessel; some affording only the appearance of small round masses of jelly floating listlessly about, others skimming along the surface by the help of their extended sail, or rather balloon, which refracts the light in every possible variety and combination. As your speed is greater than their's, whichever way they may be steering, they always seem to be meeting you, and countless thousands pass you on either side, whilst you in vain endeavour to fix in your own mind which is

* Physalido, or Hydrostatic Acalepho of the Medusa tribe.

the most beautiful of the lot. Probably several passengers are similarly employed, and all exclaiming at the same time that they have selected the chiefest beauty, without being able to point it out decidedly to the others, all being so beautiful, and so much alike, though with infinite variety.

Occasionally, on board ship, you come in for some excellent sport in the harpooning of porpoises. Any one who has only seen these huge creatures near the coasts, and in tide-ways, can have no idea of them when disporting in the open sea under the excitement of a fresh breeze. I could hardly believe it possible that the great black, pig-like animal which I had often seen rolling lazily along, could, under any circumstances, shoot about in the water in the way which I beheld one fine afternoon when the ship was going eight or nine knots, with every appearance of a freshening breeze. Their backs had been seen in the earlier part of the day from time to time rolling along in their ordinary fashion ; but now whole shoals of them came rushing on under water at a most surprising rate ; as they shot past the side, the ship seemed stationary, and they seemed to delight especially in playing about the bows of the ship as she dashed along. Sometimes there would be twenty of them at a time, and a most beautiful appearance they made with their black backs and silvery bellies, with their long heads and snouts. In an instant they would all start a-head, and leave us for awhile ; then the same, or another body, would again be seen bearing down upon our sides, and

making direct for the bows. The opportunity was too good to be lost, so the harpoons were soon got out, and lines attached. Armed with one of these, the ever-active captain, getting over the bows of the ship, descended to a rope which, by means of a spar, is always stretched downwards below the bowsprit almost to the very water's edge, in fact it is often submerged in rough weather. It is denominated the " martingal, or dolphin-striker," from its being the position from which this fish is usually struck with the harpoon. To the seaman the situation is not one of danger, but to the landsman's eye it appears rather fearful, especially when the individual thus situated occasionally throws the harpoon with all his force at the fish as they dart beneath him. More than one porpoise was struck and wounded before the harpoon was driven sufficiently firmly into one to afford a hold by which its great bulk might be drawn out of the water and into the ship; but this was at last effected, and our triumph was complete when the monster was stretched upon the deck; though, to say truth, the previous excitement was the pleasantest part of the matter.——

So, then, the captain was no false prophet; we have been approaching his stormy latitude for the last two days, and the weather has been changing for the worse; we have had some smart breezes, and a good deal of rain. Last evening the sun set in a black bank, and there was every promise of dirty weather; the captain looked anxious, and took more

than ordinary care in making all snug for the night. It was well that he did so, for the breeze was converted into a smart gale soon after nightfall, and even we in bed could discover that the vessel was very uneasy, though scudding before the wind, which was fortunately in our favour. It was early in the morning, barely six, when I turned out of an uneasy bed, and hastily throwing on my clothes, not forgetting a stout great coat, ascended the companion-ladder to have a look at the weather. I learned, indeed, a good deal in my way up, for the *snoring* of the breeze aloft and through the shrouds proclaimed in distinct tones that it was indeed fresh, and the clammy state of the rails indicated that the sea was high, and the spray flying freely, whilst the motion of the vessel gave assurance that she was ploughing her way through rough water at a considerable speed. All this I soon found to be true. I shall not soon forget the scene which met my eyes that morning as I stepped upon the deck and looked around. I had never seen the ocean in so angry a mood; black, black as Erebus, it seemed to throw back the gloomy frowns of the thickly clouded heavens, and to bid defiance to the blasts of Æolus; yet was it not simply moody: oh! no; it was boisterous in its wrath, and heaved and threw itself about as if maddened by the lashing of the winds, whilst the white foam which crested each mountain-billow was wafted in long streaks upon its dark back, the very emblem of rage and fury, chequering, in fact, the

dark water with the purest white; evanescent, but constantly renewed.

In the midst of such an ocean, who shall describe the insignificance of man? There we were in our proud vessel dwindled into nought; yet, feeling this, we have cause to be thankful to the Creator, who has endowed creatures physically so helpless as ourselves with those mental attributes, which enable us successfully to encounter dangers with which we could not otherwise cope for a minute. True it was, that mountain after mountain pursued us, and threatened to swallow us up quick with its moving mass of waters, but the skill of our captain enabled our little bark to keep clear of the danger, and to brave the fury of the tempest. I was much struck with his altered appearance; he was standing close by the wheel, scarcely less dark than the weather: he had evidently been on deck all night; his hat was slouched, his pea-jacket dripping; his countenance stern and a little anxious, as ever and anon he cast his eye aloft at the closely-reefed topsails under which we were scudding; all the rest of the canvass having been furled during the night, and the royal and top-gallant yards stowed upon deck. He seemed calculating the possibility of carrying on the sail without loss of masts, against the risk of being pooped, that is, struck by the sea on the stern, in case of slackening speed by taking the canvass off her. Ah! that tremendous wave which comes roaring up behind us seems to have determined him to trust

to the goodness of his gear, for unless the ship had good way upon her, that wave must pass over her as it bursts; but as it is, though the crest seems curling over our very stern, but as high as our top-mast, yet, what with the impetus given by the wind, and that communicated by the moving mass of water, we are propelled forward upon the unbroken side of the wave, and though as the bulk of it passes beneath us, our stern is at first awfully raised above the bows, and afterwards drops fearfully as we descend the other side of the wave which has passed us, yet we are not overwhelmed, and truly it is of God's mercy. "They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters; these men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."* How exquisitely beautiful is this psalm: it cannot be *fully* appreciated except by those who have been in the situation described. Our present situation I should mention was not one of imminent danger, it was only one of awful grandeur; that is, so long as the vessel was *well* managed, and neither wind nor sea increased. I wish I could give you anything like an adequate idea of it, but I feel that the task is quite beyond me. It may help you to form some notion of it if you fancy yourself in a long large house upon wheels, on a plain with a large round hill at your back, which hill is moving forwards with irresistible impulse, and passing under your house, raising it in the first instance upon its side at the no small risk of tilting,

* Psalm 107.

and impelling it forwards to destruction in the valley beneath, or afterwards of letting it fall backwards into the abyss created by its own motion; not to speak of the imminent danger of its overwhelming the unhappy structure and its inmates in its passage. I say some such stretch of imagination may help you to picture to yourself the breathless anxiety with which you would feel yourself precipitated forward by the advancing wave, till you seem to feel that the head of the vessel *must* be driven under water; and again, by such a fiction, you may have a faint idea of the sickening horror with which you feel yourself sinking to all appearance stern foremost, as the bulk of the wave passes by you and lifts the bows up to the sky, whilst the stern is barely supported. Still these are not the chief dangers in running before a heavy sea. I have already told you that these huge waves curl over at their tops, and are driven into a line of foam upon which a vessel cannot float. There is then the danger arising from the falling over of this mass of foaming water upon a vessel just in advance of the wave; in such a case a ship is said to be pooped, and very commonly goes down. Again, if the vessel is on the top of the wave just as it is breaking, she incurs a risk of shipping large quantities of water, and perhaps of foundering; whilst, if not skilfully steered, she is very apt when impelled forward by the advancing wave, to take a yaw, as it is termed, and becoming unmanageable, to broach-too; that is, to come round with the broadside to the wave, in which position, should the next wave strike

her, it is most likely to be all up, or rather *down* with her; she is canted over on her beam ends, that is, thrown on her side, and sinks beneath the next wave.

You now understand, I trust, how much depends upon the helmsman in such a case, and will appreciate the anxiety which, as I have said was depicted in our worthy captain's countenance as he stood close to the helm on the morning in question. He returned my salutation courteously, but briefly, as one who could not be distracted by conversation,—a hint which I readily took; indeed the scene was too interesting to me to be disturbed by idle questions. There stood the man upon whom so much depended, his eye steadily watching the head of the vessel, and now and then thrown hastily astern to note the coming wave. Under such circumstances a captain is often but ill-satisfied with the performance of the helmsman, as in the present case. "Steady, my man, steady-e-e-e," he would exclaim as the head of the vessel swerved the least. "Do mind what you're about with the ship.—There again, sir; don't you see she's coming-to with you?—Port your helm!—port, port, hard-a-port, sir!"

"Hard-a-port 'tis, sir."

"Well, now ease your helm a little—so-o-o now; steady as you go now; steady-e-e-e.—Bless my heart! why, my man, if you can't steer a ship better than that, you'd better give it up altogether, and let me send for another hand."

"Why, sir, for the matter o'that"——

" Don't answer me, sir; but keep your eye on the ship's head, and *do* be a little brisker with the helm, and give it her small.—There you go again, heaven knows where;—luff, sir, luff, luff, LUFF—SO-O-O, now;—meet her again; meet her;—there now, steady, my man, steady;—do *try* if you can't steer with a smaller helm."

" Why, sir, the ship ain't in trim."

" It's no such thing, sir, the ship *is* in trim; but you can't steer her. Steady now, and steer her as I tell you, or I'll be hanged if I don't — Forward there, lay up a couple of hands; clap a stopper on the clew of the fore-topsail, and freshen the nip of the sheet.—Now, sir, mind what you're about; if the ship broaches-to, you'll have the hands overboard."

And so he went on from one thing to another, but always keeping the helmsman awake. I could not help thinking of an anecdote illustrative of the ready wit of a tar from the " sister isle." Upon applying for a berth, the captain enquired whether he could steer well."

" Oh, faix! you may say that," was the answer; " I'll steer the ship through the eye of a gnat."

Upon his first spell at the wheel it was evident that he was a miserable hand at it, and the captain going up to him in a towering passion exclaimed, " What are you yawing the ship about in that fashion for, sir?—I thought you said you could steer the ship through the eye of a gnat?"

" Oh! thin ain't I looking for the gnat, yer honour? but it's plaguy hard to find them in these

parts," said Pat, with a humourous leer, which disarmed the skipper. By the time we had finished a hasty but not over comfortable breakfast, we had run down very near to a ship which had been barely visible on the horizon when I first went on deck. It was not until now that we fully appreciated the magnitude of the waves, and the violence of the storm before which we were driving. This vessel was outward bound, and consequently the gale was in her very teeth; yet the captain, confident in the strength and goodness of his vessel, was determined to hold his own to the last; to gain any ground was, of course, impossible; but having reduced his canvass to the smallest possible quantity, he kept steerage-way on his ship;—a method of managing a vessel of comparatively recent date, and a great improvement upon the old plan, which was to heave the ship to the wind, which, taking little effect upon the sails, she became almost stationary, whilst the bows, the strongest part of the fabric, were opposed to the seas. This was all very well under ordinary circumstances, but fraught with danger upon a variety of occasions; the ship, not being of course under command, but as a log on the water, unable to avoid, by dexterous management, or shift of position, any sudden danger, as a violent gust of wind, from a new quarter, or a heavy cross sea.

As we shot by this vessel we distinctly saw the greater part, not only of her copper, but of her very keel, as she sprang over the tops of the great waves, and dropt forwards in the intervals, whilst ever and

anon, the large waves intervening, completely hid her from our sight. In fact, a lady, who insisted upon coming up at this time to see the storm, and the vessel, almost fell back in her fright as she stepped on deck, exclaiming, "Merciful Heavens! the ship has sunk!" It was, indeed, as effectually hid by the intervening wave, as if she had actually been submerged, though not half a mile distant. This may give you some idea of the magnitude of the waves over which we were skimming for three days.

On the third day the wind abated a little, and a reef was shaken out of the topsails; then another, and another. The fore-topmast steering-sail was set, which steadied the ship a good deal in the high sea which still continued to run, after the wind had abated. Finally, on coming on deck next morning I found a crowd of canvass once more set before the favouring and moderate breeze—steering sails, low and aloft, and the good old ship ploughing her way, as if nothing had happened; whilst garments of all descriptions were hung about the rigging to part with that briny element which they had so largely imbibed during the gale.

Many other little incidents of our voyage I must pass over, and so postpone till our meeting, the attempt to prove to you that a six weeks' voyage (with pleasant company) is neither dull nor uninteresting. Onward we go. "Merrily, merrily bounds the bark;" and now we near the shores of Old England, and expectation beats high, and preparations are beginning to be made for debarkation, and the hour is

calculated when we may look out for land, and then the wind chops suddenly round to east,—sharp, cold-hearted east,—and off she goes, and nothing can she make of it, try her on which tack you will. Well, never mind, we have plenty of companions in misfortune, with whom we can exchange a signal or two, and we have plenty of grog, and good store of water left yet, and moreover it is not war time; and so there is no chance of our falling into the hands of privateers. After all it comes to this, that instead of making land at the end of five weeks, as we had hoped to have done, it was not until the end of the sixth that we were off Falmouth, with the appearance of another ten days' work at least before we could reach the Downs. Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that we should have availed ourselves of a pilot-boat to get ashore. Oh! what a bustle was that! what a packing up of trunks, bandboxes, and desks! what a host of injunctions as to luggage to go on to London, and finally how astounded must these simple-minded pilots have been at the splendour which emerged from our companion, and burst upon their bewildered sight! Ah! such tight boots, such white trousers,—such smooth chins and hats! and then *such* bonnets and cloaks, and, above all, such children! Oh dear! won't those Falmouth people stare? and won't they charge accordingly? and didn't the pilot begin the onslaught by demanding a guinea a-piece for landing each of our party of eight, gradually softening down, and finally, in consideration of

the near approach of another brother of the craft, agreeing to land us all with our luggage for four guineas; a charge with which we really could not complain, considering the hazardous and laborious life which the poor fellows lead? In the present instance, indeed, their money was easily earned; but only think of the awful days and still more awful nights through which these men seek their living. Oh, grudge them not an extra guinea,

"A pilot's is a fearful life;"

and seldom does the hardy fellow realise an independence, though we may think that they are rather extortionate in their charges. Gain is indeed the object of their lives, and they will sometimes try to screw it out of us passengers, but, let me tell you, that these men will often peril their lives against the most fearful odds, as readily to save life, the life alone, of strangers, as if there were the most valuable prize before them. It was on board an Isle of Wight pilot boat that we now embarked, leaving our excellent friend the captain, and I might almost say our friends the crew (so familiar had we become) with regret, (mingled, however, by the pleasurable anticipation of reaching terra firma, and that terra, English), and receiving as we pushed off from the side three loud and hearty cheers, and many a kindly adieu. We had a three hours' sail to Falmouth, and this I assure you I enjoyed amazingly in the beautiful cutter of about forty tons; every thing was as neat and as trim as a yacht, and the little bark cut along in the

most rakish style; the water was smooth, the wind being a little to the north of east, and the scene lovely in the extreme.

But before I speak of more distant scenes, let me commemorate that which was more immediately before us. We had not long breakfasted, it is true, but an easterly wind is a fine whetter of the appetite, and we began to cast longing eyes on the basket of edibles which our careful captain had sent on board with us; ere long they were spread out, and then came *the* treat; our new friend, the pilot, sent his son below to ransack the lockers, who presently returned with two loaves of *common* household bread, and a pound of butter wrapped up in leaves. I wonder if there ever was such bread and butter as that? Surely none of us had ever tasted such, even those who had lived in England. Surely the pilot must have cried shame on our good friend the captain, thinking that he could have given us nothing to eat for three days. Surely, in fine, the boy was sent back to the lockers and the whole of the pilot's little venture devoured at once. Sir, we were like the leech's daughter, which crieth "give, give," and as to the beautiful scenery, we thought little of it. Never was a bottle or two of rum exchanged to such an advantage as those which paid for that luncheon, with a shilling or two to boot. This is a never-failing spec with the pilots, for who, after a six weeks' passage does not greedily devour *fresh* bread and butter? Accordingly, whenever they leave home, or put in to provision themselves, they always

take off a spare loaf or two, some butter, and a paper, the last not *more* than a *fortnight* old, all of which are sure to be devoured by the first passengers they fall in with ; sometimes also a cabbage or two

You will perhaps wonder how we came to fall in with an Isle of Wight pilot so far from home. The fact is, that it is not unusual for them to proceed even much to the westward of Scilly in search of vessels. Sometimes they meet with one which wishes to go into port within the range of their own license, and then they secure the job ; sometimes anxious captains consider it worth while incurring the expense of a pilot up the channel ; and above all, a large ship is sometimes met with from which a great many passengers are anxious to get on shore, and this is a regular wind-fall. Occasionally, however, it happens that a pilot vessel has an unlucky turn, and beats about the chops of the channel in very severe weather for *many weeks*, and after all returns home without earning a *shilling*. So much for the vicissitudes of the pilot's life.

I need hardly tell you that the harbour of Falmouth is one of the most commodious in England. It is, indeed, a magnificent sheet of water, communicating with the sea by a narrow mouth, and then expanding immediately within into a large lake, which branches in two directions, the principal of which runs up to the town of Falmouth, a couple of miles I should think, from the sea. Here the channel becomes narrow, and immediately after passing

the town contracts into a small stream, which runs to Penryn and some little distance up the country. Within this commodious basin an immense number of the largest vessels may ride in perfect safety, as it is completely land-locked, and surrounded by high hills, which of course render the scene more interesting. I cannot speak of the scenery as *very* beautiful, but altogether it is a spot well worth seeing. The town itself we found to consist principally of one long narrow street running parallel to the water, but sufficiently above its level. We discovered nothing of particular interest about it. There are two hotels at Falmouth, to one of which, the Green Bank, I think a decided preference is to be given, as it stands just without the town, close to the water, and is in all respects very pleasant, except perhaps in very cold weather. I should mention that just opposite this hotel, and divided but by a narrow stream, is Flushing, a small fishing town, but brought into some notice owing to the mildness of the climate and its very sheltered situation, having a hill immediately behind it to the north, whilst it catches all the rays of the winter sun to the greatest advantage. It is, however, a comfortless place, and exposed much to the westerly gales which are so prevalent in England, bringing with them a constant succession of rains. To guard against the pelting of these pitiless storms, the houses are all slated on the sides, giving them very much the appearance of our shingled houses. Some invalids spend the winter there, but I should be very loath to pitch my tent there, even

for a limited time, and I should never think of such a thing whilst a house was to be had at Torquay or Penzance, though possibly the expense might be somewhat less than at those larger and more fashionable places.

And now for brief space, adieu.

LETTER II.

My Dear Friend,

How strange everything did appear on shore; nay, I even found that my step was not so sure as it was wont to be, and I half suspect that my gait must have been awkward. The style of things too at the hotel was so different from what we had been accustomed to of late, that it was hardly agreeable. This was especially the case at breakfast the morning after landing. It happened to be a very cold, damp English morning, (for even summer days are sometimes sufficiently miserable in England, I assure you,) and we descended one by one into a very large room through a large hall, the stone floor of which was all bedewed with damp. In our ample apartment there was a fire-place it is true, but no fire; and there was a large table laid out for breakfast, but looking very miserable. Round it were the adequate number of small plates, with knives and forks; at one end a tea pot, and a certain number of breakfast cups with a small ewer of milk, some sugar, and two small coffee cups containing respectively black and green

tea ready for mixing. There was also a loaf, and a thick slice of butter floating in water. In the centre was a cruet stand. Upon touching the table-cloth, we found it almost as cold as ice, being quite fresh and *wet* from the wash. In due time we ordered breakfast to be brought in; very shortly the waiter re-appeared with a large plated tea urn boiling and hissing away at a great rate; his method of carrying it struck us as something very peculiar: the foot of it rested upon his hip, whilst his left arm was thrown round the stem, and his hand secured the foot: in his right hand he bore a plate with a round tin cover, and from a finger of the same hand was suspended a rack of dry toast. Quick as lightning the door was closed by the foot as he passed through, the toast-rack was deposited on the table, as was also the urn, by a very curious contortion of the body; some hot water was let into the tea pot and then poured into the slop bason, over which the plate of muffins was deposited. The celerity and precision of these movements were astonishing to some of us, but just then our attention was attracted to the window; the man placed chairs round the table in the twinkling of an eye, and then announced to us that breakfast was ready. At this announcement those amongst us who were not "travelled" were a good deal surprised, for it did not seem to them that breakfast was *at all* ready, certainly not upon a scale commensurate with our ideas, habits, and appetites. "Here, old fellow," cried one of our party, "do you call this a breakfast?" This was addressed to the waiter,

who had- however whisked out of the room and closed the door behind him and upon us, exactly as if he meant to detain us prisoners until we had discharged our bill; such at least was the appearance of the thing to those to whom the practice was novel and strange. "Ah! my dear fellow," said another of our party who understood what it was to be "at home" in an English inn, "you must not expect roasted yams here, you know, eddocs, nor broiled shoulders of mutton, nor devilled chicken, nor any other of the constituents of the hearty meal you have been used to. Your Englishman thinks little about his breakfast, his appetite is concentrated upon his dinner; and your English landlord knows better than to put down superfluities, seeing that many would object to paying for them at the enormous rate which everything is paid for. If, however, you really wish for some substantials, why you can easily and quickly have them."

"'Deed I do wish for something to eat, for, I give you my word, I'm plaguy hungry," says the first speaker; "so if the fellow hasn't locked the door, I'll just step and call him."—"Oh no, you needn't trouble yourself, my boy; just put out your hand and pull the bell." This (a novel process to the youth in question, for you know bells are not common with us, except on the tables,) had the desired effect; the waiter appeared quick as lightning to know our pleasure, and in a wonderfully short space of time placed before us a dish of the tenderest, most juicy beefsteaks that you can conceive, with such fat!

This despatched, a second edition followed hot and hot. In short, we found out that although your English Boniface furnishes you with few superfluities of his own accord, yet that you can get an excellent breakfast if you choose to order it."

But enough of this. At nine o'clock we stepped on board the Sir Francis Drake steamer, and paddled down the harbour and out of it for Plymouth. We kept pretty close to the land, but the coast is rather barren and uninteresting. Soon after noon we rounded a point which opened Causand Bay to us, and beyond that gave us a view of the celebrated Breakwater stretching like a line across another larger and deeper bay beyond, constituting what is called Plymouth Sound. Nothing could be more beautiful or interesting than the scene. Causand Bay lies snugly defended from the westerly gales by high lands and a jutting promontory, but is sadly exposed to the heavy sea thrown in by east or south-east winds, and accordingly has been the grave of innumerable unfortunate vessels which have got embayed there in gales from those points. It is famous also for the earliest mackerel and herrings.

The promontory which forms this bay towards the north, is part of the Mount Edgecombe grounds, and that is enough to assure you that it is beautiful; it is in fact clothed with a magnificent wood down to the very wash of the water, whilst along the side of the steep hill, the eye traces through the wood a beautiful carriage drive, besides numerous carefully-kept foot paths, all tending to the more open part

which occupies the summit of the hill, and slopes down towards Causand Bay, and on the opposite side, towards Plymouth. The house is not visible on this side, but the wood is dotted with picturesque summer-houses and ruins, and the hill is crowned by a beautiful church, which forms an excellent land-mark for mariners.

Rapidly skimming along past this interesting piece of coast, we entered the Sound, passing between the land and the western end of the Breakwater. Here again we found new matter for admiration: our attention had been put upon the *qui vive* before, but now we found more food for our eyes than they could well devour at once.

I cannot do justice to the scene, and I shall not attempt to describe it with any degree of minuteness, though I may just mention some few of the objects which claimed and distracted our attention. In the first place, the Breakwater, of which more anon: then the Sound itself, one of the most glorious harbours in the world, thanks to the wonderful breakwater; here is a lesson which exemplifies the truth of the ancient saying, that "God gives nought to man without his labouring for it." The Creator here gave to man a magnificent basin, just fitted for the wants of a great maritime nation, but left it to man to render it available by infinite skill, labour and expense. Previous to the formation of the Breakwater, the Sound was a most unsafe anchorage, for although capable of receiving a vast number of vessels, and of keeping them in safety from some winds, yet

let but the wind veer round to the south or east, and the spot was one of the greatest danger, for no vessel could get out to sea, and hardly any could hold on against the combined force of the wind and sea. Now behind this impregnable barrier, as we may begin to think it after the trials it has stood, ships of all kinds may ride almost in perfect safety; with good ground tackle, I suppose it might be said in *perfect* safety, though still vessels are *occasionally* driven from the anchorage and wrecked close to the town by southerly gales. To our left were still the lovely and magnificent woods of Mount Edgecombe; it is impossible to describe the richness of the foliage *en masse*, or the majestic character of the trees which stood apart. Directly facing the Breakwater we observed a round hill, upon the eastern end of which is situated the citadel, apparently a very strong fortification. We could further see that there was an arm of the Sound running up close beneath the east part of the citadel, called the Catwater, and that there was a town in that direction; in fact, that town is Plymouth, but little of it is seen from the Sound, especially from the western side of it. To the east the Sound is protected by high barren-looking hills, which run out into a promontory, extending further south than the Breakwater, and tending to the east, as that beyond Causand bay does to the west. Between us and the hill on which the citadel stands, we noticed a small rocky island strongly fortified, and we presently found that this is situated at the en-

trance of another arm of the Sound, which runs up to Devonport, and which is called the Hamoaze.

We had not much time, however, to make our observations, for amongst several large and beautiful men-of-war and some few merchantmen, chiefly Australian emigrant ships, lying in security within the Breakwater, we observed the Brunswick steamer paddling towards us, and presently we were stationary within a few yards of each other. This was an interesting moment to many of us, for here a further division of country folks was to take place. I indeed, was the sufferer, for having nothing particular to hurry me onwards, I had determined to land here and see the lions, whilst my compatriots had made up their minds to proceed by the Brunswick to their various destinations, via Southampton. Our arrangements had been made accordingly, for at Falmouth we had been informed that there would be an opportunity of going on in the Brunswick, steam having arrived at such perfection, that it seldom happens that the steamer from Falmouth fails to meet the Southampton vessel just at the same spot, at the same moment: reckoning upon which, the latter leaves her moorings in Hamoaze, at noon, and so meeting the other at the outer part of the Sound, saves an hour's delay. Short space there was for leave-taking; boats were in readiness to transfer the passengers and their baggage; and this effected, on went the steam, and as we kissed our hands to each other, we adopted not the melancholy "And if for

ever, still for ever fare-thee well!" but the lighter "*au revoir*" of the French.

I should perhaps have failed in resolution at the last, but that I had most fortunately made a most agreeable acquaintance on the voyage from Falmouth, and expected to derive not only pleasure, but advantage from his acquaintance, especially as he expressed himself anxious to do the honours of the place, with the points of interest about which he professed himself well acquainted. I may add, that I was not disappointed.

Paddling up the Sound, we just called at the mouth of the Catwater to land certain passengers and goods destined for the town of Plymouth, then made for the Hamoaze, passing close under the citadel and the long hill on which it is situated; which, by the way, we observed was crossed in various directions by footpaths, being, in fact, the principal lounge of the place. We observed too, with regret, that alchymists were here at work; at least, men who seemed intent upon turning stones into gold, for the western end of the hill is being disfigured by huge quarries, the stone being excellent, and the water carriage at hand. Just opposite this quarry is the fortified islet I mentioned, called St. Margaret's; the passage is narrow, but deep, and large buoys are laid down by government, for the greater facility of getting the men-of-war in and out of the Hamoaze and dock-yards: for it is in the Hamoaze that all the men-of-war are laid up and fitted

out. Passing a small bay on our right-hand, where we heard it was in contemplation to establish a regular watering-place for the bathers and fashionables, we passed between two points which contract the passage very much; that on the left-hand being in the magnificent grounds of the famed Mount Edgecombe, that on the right belonging to the Victualling Office, a huge pile of buildings, calculated for supplying the navy with provisions of all sorts, of which by-and-bye. Bringing up just opposite this splendid building, we were surrounded by boats rowed by weather-beaten tars, and not a few by women, all of whom boarded the steamer, and tried every shift to get the job of landing us. Selecting an evident hero, with a timber toe and one eye, we were skulled about three hundred yards up a muddy creek, and landed at Stonehouse; this, be it known to all whom it may concern, is a small and sufficiently dirty place, dignified by the name of "town," half way between Plymouth and Devonport, which are, I take it, about two miles apart, not reckoning of course those indefinite continuations, which almost run one place into the other. Stonehouse participates in the national honours: it not only boasts of the New Victualling Yard, but also of the Marine Barracks, which are probably commodious, but certainly not handsome. There is a small hotel here, but of course we proceeded by one of the omnibusses, which pass every quarter of an hour, to Plymouth, at the entrance of which we alighted at the door of the Royal Hotel.

I was amazed when my friend told me that the immense pile of building I beheld, constituted one concern, and that an hotel; I found, however, upon further enquiry, that the building, which is the property of the corporation, includes the theatre, which is of course let off separately, the doors of communication within being shut up.

My friend was fortunately at home here, and I soon found that here, as elsewhere, "kissing goes by favour," and that it is no bad thing to have a friend at court. Entering the hall, we found every body and every thing in confusion, (except the old Newfoundland dog which constantly lies about the door and passage with most philosophic indifference to the passers by;) waiters running hither and thither, some with edibles in hand, some with drinkables, and others still with long bills; bells were ringing, livery servants wide awake and in most unusual activity; porters too, were conveying goods up-stairs and down-stairs: every thing seemed in admirable disorder, and every body looking like guests, had anxiety depicted in their countenances. One large family sitting in their carriage, with four steaming posters at the door, looked all blank and disappointed, whilst Mr. and Mrs. Whiddon, good souls, were pacing backwards and forwards, now consulting Betty the maid, now listening to their active chief clerk, and now assuring, not only the carriage folks, but one or two expectant parties in the passage, that they would do all in their power to find them beds; though at that moment they knew not which way to

turn, not only their own house, making up about one hundred and fifty beds, being quite full, but all the lodgings in the neighbourhood having been taken by them, and allotted to different parties. In fact I found, that except that it seemed very likely that we should be absolutely minus beds, nothing could be more opportune than my debarkation, for all the world and his wife were flocking into Plymouth, to be present at a grand fancy-fair, to be held in the gardens of Mount Edgecombe, for the benefit of an orphan asylum, by permission, of course, of the noble proprietors, Lord and Lady Mount Edgecombe: and also to witness the launch of the Royal George one-hundred-and-twenty gun ship, the largest vessel ever built at Devonport.

My friend was greeted very kindly by Mr. and Mrs. Whiddon, the latter observing, however, that she was rather sorry than glad to see him, unless he were provided with a bed.

"Oh no; he hoped she could accommodate himself and friend."

"My dear soul," was the answer, "I havn't got a *crib* that isn't engaged;" and away went our good hostess, or rather her whom we would fain have made our hostess, to superintend some necessary matters for the comfort of her guests.

"Well, Mr. Hussey," said my friend, addressing himself to the chief clerk, "what can you do for us?"

"'Pon my life, I don't know; if you'll believe me, I have just turned Mrs. H. and our children out of our own apartments in the neighbourhood to accom-

modate a lady and gentleman with a little child, who, after fruitless search for a bed here and elsewhere, were just about to have their jaded horses put to their carriage, and drive out of town again. So you may think how we are put to it. I never saw such a thing in my life. We're all fairly driven off our legs."

"Holloa! Betty, Betty!" exclaimed my indefatigable companion, darting off along one of the long passages after a tall, good-natured-looking creature, the chambermaid, "where's my bed-room, and this gentleman's?"

"La! Mr. ——, how can you talk so, there isn't a bed nor a sofa in the house that isn't occupied; ay, and if there'd been twice as many they'd have been full. I'm sure I don't know what's to be done: there's Missus can't for the life of her turn the folks away, but she keeps on promising to do what she can for them, and then she sends them to me, as if I could make rooms and bedsteads as well as beds; I'm sure if it hadn't been for Mr. Hussey there, I don't know whatever Mr. and Mrs. —— would have done, and they with a young child too! I wouldn't have had them put about at no rate"

"Ah! well never mind them now, they're housed: let's see what you can do for us, for we *mean* to sleep here."

"Well, I never! Hows'ever I'll tell you what; there's one of our commercial gentlemen told me this morning that most likely he'd be obliged to go on to Liskeard this afternoon, and if he does you

and your friend can have the room, and we'll make up something upon the floor for one of you."

Here was a gleam of hope: never had a commercial man more sincere good wishes for his *getting on*.

Well now, "to be or not to be—that's the question;" fortunately we were soon relieved from suspense, for said bagman presently appeared, whip in hand, and announced to Betty that he was off. This was no time for ceremony, so "Come," says my friend, "what's the number of that gent.'s room, Betty?"

"Ninety-three, top of the house," says Betty with a grin.

"Oh, confound it! I know your stairs well, though I never was so high as that before; here, you boots, take these carpet bags up to ninety-three." Away we went after him, and if the room was not exactly such as we could have wished, yet we were rejoiced at having found a safe harbour; depositing, therefore, our cloaks, &c., and making ourselves a little tidy, we turned the key and took it with us, deeming upon such occasions that possession is at least nine points of the law.

In the bustling world below we succeeded after some time in making arrangements for our dinner, the great difficulty being to find a place where it might be served, the ordinary coffee-room being quite full. One corner of a large desolate-looking room, used for tea on ball nights, at last afforded us a refuge, and having secured the interest of a good-

natured, fat, little bustling waiter, who seemed to be running about from place to place something like a cracker, knocking about everything and everybody, puffing as if he hadn't got five minutes' breath left, yet expatiating upon the hardships of such a bustling life; securing, I say, the interest of this little gent., we sallied forth to reconnoitre the town, when just at the threshold we encountered a gentleman who proved to be my friend's friend, and as such presently my acquaintance.

Upon comparing notes, it seemed that no obstacle existed to our clubbing together during our stay, the happy man having secured a bed some days before.

We now strolled into the town, but soon found that although the shops appeared to be very good, as well as handsome, yet that the greater part of the streets are narrow, not over-clean, and by no means inviting. Retracing our steps therefore, we passed the hotel, and one or two sets of handsome modern houses, and found ourselves immediately on the top of the Hoe, the hill I described before as forming the northern boundary of the Sound, and at the east end of which is situated the Citadel. This Hoe is a noble grass promenade about a third of a mile in length, and from one to two hundred yards wide, on the summit of a hill overlooking the whole Sound vis á-vis to the Breakwater, and across that looking out to the channel, in which, on a clear day, the Eddystone is seen like a tall vessel in the distance. Nearer to you, the eye, glancing across St. Margaret's Isle and the narrow channel, rests upon the magnifi-

cent woods of Mount Edgecombe, whilst ever and anon the attention is attracted by the movements of the shipping, to be recalled occasionally by the marching of a guard across the Hoe between the barracks at Stonehouse and the citadel. The panorama is really perfect, and most fascinating. I had the advantage too of a cicerone who was well acquainted with the locality, and entered most enthusiastically upon its merits. He had been a great traveller, but declared he knew nothing, save the Bay of Naples, so beautiful or so interesting as Plymouth Sound. His friend was of a somewhat graver turn, but of a most agreeable deportment. Looking at the Australian emigration ships as we sat upon one of the stone benches, he said with a sigh, "Ah! those ships could tell many a tale of woe if they could speak and reveal the 'secrets of the prison-house.'"

I observed, I thought they were for the transport of voluntary emigrants.

"Why, yes," he said, "they are not filled with convicts it is true, but I believe you would not find that many of the passengers are obeying the dictates of their inclination, hardly of their free will, when they step on board the vessel which is to convey them to an unknown land far away from that country which holds all that they love, and venerate, and cherish. Some indeed, no doubt, emigrate in order that they may hasten to be rich; some from restlessness, and some from recklessness; but the majority, be assured, leave the land of their nativity as reluctantly and as much upon constraint of one kind or

another as if they were shipped by the sentence of the judge; their limbs, indeed, are free, but their motions are constrained: the iron chafes not their skin, but it enters into their soul. Few there are on board those vessels, I am sure, to whose ears the palls of the capstan do not discourse most unmusically; to whose heart the cry of 'the anchor's away' does not convey the sensation of violent disseverance from the spot to which they had clung, and to which they would still cling could they but see the remotest prospect of a decent maintenance for themselves and families. Many, many a youth too, is sent out to Australia as much upon compulsion as convicts, albeit that compulsion be of a friendly nature, and often rendered necessary by offences, if not against the civil law, at least against domestic happiness and well-being. I have lately had a very remarkable instance of this brought under my notice, and I think you will be interested in the narrative, for which we shall have time before dinner.—

"The fact is, I came down last year with a young friend who was about to proceed to Australia, there to sow the remainder of that crop of wild oats of which a pretty large portion had been in active operation in this country for some time, very little to the profit of himself or family, and very greatly to the discomfort of his friends Happily, he could leave this country with the means necessary for ensuring a fair start in his new sphere, and we hope that he will become, not only a sober, but a prosperous, and perhaps a wealthy man: God grant it.

"However, to my tale.--Whilst sitting by myself in the coffee-room at the hotel, one evening, my attention was attracted by the entrance of a respectable-looking man of middle age, and a youth of some eighteen years of age, extremely good-looking, but evidently labouring under considerable anxiety and distress; his whole deportment was depressed and remarkable; he seated himself at a table, with his hat close beside him, planted his elbows on the board, and buried his face in his hands, absorbed in thought, and that too evidently of a painful nature; his companion spoke to him once or twice in friendly accents, but the short answers shewed that the youth was an uninterested listener, and indeed he often seemed not to heed his companion at all. The elder gentleman seemed to feel much interest in his younger companion, and in no very long time, proposed that he should retire to bed, as he appeared weary: to this the youth assented, and they left the room together, but in a few minutes the elder returned, and we entered into conversation together; his mind was evidently full of a painful subject, from which he sought relief by conversation; in fact, finding that I was interested in an emigrant in a ship then in the Sound, he enquired which, and then informed me that the youth who had just left the room, was going out in the same ship; and added, that it would be a very great kindness if I would take an opportunity of giving him some good advice respecting his future conduct, as well as any hints as to the country in which he was about to sojourn; which he supposed,

from one or two remarks of mine, I was well acquainted with, at least in theory He then proceeded to state that he found himself in a peculiarly trying situation, as he had been obliged, in the honesty of his heart, to give advice respecting the youth in question, which being acted upon by his widowed mother, had evidently caused not only pain to all parties, but some irritating alienation in the mind of the youth himself, the son of his oldest and best beloved friend, who had slept in his grave for some years, leaving this only son as the stay, support, and comfort of his amiable mother, as he fondly, but mistakingly anticipated. The youth had indeed given great promise, had been a comfort to his mother, whilst under her control, but in the course of those years when youths become men, and cast off the discipline which had become irksome, a very different line of conduct ensued. To vice the lad was not addicted, but his mind was not strong: he fell into bad company, and evil habits ensued; he who should have been his mother's comfort, became her bane; that home which had formerly been so cherished, was now deserted; those regular hours which had long been kept in the family, were now broken in upon. His mother pined, whilst her son was absent in midnight revels, prolonged in consequence of the drowned consciousness of the poor victim. To meet the expense attendant upon the gratifications of his companions, rather than of himself, the widow's slender income was encroached on, and what was wasted in revels was taken from the mother's com-

forts. Yet all this time the youth was still a fond son, and his tender mind evidently felt for the pangs of her whose happiness he knew was in his own keeping. When this had continued for a long time, and in addition to the misery of the poor mother, it was evident that the youth was bringing ruin upon himself; ruin of health, ruin of prospects temporal and eternal; my advice was asked, and by it the young man was persuaded to accept a situation in business, which had been procured for him in London, with the view principally of taking him quite out of the reach of those associates who had led him astray; everything was well-arranged: he entered into our scheme with much heartiness, and for twelve months the accounts which his mother received of and from him, were most satisfactory: her wonted cheerfulness returned, and the tear gave place to the smile of triumph, as she contemplated the proof that her son's ill conduct had not been the result of innate depravity, but of evil associations; that he was more sinned against than sinning. But alas! this was not to last:—a letter came to enquire whether his friends knew anything of ——: he had disappeared from his employer's house, and had now been absent a week; his absence had evidently not been premeditated, for he had taken none of his things with him. The few persons with whom it was known that he was acquainted in town, answered the enquiries that had been made about him, by stating that they had seen or heard nothing of him. Here was a fearful communication; picture to yourself the distress of the poor

mother! oh! it was awful: a notice of his sudden death would have hardly been so harrowing as were the innumerable fears which now suggested themselves to her anxious and tortured mind. Well, to be brief, I went to town myself, and by great perseverance in enquiries, found him out, lodged in a miserable garret, in no very respectable company, and with marks of considerable violence on his face: in fact, it was evident that he had had a pugilistic encounter not long before. His tale was soon told; most unfortunately, one of his former tempters had come up and settled in town, and a renewal of their acquaintance taking place, the poor youth had been led into a flagrant debauch, which ended by a street broil, a beating, and a night in the station-house cell. On the morrow, sorrow and shame, deep and bitter, overwhelmed the mind of the victim: he *could* not bring himself to present his battered face, torn clothes, and above all, his broken resolutions, before the offended employer, and he was fain to take up his abode, at the recommendation of his friend, where, if his respectability was not maintained, the severe contusions of his body were alleviated, and the wounds of his conscience soothed and seared. I found that it would be impossible to reinstate him in his former respectable situation, and indeed that he was in no greater safety now in London, than he would be at home. I accordingly brought him back to his poor mother; it was presently apparent that though still a fond son, he was not capable of steadily ministering to her comfort: in fact, that he could not resist temp-

tation In this dilemma, I undertook to advise emigration, as affording the best prospect for my friend's advantage; it was a painful course, but there really seemed no alternative, and the poor mother at last consented, and nerved herself for the separation; the youth objected strenuously, but as his guardian, I was firm, and at last succeeded in convincing him that the step was the one most likely to be conducive to his own interest. Everything was prepared, his passage taken, and his mother and myself accompanied him to this port about three months back to join the vessel in which he was to sail; we saw him on board, and left him (being pressed to return home) ready to sail with the first fair wind; unfortunately the winds were adverse for more than a week, and in that time his courage it seems completely failed: he could not endure the thoughts of leaving his home and launching upon the ocean of a new world. The evening before the vessel sailed, when all on board was confusion, occasioned by the prospect of a favourable change of wind, he contrived to slip his box of clothes into a shore boat, and land; he was not missed, or if missed, uncared for, as his passage-money was paid, and the ship sailed without him, taking with her the stock of useful articles, to provide him with which his poor mother had straitened herself considerably. Imagine the poor mourner's feelings when, about a fortnight after, her son, whose departure she could not help deploring, appeared before her, emaciated, wretched, and in tears; the shock was too much for her: she fainted, and only recovered to be

laid upon a bed of sickness. The mother's feelings at first were in the ascendant, and she rejoiced at clasping to her bosom the idol of her heart; and yet upon calmer consideration, she could not but grieve, and that deeply, for the unwise step which had thus thrown her son back to the very position, to extricate him from which she had made such sacrifices; regrets, however, were in vain: the son protested his fixed determination of amendment, and of steadiness in any situation in which we should place him. You may imagine that these resolutions were not better kept than many that had preceded them; it was in fact evident from a new experiment made by placing him in a provincial town, that he could not resist the fascinations of company; again he fell, and I was yet more imperatively called upon to persist in the step of getting him out of the country. We had fortunately obtained from the owners of the vessel a promise that his property should be taken care of for him, and now they have kindly consented to give him a passage out in another of their vessels, which is just about to sail, as you know. I came down with him yesterday to make some final arrangements, and his mother is to join us here to-morrow morning, and we purpose staying, at least one of us, until he is fairly off: for though he acknowledges the propriety of the step, and expresses himself determined to go through with it, yet his spirit sinks within him as he thinks of the lonely situation in which he is about to find himself, and we dread that even yet his courage may fail him at the last; if that were to occur, we should

really not know what to do with, or for him. I consider, sir," he added, "that my meeting with you is a most providential event, and have no doubt he will listen to advice and encouragement from a stranger much more readily than from us, and above all, it will be the greatest comfort to him if you will introduce him to your friends, who are about to be his fellow passengers." Of course I readily promised to do what ever might be in my power to promote the end in view, and we parted for the night, my new acquaintance to bed, whilst I was presently joined by my emigrant friends, to whom I narrated this little episode. The next morning I was early sought by my friend of the preceding evening, who informed me that the mother having arrived, was now in a neighbouring apartment, and would, with my consent, come in with her son to witness his introduction; she presently did so, and a more interesting being I have never seen; handsome she had been, but anxiety and suffering had left only the features to tell of beauty, the expression was that of haggard wretchedness, yet mixed with deep maternal tenderness and love. We sat and chatted for more than an hour, and I endeavoured to encourage the youth by every means in my power, and my young friends also strove to inspirit him, but with little effect; he assented, and sometimes smiled at what was said, but his frame quivered with agitation, his cheek blanched, and the tear came unbid to his eye as he spoke of his home and his mother. A painful hour was that, but it was followed by a scene still more painful; I flattered my-

self that I had done him some good, at any rate that I had in some degree smoothed his path, by introducing him to my young friends, both of whom were most kind and amiable, and one very steady, an emigrant upon principle, and so we parted. The next morning the Blue Peter was hoisted at the mast-head of the emigrant ship, and the passengers were all on the *qui vive;* the poor youth was an exception: his agitation and distress were such that he could hardly be persuaded to get into the conveyance which was to take him to the place of embarkation; it was harrowing to see the man unnerved, and she who required so much support, now calming herself, and exerting all her energies, not only to sustain herself, but to encourage her poor weak boy; it was fearful, yet beautiful! at last the carriage rolled away, and conveyed the party to the quay; here it seems that on getting out and seeing the boat, the last grain of courage and resolution was dissipated, and the young man fairly took to his heels and ran back to the hotel, followed by his mother and friend in the coach. I was standing in the door waiting for my friend, who was finishing a letter, when he rushed past me, the very picture of despair; up stairs he flew, followed rapidly by his mother and friend. Bewildered in his search for the room he had occupied, he was overtaken, and as no time was to be lost, it was attempted to force him down stairs to the carriage; he held, however, by the banisters, and the whole house rang with his piercing cries: never shall I forget them, or the expression of his countenance. It soon

appeared that all further efforts would be in vain: reason had been put to flight in the deadly mental contest; several strong men were required to hold him on a bed, and to prevent his precipitating himself from a window. That evening he was removed to the public asylum, a raving maniac! attended by his poor broken-hearted mother;—God have mercy on her!—Are you satisfied?—have I made good my assertion?"

I have often thought that this tale of the poor emigrant (or rather of him who should have been such), would make an excellent foundation for a more lengthened story, embellished and extended by skilful fiction; but upon the whole, I have deemed it best to give it to you as I had it, "simplex munditiis," judging such narratives "when unadorned, adorned the most." I only wish I could have retained the exact words and feelings with which the tale was told to me.

It was now very near dinner-time, so we sauntered back to our hotel with somewhat mellowed feelings: these, however, were soon dispersed amidst the hurly-burly of the entrance-hall and passages of the large establishment; here, indeed, was the very scene of the tragedy we had just heard narrated, but the waves of life were now rolling over, as if such things had never been,—just as the waves of ocean roll heedlessly along, where, but a brief space back, a gallant bark and noble crew had sunk to rise no more. All was bustle, as we left it: fresh arrivals, some few to enjoy the comfortable apartments which they had

written to bespeak a fortnight ago; some to receive the disagreeable intimation, that it was absolutely impossible that they could be accommodated there, and if not there, *where* were they to be accommodated?—Oh! the catenation of savoury smells emanating from the dinner trays, which were now borne along backwards and forwards by waiters who looked somewhat like jaded horses, only to be kept upon their legs by brisk motion. We now discovered upon entering our room that although the time at which we had ordered dinner had arrived, no preparations whatever were made for it; summoning, therefore, an attendant, the bustling little round fellow who came puffing and blowing like a small high-pressure steam engine, we expressed our surprise, and also intimated our displeasure; immediate attention was promised, with many apologies and intimations of the excessive pressure of business.—"One might as well be at the inn poor Mathews used to tell of," said my friend; "indeed, I don't know whether we are not worse off, for we, like Tantalus, must hunger and thirst for another half-hour in the midst of plenty, whilst Mathews only shared the common fate of the house; you remember the story?"—"No, indeed," said his friend.—"Oh, well, it is somewhat stale, but *n'importe* if it's new to you. On his way to the races, Mathews stopped at an inn, and being somewhat hungry, wished to order dinner; (it was the day before the races.) 'Had they got a leg of lamb in the house?' answer made the waiter none; a reiteration of the question produced a melancholy 'No.'—'Well, had they got a chicken

in the house?'—'No, sir.'—'Any beef-steaks?'—'No, sir,' with another sigh. 'Well, what *have* you got in the house?'—'A *execootion*, sir.' By-the-bye, talking of poor Charles Mathews, he died here, and is buried in St. Andrew's Church, and as it is close by, we may as well spend the half-hour, whilst our dinner is getting ready, in walking over and visiting his resting place." We gladly assented. A very short walk brought us to the venerable church; in the western vestibule we found a neat tablet of gothic design, bearing the following inscription;

Near this spot are deposited the honoured remains of

CHARLES MATHEWS,

COMEDIAN;

BORN 28th JUNE, 1776:

DIED 28th JUNE, 1835.

Not to commemorate that genius which his country acknowledged and rewarded, and men of every nation confessed; nor to record the worth which secured the respect and attachment of his many admirers and friends, but as an humble tribute to his devoted unvarying affection and indulgence, as a husband and father, this tablet is erected in sorrowing love and grateful remembrance, by his bereaved wife and son.

BY A FRIEND.*

All England mourned when her comedian died,
A public loss that ne'er might be supplied:
For who could hope such various gifts to find,
All rare and exquisite, in one combined?

* Horatio Smith.

The private virtues that adorn'd his breast,
Crowds of admiring friends confess'd.
Only to thee, O God! the grief was known
Of those who rear this monumental stone.
The son and widow, who with bosoms torn,
The best of fathers and of husband's mourn.
Of all this public, social, private woe,
Here lies the cause, Charles Mathews sleeps below.

"Alas, poor Yorick! where be your gambols now? your songs, your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar?"—the quotation is hackneyed, but it is so appropriate that it cannot but suggest itself to those who visit the spot, and especially to such as have participated over and over again in the merriment afforded by this genuine comedian, this master-spirit who had the power of chaining the attention and the admiration, not only of the giddy multitude, but of all the best judges of his day: men who contributed to weave the chaplet around his brow, not alone for the sake of the amusement which his exquisite humour afforded them, but as a mead of justice to the gigantic powers of mind which enabled him to identify himself with every character which he represented. The author of the above lines, and one of the author's of the justly admired 'Rejected Addresses.' enjoyed the happiness of a great degree of intimacy with Mathews, and in a letter to Mrs M., full of delicate and just praise, says,—"He was the only *original* imitator I have ever encountered: for while others satisfied themselves with endeavouring to *embody* their originals, he made it his study to *mentalize* them; I am obliged to coin a word, but my

meaning is, that while he surpassed all his competitors in the mere mimicry of externals, he was *unique* in the subtlety, acuteness, and truth with which he could copy the mind of his prototype; extemporising his moods of thought with all those finer shadings of the head and heart that constitute the niceties of individual character." This is, indeed, multum in parvo: it is impossible for any criticism to be more neat and true, and it has the advantage of being perfectly just. —"Oh! the merry days when we were young," how many an hour have I laughed with poor Mathews in those days, till my aching sides have been ready to cry "hold, enough." Those days had almost slipped from my memory, but this tablet recalled them in all their freshness and joyousness;—peace be with him!

Interested as I was, no wonder that I called at a circulating library in our way back to the hotel, and obtained the first volume of Mathews' Life, written by his widow, nor that I contrived during my stay at Plymouth (thanks to the tropical habit of early rising), to get through the four volumes, a rich treat, I assure you, though perhaps a little compression might have been advantageous. I was really delighted to find that this inimitable actor was no less exemplary in his private, than amusing in his public walk, but it was painful to find that he who could dispel care from the minds of the multitude, was himself a prey to it in private, and that even whilst setting his audience in a roar, he was himself often writhing with bodily and mental pain; that like the frogs in the tale, what was fun to us was literally death to

him, for he evidently worked himself to death, winding all up by his second trip to America, to which he was driven by pecuniary circumstances. I could not help reflecting how very similar his lot was to that of the Great Magician of the North, the incomparable Scott; both possessed of the most extraordinary powers of mind, in their respective lines; both attaining the highest favour with the public; both gathering in large pecuniary rewards for their labours; both liberal and hospitable; both most unfortunate in their affairs, apart from their respective professions; both reduced to debt; both making unexampled efforts to extricate themselves by honourable exertions, and both succumbing to the excess of those exertions. There is something exceedingly interesting, yet very painful, in viewing those who have enacted prominent parts in the drama of life, in their every-day relations; what can be more interesting than to form an intimate acquaintance with Sir Walter Scott, through the medium of his life and correspondence, published by his son-in-law, Lockhart? Yet, besides the pain of parting with one (and such a one!) with whom we have established a sort of intimacy, and it is a *real* pain, I think it certainly takes something from the interest and pleasure derived from the productions of that master-mind, to find that many of them were wrung from the toiling mind (albeit inexhaustible), and a suffering frame, at the sacrifice of enjoyment, health, and even life itself, for the sake of the pounds, shillings, and pence, which were to pay off debts incurred by what seems

to have been an almost uncontrollable catenation of circumstances. It may seem, perhaps, that I am comparing individuals too far removed from each other to bear comparison: but besides that Mathews was esteemed by Scott as a *friend,* and introduced by him to his most distinguished friends, as Byron, &c., I maintain that in many things there was a parallelism, and especially in their both being pre-eminent in their own line, and in the honourable efforts which they both made to prevent others from suffering by their imprudence or too great easiness, efforts which they both must have felt to be sapping their vitals and shortening their days.

But "*revenons a nos moutons*," and that in more senses than one. I need hardly say that although our sympathy with the widow and son of Charles Mathews was sincere, it had greatly subsided by the time we were installed in our inn, where, by my friend's tactics, a very pretty little dinner was ready for us. Providentially, that little roly-poly waiter has clapped down the dishes without breaking any of them, and snatched off the covers without carrying away any of our noses: and now just having lightened his bosom by one huge sigh or puff, he stands, plate in hand, benignantly waiting to hand the fish, which my friend was helping, and the ugliness of which attracted my attention,—more especially the immensity of the head.

"Surely," said I, "that must have been a most intellectual fish, or else phrenology is good for nothing."

"Why, as to that," said our acting president, "it is certainly a good deal like most tavern wines, rather *heady*; (by-the-bye, waiter, just beg Mr. Whiddon to send us a bottle of his best sherry, the *pale*, mind ye, and a pint of his *old* Madeira: those are not tavern wines, let me tell you, but fit for the best table in the country); but I dare say this race of fish may be distinguished among its fellows of the deep, as peculiarly handsome,—in their own eyes at least: and why not, since the Hottentots have such exalted ideas of their own beauty? but let that pass: heed not the 'head and front of his offending,' but just feast upon that prime bit of fish, which bears the same rank among the finny kind that the prime rump-steak does amongst meats."

I offered it to our less voluble companion: he declined it politely, and was interrupted by the president. "Oh, you need not offer it to him, he is not a soup-or-fish-al man, as poor Charles Mathews used to say of himself upon such occasions. Perhaps, by-the-bye, you don't know the name and fame of this said fish; let me introduce him then as Mr. John Dory, and for his character, let me refer you to the late celebrated Quin, who was so excessively fond of him, that he not only used to come down to Devonshire (where his family abound), to eat them, but is said to have enquired always of the person who woke him in the morning, if there were any John Dories in the market, and if answered in the negative, to have turned in bed, growling out—'Call me to-morrow.' I was now about to help myself to some fish-sauce,

when I was interrupted by my friend's exclaiming "I forbid the banns!"

I looked, of course, my anxiety for an explanation. "Why," said he, "Ann Chovie is no doubt a suitable help-meet for many an odd fish, but for John Dory she is quite unsuitable; in her company he would be like a fish out of water. Waiter, haven't you got any Quin's sauce?" he added with a more serious aspect.

"Oh yes, sir, here it is."

"Well, hand it to the gentleman."

I was obedient and helped myself accordingly, but he who was not a soup-or-fish-al man demurred to this, and suggested that possibly I might not like the Quin sauce, (though in fact it proved excellent). "My dear fellow," said he to the president, "you put me in mind of the man in a coffee-room, who, seeing a gentleman near him eating some pork, watched him with considerable interest and increasing fidgetiness, and at last rang the bell for the waiter and desired him to bring the mustard for the gentleman; the man obeyed, but the polite purveyor to the stranger's comfort not wishing to appear obtrusive, had been looking out of the window the while it was handed, and saw not that it was declined. He could not, however, resist the temptation of seeing the increased zest with which the pork *must* now be enjoyed; but what was his dismay at finding that the gentleman was still without the *necessary* concomitant of pork. Again he rang the bell, and meeting the waiter at the door, asked him if he had not told him to bring the mustard for the gentleman. The man was unwilling

to displease a customer, and therefore said nothing of the gentleman's having declined the mustard, probably thinking that it might not be believed, (which would certainly have been the case), and therefore quietly placed the mustard-pot on one corner of the table and retired. Again the anxious look met with disappointment, there was no mustard on the gentleman's plate; this was not to be borne; so putting a bold foot foremost he approached the unknown, and himself proffered the important article with, 'you've forgotten the mustard, sir.' Horror of horrors! instead of thanks innumerable from the absent gentleman, he received a bland smile and an assurance to the effect that he never ate mustard with pork! The thing was inconceivable, and setting down the rejected article with hardly an attempt at apology, the man of method retreated to a distant part of the room, and threw himself upon the perusal of an old newspaper to avoid the sight, but not the remembrance (as his mutterings indicated) of the gentleman who didn't eat mustard with his pork. I take it this must have been a cousin of your's, Master Fred."

"Like enough," replied Fred, "but in that case I take it there must be a pretty large family of us, for if we don't all insist upon choosing the sauces for our friends' dinners, we have a way of combining among ourselves and compelling others by a system altogether inexplicable to the multitude, to follow our examples; to have their coats cut as our's are; to have their hats shaped and even wear them as our's are shaped and worn; to walk, ride, drive, when and where we walk,

ride, or drive, however inconvenient; nay, to say their prayers, or at least to go to church or chapel, where we affix the stamp of *fashion*. So it is that one part of the world, and that a very small part, lead, or rather drive the other and larger part in the harness of fashion, and urge them on with a much more vigorous hand than your mustard-loving friend. As Byron says

> "All things are weigh'd in custom's falsest scale;
> Opinion an omnipotence."

By the bye perhaps our friend from the west here will just tell us what he thinks of the Madeira?"

I pronounced it excellent.

"Very well, enjoy it and make the most of it, you wont often meet with such, I can tell you, and be thankful to fashion for it, my friend, for the reason of its goodness is that it has been condemned by fashion to abide in Whiddon's cellars till it has grown old and prime. Nobody of any fashion now-a-days thinks of offering or drinking Madeira. Oh no, Day and Martin's blacking meets you every where in the guise of port wine. Raw spirits highly coloured, dignified by the name of sherry, must be drank to the end of the chapter, except here and there you get a draught of vinegar and water under the title of French wine. 'Any wine *but* Madeira,' said the Prince Regent in the plenitude of his power, and any wine but Madeira has been drank ever since."

"That's true enough, Fred," said his friend, "but the disuse of Madeira it must be confessed is in some degree attributable to the system of throwing an inferior

article into the market, at a time when the wine was in demand beyond what the best vineyards of Madeira could supply. It has been supposed that great quantities of inferior wines were imported from the other islands, and shipped from and as Madeira, but the fact is that the northern parts of the Island of Madeira alone are quite sufficient to supply inferior wine *ad infinitum*. I am happy to say, however, that from all I could learn when in Madeira, the merchants are now very particular in the choice of their vineyards, and that very little inferior wine is now exported. They have, however, a bad habit of giving age to their wines by a process called stowing, which consists in putting large quantities of wines into a warehouse which can be hermetically closed, and then heated and maintained at a certain high temperature. By this means the wine is forced, in a few months, into a state in which it may be sent to market with the character of aged wine, fit for immediate use, and thus the merchant is relieved from the loss and burden of keeping his capital locked up in wine whilst it becomes fit for use, say four or five or ten years. By this process the wine is not at all *deteriorated*, but having acquired, as it were, a premature age, it ceases to *improve* with increasing age, and disappointment ensues to those who keep their wines in expectation of excellence. By the bye, it is remarkable enough that this effect of forcing upon wine, is similar to that produced by an analogous process upon vegetables. It is well known among gardeners in this country, that if you force plants forward by

great heat, you will obtain, indeed, an early and a showy bloom, but the plant suffers proportionably, and does not grow and thrive or bloom afterwards as it would have done if it had not been thus forced on by artificial means. This again reminds one that the beauties of warm climates are forced as it were into an exuberance of beauty at an early age, but those charms then becoming stationary, lack the fulness and perfection enjoyed at a later period by the dwellers in colder climates. After all, however, there is no doubt that the quality of Madeira wine is much improved of late years; I should perhaps say that it is restored to its former quality, partly owing to the diminished demand for it, and partly to the eyes of the merchants being opened to the necessity of reviving the character of their wine. For my own part, I maintain that a good glass of Madeira is the finest produce of the grape, and I think the West Indians have shown their good sense in sticking to Madeira."

I was here obliged to confess that this pure taste had in some degree degenerated amongst us, and that, though somewhat tardily, we were following the fashion of drinking sherry.

"Well then all I can say is that I think you are *very* much mistaken. Of all the wines that ever were made, Madeira is just that which was best calculated for use in the West Indies. Only see how it improves in your climate; see how generous it is, and yet how mild; veritable wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and yet not fire to burn him up withal.

Do you mean to say that sherry will make such sangaree as Madeira?'

"My dear sir," said I, "mention not the name to ears polite; 'Oh no, we never mention *it*, the name is quite forgot,' except now and then by a few choice spirits for the sake of the fun of the thing."

"Ah, very well, may be it is for the best, for your jorum of sangaree was a treacherous dog, and often, I dare say, wheedled away the brains, whilst the drinker only thought of quenching his thirst or indulging his palate. But as to sherry for the West Indies, let me tell you it never was intended for that climate. It's all very well in its way; an excellent wine, I trow, when you meet with such as this, but that you seldom do, and moreover, it is made and *compounded* expressly for our cold climate and phlegmatic habits. Sherry, you know, such as comes to us, is never used in its native country. There it is so totally different a wine that an Englishman neither recognises nor relishes it, as has been often proved when the very best *pure* sherry has been set before the Englishman at Xeres, and ordered away as undrinkable stuff, whilst the second bottle taken from the stock compounded for the English market has been pronounced excellent. A glass of warm, rich-bodied sherry in the West Indies, must be equivalent, I should think, to a good stiff dram in this country. Another thing is, too, that you are a day behind the fashion. We are now all for French and Rhenish wines, and by the time you get well established in the habit of drinking

sherry, I expect we shall have got round to Madeira again."

This disquisition was not quite so continuous as I here put it down, for after the fish, we had been discussing the merits of a most exquisite little leg of mutton, which it seems came from Dartmoor, where large flocks are kept principally for the sake of the wool, and therefore allowed to live to the age of six or seven or eight years, and thereby to acquire its full flavour and excellence, to be developed, however, only by hanging in the larder for ten days or a fortnight and in winter three weeks. The disquisition was now interrupted by our friend at the head of the table, who declared that the story of the Englishman and the sherry, reminded him of another instance in which the force of acquired taste was shown. "A gentleman in the Highlands had invited his friend who had lived all his life within sound of Bow bells, to spend part of the summer with him in Scotland, and upon his arrival had the half of a very fine salmon dressed for dinner, determined for once that he should taste salmon fresh from the water. To his surprise his friend, who had the character of knowing full well what was good, pronounced it, with some show of reluctance, to be not what he expected; in fact, poor and insipid. His host was at first all astonishment, but presently he expressed his regret that the salmon had not turned out as he had expected, but added, in a day or two he should be able to procure some better from a preserve where some fine prime fat fish were always kept. Accordingly in

some two days time it was produced, and pronounced by the London judge to be excellent, rich, mellow, &c. The explanation followed; it was the other half of the *same* fish, kept to the age at which it would have appeared on a London table! fact, 'Pon my life it's true, what'll you lay it's a lie?' as Mathews' Major Longbow would have said. Talking of Mathews and Scotland puts me in mind of one of his conundrums. 'If a Scotch goose could speak, what vegetable would it name to the poulterer?' Pause. 'Well—give it up?' We assented. 'Ah-spare-a-goose.' (Asparagus.)"

"Capital, that's a match for the old Joe Miller, 'if a tough beefsteak could speak, what old English poet would it recommend to its devourer?'—Give it up?—'Chaw, sir.'—(Chauser.)"

"To follow the lead," said I, "pray if a philosopher were to quarrel with his spectacles, what ancient poet would they call upon to attest their value and utility? —Give it up?—Eu-se-bi-us." After dinner we proceeded to discuss a bottle of Mr. Whiddon's best port, which proved really excellent. Our president now seemed inclined to constitute himself our toast-master, at least he took an early opportunity of proposing my health, which being duly honoured, I was expected to return thanks. This I did in a *very* few words, adding that instead of a long speech I would endeavour to entertain them by the recital of a little anecdote of which my present situation reminded me.

"Without offence to the present company," I said, "I presume I may observe that the English are not

particularly famous for forming acquaintance with strangers, or allowing strangers to form acquaintance with them; in fact, that most Englishmen upon being addressed by a stranger where the *cui bono* is not apparent, button up their breeches' pocket, give their watch-guard a twitch, and fairly shut the would-be intruder from their breast by firmly overlapping their coat. It's the same case all the world over; your Englishman likes not the advances of strangers, and makes none himself, consequently he often makes the circuit of the Continent and returns home without having spoken to one person of his own rank in society. 'I could, indeed, save the gentleman from drowning,' said the Oxford man, 'but how can I take such a liberty, as I have not been introduced to him?' I remember once to have apologized to a remarkably gentlemanly person for recognising him as a passing acquaintance on the Continent. 'My dear sir,' was his answer, 'no apology is necessary. I've seen too much of the world at large to take offence on such a score.' Well, but what led me to these remarks was, that I felicitate myself upon having formed so valuable and agreeable an acquaintance, as it were by chance, on board the steamer, which had I not done, I should have been moping about by myself instead of enjoying my present pleasant company; and this circumstance reminds me of a 'leetel story' of what happened to one of my own family many years ago at a fashionable watering-place. We had frequently noticed a particularly fine-looking old gentleman, up-

right and dignified, yet full of benignity, if one might judge by the countenance, as he walked up and down the pier in solitude, or accompanied by a lady whom we took to be his wife. His age we set down to be somewhat over seventy, though some things about him made us think that it might be considerably over this, though his upright figure and full calf, shown to the best advantage by his knees and silk stockings, hardly warranted the supposition. We gradually became more and more interested in the old gentleman, and at last one of our party ventured to address him one day as he stood at the end of the pier listlessly contemplating the moving scene. The remark was probably on the weather, that never-failing topic; but the old gentleman started and turned round somewhat sharply upon the speaker at his elbow, stared at him as in surprise, and then said, 'God bless ye, sirr!—who are ye—who are ye?' My friend thought this coming to the point rather rapidly, and was hardly inclined to be much flattered by the somewhat peremptory demand, as he thought it, of his personal history. He probably may have expressed something of this in his countenance, for the old gentleman proceeded with some emotion, 'I say, sirr, God bless you, and hoo's a' wi' ye the day? You're joost the first man that ha' spoken till me sin I've been i'the place, and that's mair than a month. But come awa', sirr, come awa'; I maun joost introduce ye till my wife: she'll be as muckle pleased as I am to make yer acquaintance; Ech! but it's an awfu' wearisome thing

no to ken a mortal man amang ye a', and we sae far frae kith and hame, sirr; I maun joost tell ye fairly, that I hae been wearying for some ane to speak till ever sin I cam here, in coompany wi' my dochter that married and settled for awhile in these pairts, tho', truth to say, puir thing, she's joost as great a stranger amang ye as I am mysell—But come awa', sirr, that I may introduce ye till my wife.' The introduction ensued, and a really agreeable acquaintance followed, the result of which was the ready and most friendly reception of my relative amongst the old gentleman's friends and relatives in Edinburgh, where he in his turn was a stranger in a strange land. I may just mention a little *jeu d'esprit* of the old gentleman's, which amused us not a little at the time. Himself and lady were to drink tea with us one evening, and the lady happened to precede him. Some little time after he entered the drawing-room, threw himself upon the sofa, and indulged in a hearty laugh, exclaiming, 'Ech! but that's a clever lassie yon!' alluding evidently to the girl who had admitted him; 'joost the cleverest lassie I hae met with this mony a day.' He then explained to us that upon the girl's admitting him he had enquired of her by way of a joke, 'Weel, lassie, 's the plague o' my life here?' The girl not well understanding him, but concluding from the style of the interrogatory that he might be enquiring for Mrs. ——, and knowing that she had arrived, answered unhesitatingly, 'Yes, sir, she's in the drawing-room:' which the old gentleman attributed to

her cleverness in understanding in a moment that he intended his wife by 'the plague of his life!'"

By the time we had discussed our bottle of port, and sipped a cup of coffee, it was time to go to the theatre, where Wallack was performing Richard the Third, almost, I am sorry to say, to empty benches. Nothing could be more miserable than the appearance of the house, a very pretty and commodious building in itself, and sufficiently well fitted up: but it looked like a desert, and the few parties scattered here and there throughout the boxes, seemed to make the blank more palpable. We were the less surprised at the appearance of the seats when we came better acquainted with the character of the dramatic corps: it was really miserable, and how poor Wallack had the heart to go through his part with any spirit I know not, but he certainly made the best of it. I may add, that we went to see him each night, and upon the whole were much pleased with his performances in Hamlet, Othello, &c.; but still more so in his melo-dramatic characters, which are certainly his best. In some of them, indeed, he is pre-eminent, most especially in the "Brigand," in which he is the original enactor of "Massaroni," a character which he looks, dresses, and speaks to perfection. On or off the stage, and in all characters, he is a good-looking fellow, but in "Massaroni" he is a model of manly beauty. His singing, too, of that charming air, "Gentle Zitella," is perfection, as far as personation goes, his voice not being anything extraordinary for a public singer. I am happy

to say that each night the theatre was better filled, until the last of his engagement, and of our stay at Plymouth, when the performances being announced as for his benefit, and including his well-known Brigand, the house was literally crammed; every seat being occupied, and many being obliged to content themselves with peeping through the doors of the boxes. So much for fashion, as my friend observed. It is the fashion to go to the benefits of the "stars," and therefore everybody goes, and the house is made insufferably hot, and people are squeezed and catch cold, though they have voluntarily kept away from the theatre for the whole of the preceding week, whilst the same star has been acting over all his best characters to the few who go to see him or the play, and not to constitute a part of the fashionable assemblage, of whom it may truly be said, "spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsi." What a mistake it is to suppose that an actor's life is idle, gay, and dissipated. There may be much of these ingredients in the sum-total of this profession, as in that of most others, but surely there is much of hard labour, mental as well as physical; much of care, much of disappointment. Only read Mathews, and I think that must convince you that an eminent actor has no bed of roses, and seldom attains his eminence by a royal road.

After a snug little supper we retired to our quarters, and found to our great satisfaction that our good friend Betty had made everything very comfortable indeed for us.

LETTER III.

The next morning the house and street gave early evidence that everybody was on the *qui vive*, and that hosts were on foot and eager for the fair. One o'clock, indeed, was the hour appointed for the opening of the gardens, but from an early hour the influx of visiters was surprising, for not only was Plymouth to be drained of all its inhabitants, to favour which a general closing of the shops for the day had been agreed upon, but the whole country round was to be concentrated upon this occasion. Private carriages, therefore, post-chaises, flies, omnibuses, and vans, not to mention tax carts innumerable, were flowing into town, and to or past our hotel, in most prodigious numbers by ten o'clock. Oh, the happy faces! oh, the pretty faces! oh, the blaze of finery! never, never was there such a scene! I do verily believe that there had been a tacit agreement amongst the multitudinous company that not one individual should wear anything but new clothes upon the occasion. I could not but

think that if the finery had been purchased in some instances at the cost of some comfort and even propriety, yet that in the aggregate much good must have been done by the circulation of so much money. However this might be,

> "Smack went the whip,
> Round went the wheels,
> Were never folk so glad;
> The stones did rattle underneath
> As if the streets were mad."

In due time we prepared to start, and as the day was hot we indulged ourselves with a fly. Observing that the poor brute of a horse was miserably jaded, I asked the driver how many times he had been down to the Admiral's Hard, as the jetty is called, at Stonehouse. He said he really couldn't tell, but he had been backwards and forwards, a little more than a mile each way, without intermission for the last four hours! pretty sharp work for the poor jade! It was looking *sharp* I promise you, for its bones were awfully prominent, and rather impatient of the skin which held them. In fact, the poor beast, like Don Quixote's Rosinante, "had more corners than a rial (a Spanish coin of very irregular shape), being as lean as Ganela's that was all skin and bones." Marvellous indeed are the discoveries of modern times, and especially those relating to the advantages of the division of labour: hence it is that it has been found that two unfortunate horses harnessed *separately* to two carriages may be made to

draw ten or twelve people, whereas in former times, when harnessed *together*, they only drew five or six. As to the term *fly*, I presume it is used upon the principle "lucus a non lucendo;" or, if the term be borrowed from the animal of that name, it must have reference to its *crawling* motion rather than to that of its wings.

Well, to return from this digression: behold us on the admiral's hard, picking our way down the stones, (not the less slippery for the subsidence of the recent tide), in company with a host of gaily-dressed holyday folks, men, women, and children: anxiety is depicted on every countenance, as if there was good reason to apprehend that it would be impossible to get across the water in time for the glories of the fair: albeit, that it was hardly time for opening yet, and that boats innumerable were coming and going between the two shores as fast as they could possibly embark and debark their respective freights. One could not help thinking of the crowds which Virgil's hero saw anxiously waiting to obtain a passage across the dreary Styx.

> An eager crowd came rushing where we stood,
> Which fill'd the margin of the briny flood;
> Husbands and wives, boys and unmarried maids,
> And mighty heroes;
> Thick as the leaves in Autumn strew the woods,
> As fowls by winter forced, forsake the floods,
> And wing their hasty flight to happier lands;
> Such, and so thick, the impatient army stands,
> And press for passage with extended hands.

It must be confessed that the transit, including

the ingress and egress from the boat, was accompanied by a tolerable prospect of some uncomfortable mishap. Oh! the slipping of the candidates for berths on board the wherries: oh! the spoliation of finery! hurra, for the milliners and shoemakers! If that stout old lady gets safely through the day, wonders will never cease!—if that child isn't lost or crushed, he must be a prodigy! and if the unfortunate little man, who rejoices in the double happiness and responsibility of husband and parent, doesn't sink under the weight of anxiety, he must be as tough as leather!

"Ah! there, I thought you'd put your foot into it, ma'am: there, make yourself as easy as you can, for you've got a fine solid foundation now, and you can't well get much further, so sit still as you are."

"Arrah, my darling," said a stout Irishman, lifting the rotundity up, "there, is that right now, my jewel, are you up, or are you down? for I can't tell for the life o'me which is the longest and which is the broadest way of ye."

"Help that gentleman, Bill, don't you see he's got his timber toe stuck fast between the stones?"

"Oh my! pa, pa!"

"Where's the boy?"

"Just toppled over the side of the boat into the mud, your honour."

"What's to be done now with the child in such a trim? one cake of mud up to the middle: and no shoes nor hat."

"Send him home in a fly."

"Where's the flyman going to take him such a mess?"

"Well then, my dear, you go on with the gals, and I'll take him home;—come here, you little warmint."

"He isn't a varmint, sir, he's a *mud-lark* now."

"Come, I say you sir, how many more are you a-going to pack in that 'ere crazy boat of your'n? shove out I say, and let others in."

"You be hanged, old grumpy, I've a right to two more passengers yet, and I'll have 'em."

"Well, I wish 'em safe over, that's all."

"" La, la, the boat's a-ready to sink: well, I'll get out."

"No, no, ma'am, off we go; ugh, you old son of a sea-cook, I'm blest if I don't sarve you out for this 'ere job: couldn't you have shoved your boat in without putting in your oar where it wasn't wanted?"

"Come, you be off, young chap; if you'd a-held your tongue, nobody'd a-known you was a fool."

"Now, ma'am, if you're a-going, you must come."

"Well, you needn't a-stuck your boat-hook into my flounces."

"Beg pardon, ma'am, didn't go for to do it on purpose."

"Well, you don't stand upon trifles at any rate."

"Why that's the case with you, ma'am," said old rugged-and-tough, glancing slyly down at a pair of ample green boots.

"Well, come, that's a comfort, here we are at any rate, very snug, ain't it, major;" said a lady in the

boat in which we had occupied seats, to an elderly, stiff little man, of about sixty, whose red face looked as if it were rather made to set the Thames on fire, than to be drowned.

"Ah! very like, Dolly: but I hope the fellow aint going to quarter any more upon us, for 'pon my life it seems to me that we're garrisoned already; come I say, boatman, just shove off at once, will ye, I'll give you an extra sixpence or a shilling, if it need be.—'Pon my life its very awkward though, this sort o' work."

"Oh, never mind, major, we shall soon be over."

"Lord bless you, ma'am, I hope not, do you think we shall be upset?"

"Oh dear no, over at Mount Edgecombe I mean."

"Oh ah, I see, but I don't half like it;—take care of that boat that's coming along there in double-quick time: they'll fall upon our very centre directly."

"Oh, not a bit, not a bit, major, never mind."

"But I *do* mind, sir, I've fought the battles of my country through thick and thin, all over the world: and let me tell you, I've no notion of being drowned in a duck pond, as one might say; I've landed through the surf at Madras, on those confounded catamarans, with sharks all bobbing and ogling on every side, and just waiting with watery mouths to snap one up, if the black rascals should fail in being a match for the surf. I've crossed the great lakes in America, where it was a chance if the ice wouldn't let in the whole division; I've stormed castles and

forts; I've, I've,—hang it, sir, I don't know what I *havn't* done: but then it was all in the way of *duty;* whereas now it seems that I'm like enough to die an inglorious death, for the sake of a *sight*.—Ah, Dolly, Dolly, though you are my sister, you wont make such a fool of me again."

"Lord love you, sir," said the boatman, "there's no danger."

"You be hanged, sir," replied the major, "there may be no danger, but there's a deal of *fear*."

"Come, come, major," chimed in my friend Fred, "courage, major:—remember 'none but the brave deserve the *fair*;' besides, you ought to enjoy yourself where you are, and be merry."

"Why so, sir?"

"Why, do you know where you are?"

"Why yes, sir, I know I'm within half-an-inch of the water."

"No, I don't mean that, the Londoners call a boat like this a *funny*, so of course those that are in the funny concern ought to enjoy it."

"Ah! that's all very well, young man, but I don't see any fun or enjoyment in it."

"Ah, well, thank God, here we are at land: so far so well."

"Adieu, major, adieu," said my volatile friend, who seemed monstrously tickled with the character, and had taken care to rock the boat occasionally in the passage across; then turning to me, as he landed, he said—"Nil fuit unquam, sic impar sibi." I dare say the old boy has indeed done his duty well in the

face of the enemy, and 'sought the bubble reputation e'en at the cannon's mouth:' but yet he is absolutely unnerved at the idea of a ducking; I'll lay a guinea he'd have gone across as cool as a cucumber, if there'd been a set of Frenchmen to be thrashed on the shore, though they might have been blazing away at him all the time he was crossing."—"Ah, well," said I, "non omnia possumus omnes;" besides, as Byron observes,

> Each hath some fear, and he who least betrays,
> The only hypocrite deserving praise.

We had now ascended the beach, and found ourselves under some fine trees, and facing a few neat looking cottages, one or two of which were professed tea-furnishing places, a line of business upon which all had entered for the day, with much prospect of success, for already they began to be frequented by the tee-totallers. Immediately beyond these cottages we reached the great gate leading into the park, and by a fine avenue of trees up to the house, which stands on the side of the hill at about half-a-mile's distance. Turning short to the left, within the gate, we made our way through a temporary barrier, where each person had to pay one shilling for his admission, to one of the fair portresses, supported by an attendant cavalier. It was permissible, indeed, to put as much more into the plate as the liberal and charitable feelings of any individual might suggest. About one hundred yards within the gate of the park, another handsome gateway and lodge admitted the company to the gardens; here the tickets given at the

barrier, were returned, and the entrance to Elysium effected. A broad gravel walk between tall and luxuriant evergreen shrubs of different sorts, soon ushered us "in medias res," into the very thick of the matter, and a very fine sight it was, I promise you, as we eagerly emerged from the shady walk into the full blaze of sunshine, of beauty, and of activity. I should premise that these celebrated gardens consist of three distinct departments, each illustrative of a different style of pleasure-ground, the Italian, English, and French. We now entered upon the Italian region, where everything seemed to conspire to perfect the illusion, for the sun shone bright and hot, the vestments of the numerous company lent tints of every dazzling hue, and their faces were not only unclouded as the sky, but looked as if they belonged to a light-hearted merry people, such as are only found in the more genial regions of the south; there was really something un-English in the whole matter, for as I have already mentioned, the shops had all been closed, and so the whole decent part of the population were enabled to participate in the fête, whilst that in itself was of a quiet character in which all might join with propriety, and without the scruples and the excitement attendant upon most public holyday sports in England, as races, &c. &c. Well, here they were, one and all happy and pleased: even the stiff major looked happy as we passed him, and quite oblivious of the "funny" passage across the Styx.

But I must give some little idea of the scene of action; it consisted then of a spacious well-kept lawn,

thickly skirted and closed in on one or two sides by a grove of trees, mostly of growth uncommon in this country, whilst on the third side was a magnificent double-flight of stairs, quite in the Italian style, and ornamented with appropriate statues; the fourth side was occupied by a spacious orangery, devoted on the present occasion to the great object of the day, the bazaar, in which the host of articles contributed by the taste and industry of the ladies of Plymouth and its neighbourhood, were displayed for sale at different stalls, at which the ladies more particularly interested in the charity, presided; warm-hearted creatures, no doubt they were, but, in fact, warmth was all the fashion that day, and more especially in that building, for the sun shone brightly in at the glass front, whilst the crowds at the doors and windows prevented the access of a breath of cool air to the animated *mass* within. Of course we essayed to run the gauntlet, and after considerable difficulty, effected an entrance into the lists, but to very little purpose, for we found the distinguished crowd "dead locked," as the coachmen call it, or in a "fix," as I believe the Americans appropriately enough term that disposition of matters, when no party can move in any direction. We did indeed succeed in getting within sight of the line of stalls extending along the whole back of the building, but we found such a barrier of ladies all along the front of it, inspecting, chatting, and purchasing, that we had neither patience nor courage to continue the siege which we had meditated; we contented ourselves, therefore, with a very imperfect vision of the

beauties there displayed, artificial as well as natural; we could see, however, that there was a very fair shew of each, the former upon the stalls and walls, and the latter between the two, and reducing their inanimate rivals as rapidly as possible, (by sale), to a condition in which they might be shelved or laid aside, and expressing their thanks to such confederates beyond the barrier, as assisted them in this project. The process would have been much more rapid, I conceive, could there have been an arrangement such as is enforced when kings and other great folks are exhibited in state after their demise, viz. that the company should all enter by one door, and pass slowly along the room, making their exit by the opposite door; as it was, the thing was not to be endured by those who had no particular inducement for working their way up to the stalls, and so we cut across the corner of the building, and made our way out of one of the French windows. For some time we amused ourselves by sauntering about the lawn, and the gravel-walks running across it, admiring the beautiful orange trees, and other rare exotics, removed, during the summer season, from the large conservatory we had just left, and adding greatly to the effect of the scene, which, as I have said, was all in good keeping, and quite foreign.

Finding this spot extremely hot, we proceeded up the flight of steps, and pursuing a narrow and shady walk through a beautiful grove of trees, reached that department of the ground which is laid out after the English fashion, i. e. with large lawns studded with

fine trees, many of them rare and exotic, and amongst them especially, evergreen oaks, cork trees, cedars of Lebanon. Here and there about the grounds we noticed small plots of ground well stocked with brilliant and fragrant flowers, giving liveliness and interest to what on *other* days would be the quiet of the place. In this department we observed that there were no straight lines; every thing seemed designed rather to please the eye by the general effect, than to rivet it to particular objects. Grouping rather than isolation seemed the object of the designer, and certainly the desired object of pleasing seemed to have been crowned with success. Round the trunks of some of the most shady trees we found that appropriate seats were disposed, but to obtain a seat on one of these benches was almost as difficult a matter as to secure one on those of the House of Commons. Nay, what made things worse was, that if by chance we succeeded in depositing ourselves in one of these much-desired havens, it was more than a chance that we were speedily unseated by petition, not audible, but visible; for how could we "nice young bachelors" refuse to vacate for the benefit of the dames of high and low degree, who could not but cast their longing eyes, not at *us*, but at our resting places, as they sauntered up and down, or even took their stands close to us waiting for the moving of the occupants.

After sauntering about these grounds for some time, we found our way by a narrow entrance into the French department of the garden. This is on a miniature scale, and though accessible from several

sides, yet apparently quite isolated by high hedges and groves Formality was here in the ascendant, the narrow walks surrounding a pretty piece of water, in the centre of which a fountain played occasionally for the gratification of the spectators. On one side of this little bijou of a garden was a building consisting of an agreeable room for a summer retreat, whether for a dish of coffee, a flirtation, or a cigar, and on each side a small conservatory with some exotic plants growing in great luxuriance. Wending our way by hazard along a narrow path from the little French domain, we soon found ourselves in the world again, and in the midst of the principal promenade. The spot was well chosen as such, for it was as commodious and agreeable as beautiful. It consisted, in fact, of a long lawn running across a sloping bank, shaded on one side by fine trees, and open on the other to the channel which I have before mentioned as separating the place from the victualling-yard. Along the bottom of the lawn ran a gravel walk from which a biscuit might be thrown into the passing vessel. There we found an innumerable host of loungers, all gaily dressed, and all looking pleased and happy, except perhaps those that were overcome by the heat of the day. Here, too, the spirits were enlivened, not only by the airs which set in from the channel, but by the airs which emanated from the instruments of two military bands, commodiously stationed. After walking up and down once or twice, we passed on from the extremity of the open lawn under some trees and by some refreshment booths,

(from which we were speedily driven by hosts of wasps), and soon found ourselves upon another open and spacious lawn, facing the Sound, Breakwater, and Channel. This position we found fortified, whether for utility or show I am not very sure, though I think for the former; here again were two other bands, and a charming sea-breeze. We now found we had pretty well completed the tour of the gardens, and greatly we were pleased with them. They are not *very* extensive, perhaps half-a-mile long, but so judiciously are the walks arranged, that it is hardly possible to recognise the space they occupy, except by reference to the boundaries as indicated by other objects. Of course we made more than one circuit, and so became pretty well acquainted with them. I may mention that we were not a little surprised to find that the one extremity of the main promenade, was separated from the Italian garden only by a dense shrubbery. We had made a long circuit, and had no idea that we had got back to our starting place. Of course the crowds of people contributed something to the confusion of localities. In the course of our sauntering up and down the promenade my friends met with some acquaintances and joined them for a time, which afforded me an opportunity of seizing a solitary rustic seat among the shrubs, and resting my somewhat wearied limbs. It seemed that my friend had found some agreeable companions, for they remained with them a very long time, a circumstance which I hardly regretted, for besides that the seat was acceptable,

I always think that there is something pleasant in acting the part of a complete looker-on upon such occasions. The eternal saunter of a promenade becomes monotonous, and it is at least a pleasing variety to withdraw a little from the bustle, to view it at a short distance, and to let the mind rove more unrestrainedly than it can do when peering into a succession of faces so rapid that the very expression of each can hardly be recognised.

So there I sat, scanning the moving and brilliant mass. It was found that no less than ten thousand persons were in the gardens that morning, and probably nearly the whole were in them at one time. Only conceive what an assemblage of respectable and well-dressed people. There was something strange in the feeling that amongst such a host I stood, or sat alone, unknown and unknowing all, save two slight acquaintances. I was as much a stranger as if I belonged to a different planet. And yet, were I to remain for only a short time in the neighbourhood, no doubt I should not only be well acquainted with numbers, but probably be initiated "will'y nill'y," into the history of half the people present; for of course each amongst them had his history, as well as his individuality, and many amongst them might be objects of real interest; some fitting examples of good; some useful, at least, as warnings against evil. Could we but read those histories we might gain many and many a valuable lesson, lessons at least which we might make valuable by applying them and constituting them as beacons in our own voy-

age through life. In our search we need not be so severe as Horace when he says "Quemvis mediâ elige turbâ,"

> Take me a man at venture from the crowd,
> And he's ambitious, covetous or proud;
> O'er gold's fair lustre, one with rapture sighs,
> For bronze antiques the stupid Albius dies.
> The venturous merchant from the rising day,
> To regions warmed beneath the setting ray,
> Like dust collected by the whirlwind flies,
> To save his pelf, or bid the mass arise.

Without pursuing such a train of thought we may find an infinite variety of personal history in such a crowd which could not but be interesting, apart from satire, or even mere idle gossip. How many in that assemblage have borne " the whips and scorns of time?" how many " the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely?" How many again have endured

> "The pangs of despised love, the law's delay
> The insolence of office, and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes."

How very many of those who are there have been toiling all their lives after happiness and yet could not but confess that " all, all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Some there are no doubt too, and I would fain hope many, who whilst all around them have been asking " who will show us any good?" have learnt to say in their hearts, " Lord lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us."

I am the more inclined to introduce this class here, because I observed that certain ascetics had carefully distributed handbills calling upon all good people to

abstain from frequenting this "vanity fair," and intimating that none could be really good who would pollute themselves by contact with the sinners who would be congregated there. I hope I have charity enough to believe that even such a fanatic warning might emanate from the sincerely good, but I certainly think that its authors were mistaken generally in their views of religion, and particularly in their denunciation of so innocent a recreation, the very enjoyment of which was to give a home, a subsistence, and an education to those, who would not otherwise know where to seek it.

But enough of this; turn we to those joyous groups of children disporting in all directions through the crowd, now grievously afflicting the gouty toe of some old general; now alarming a staid dowager for the safety of her train; now demurely walking by the side of their parents, and anon scampering off to carry on a merry game of hide and seek among the shady avenues. Who can look on the interesting little creatures and not think of Gray's beautiful lines?—

> Alas, regardless of their doom,
> The little victims play!
> No sense have they of ills to come,
> Nor care beyond to-day;
> Yet see how all around 'em wait,
> The ministers of human fate,
> And black misfortune's baleful train!
> Ah! show them where in ambush stand
> To seize their prey, the murth'rous band
> Ah! tell they are men!
> *   *   *   *
> *   *   *   *

> Yet ah! why should they know their fate?
> Since sorrow never comes too late,
> And happiness too swiftly flies,
> Thought would destroy their paradise.
> No more; where ignorance is bliss
> 'Tis folly to be wise.

Now pray don't say all this is *prosy*, for the latter part at any rate is *poetical*, and beautifully poetical too. But for your relief here comes my truant friend, and we are off in search of something new.

In the gardens we had seen pretty well all that was worth seeing, so we left them, and entered upon a long and interesting scramble through the woods which skirt the sea, and so, by an indefinite number of zigzags, amidst the most beautiful profusion of foreign shrubs, mostly American, and under the shade of magnificent forest-trees, we gradually wound our way round a sort of promontory, rising as we went, towards the deer-park, which, like Milton's Paradise,

> "Crowns with an enclosure green,
> As with a rural mound, the champaigne head
> Of a steep wilderness; whose hairy sides
> With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
> Access denied: and over-head upgrew,
> Insuperable height of loftiest shade;
> Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
> A sylvan scene! and as the ranks ascend
> Shade above shade, a woody theatre
> Of stateliest view."

It is quite impossible to give any idea of the diversity of lovely and interesting views which presented

themselves to us in the course of this walk, sometimes embracing the whole Sound, with the Breakwater and vessels ; sometimes looking only out to the expanded channel ; sometimes directing the attention to the peaceful and beautiful bay of Causand, with its well-bleached village close to the shore. It would be quite a waste of time to attempt any enumeration or description of these partial views, or of the noble *ensemble* presented on the attainment of the higher and more open grounds of the park.

I may mention, however, that an incident occurred just hereabouts which amused two of us, at least, a good deal. We were passing by a very rugged spot, probably an old quarry, discussing very seriously the subject of the hand-bill before alluded to, when my friend Fred. suddenly cut short the conference by exclaiming, " Ah, there he goes !" and starting off straightway at the top of his speed down a steep place, and right across the most rugged part of the old quarry ; away he went, up one acclivity and down another, hat in hand, shouting to us ever and anon as he could find breath, to come and join in the chase. At first we were utterly lost in amazement, and I really thought he must be in pursuit of his own senses, but after a time his friend discovered the object of his extraordinary chase, and pointed out to me a butterfly of no very wonderful beauty, which seemed to take a pleasure in leading him about like an ignis fatuus ; and surely the eagerness and activity of the pursuer were astonishing, up-hill and down seemed alike to him ; his soul was in

arms and eager for the fray. Ah, now he stops!—he's beat!—no, not a bit of it, he has only lost sight of his object for a moment, and hear, whilst straining his eyes, he invokes us most pathetically to his aid. Ah! now he's off again right up the hill. Like Malcolm Græme,

> "Right up Ben Lomond he could press,
> And not a sob his toil confess."

But, alas! he cannot fly, and his adversary began to think the sport was taking too serious a turn, and that it was high time to leave off trifling.

> "Fate judges of the rapid strife—
> The forfeit death—the prize is life!"

Accordingly, neglecting all the tempting flowers of earth, and narrowly escaping the hat which, as a last resource, was sent whirling after him, the gay deceiver made a bold sally right away from the face of the hill, round a large tree,

> "Tenuesque recessit in auras,
> Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno."

Crest-fallen, and with ruffled temper, did our friend rejoin us. Our gibes and laughter evidently annoyed him, and after wiping his streaming forehead, putting his hat into something like shape again, and endeavouring to wipe the green grass stains from his white pantaloons, he at last reproach-

ed us severely for our want of scientific and friendly feelings. We still laughed.

"I'll tell you what, my fine fellows," said he, "it may be great fun to you, but it is no joke to me. I shall never have such another chance in my life. That was nothing more nor less than a ———, the very rarest variety of the class. In fact, there are not more than a dozen specimens in all the cabinets of England. I'd willingly have given twenty guineas to have secured him—any collector would have given the money for the specimen, and it would have been worth an extra five pounds to have taken it oneself. 'Pon my life it's too bad to have missed such a chance. I shall regret it to the last day of my life, unlucky dog that I am."

It was impossible not to yield some degree of sympathy to a person so afflicted, and this by degrees brought our friend round, till he was "himself again," an event considerably accelerated probably *by* the noble view which burst upon us, as, crossing the park, we came upon the brow of the hill looking northward. "A change (indeed) came o'er the spirit of our dream," for in the midst of a learned disquisition on zoology in general, and entomology in particular, we suddenly stood overlooking the expanse of the Hamoaze, absolutely crowded with the honoured bulwarks of the country—the wooden walls of old England, laid up in ordinary during the present piping times of peace, but ready again to stalk forth the bearers of British thunders and the agents of British conquests, to any part of the world

where they might be required. Oh, it was a noble sight! those veterans reposing on their honours, all sheltered from the vicissitudes of the weather by proper coverings, and duly cared for by a grateful nation. It is, indeed, I fear, true, that many of them afford proof of the perishable nature of all things, and that secret and invisible enemies, as the dry-rot, are making sad inroads upon many, even of those which have never seen service. It may be true that the ministers of these degenerate ages have allowed a false economy to diminish the strength of our marine, but I could not help feeling confident that our navy would yet be a match for the world in arms when really wanted, and that if some younger navies were attaining a numerical superiority, our own hearts of oak would still triumph; that Britannia would still rule the seas; and that, in fact, in the event of a war, many, many of those fine vessels on which foreign nations pride themselves would soon be transferred to our waters, manned by our tars, and fought under our banners. I have not the least doubt that this would soon follow the breaking-out of a maritime war, but still, I must say, that I for one should like to see our navy more fostered and encouraged than it has been of late. I deem it, of all political axioms, the most valuable, that the most likely way of avoiding a war is to be notoriously in a state to repel aggression and to punish insolence. And I consider that, even though we should triumph in the end, our rulers would incur an awful responsibility if they were to tempt aggression on the part of

foreign nations by any appearance of weakness, for however disagreeable it may be to acknowledge the fact, I fear there can be no doubt that, in a vast majority of cases at least, nations as well as individuals are actuated by the old rule, that

> "They shall take who have the power,
> And they shall keep who can."

Well, I say, with these and such like feelings it could not but be a glorious sight to behold the noble expanse of the Hamoaze, capable of containing one hundred and fifty sail of the line, with water for the largest at any time of tide, and the mass of dock-yard buildings, occupying no less than seventy-five acres, on the opposite side of the water, not to speak of the more distant windings of the Tamar, (as the river is called whose expanded waters constitute the Hamoaze) a wide expanse of country, and the thickly-built towns and neighbourhood of Devonport, Stonehouse, and Plymouth.

After loitering awhile upon the height commanding this view, we began descending the hill, leaving the house on our right-hand, and presently found ourselves again at the ferry. Here we found that the tide in the affairs of men had taken a turn, and that all the world was homeward bound. An open beach, however, afforded greater facility of embarkation, and by going to a little by-landing-place near the Victualling Office, we reached Stonehouse comfortably enough, and got home, that is, to our inn, to

dinner, after a pretty exhausting day of it. Our conversation, naturally enough, fell into a comparison of the different gardens, and the gay scenes therein, which we had seen. The palm was necessarily awarded to the gardens of Versailles, the chef d'œuvre of Le Notre, the most celebrated gardener that ever lived, and to the assemblage therein upon the four occasions when the far-famed water-works are displayed in full activity. Anything so magnificent is really beyond all powers of sober imagination, and any description must be quite inadequate to convey an idea of the grandeur of the gardens, the diversity and beauty of the water-works, or the gaiety of the assemblage. Some faint idea may be formed of the extent and elaborateness of these gardens, when we learn, upon good authority, that for a considerable time, thirty-six thousand men were employed in their construction, and upon the buildings of the palace, and that they cost nearly two hundred millions of francs. Of the water-works, some idea may be formed, when we learn, that when the *whole* are played off, which is only *once* a-year, on the fête day of the king, the cost for the half-hour during which the main part of the exhibition lasts, is three-thousand pounds, and it requires three months to fill the reservoir with sufficient water to keep the jets going for this half-hour. Gray, the poet, was particularly struck with the splendour of these gardens when filled with company, and when the water-works were in full action; the fact is, that the gardens are upon too grand a scale for solitary enjoyment: they

are eminently calculated for the display and enjoyment of multitudes. Another point is, that they are eminently artistical, everything about them shews the hand and design of man: a species of gardening, very distinct from that which prevails in England, where the great desideratum is to please the eye and the imagination with the most natural possible arrangement of graceful forms, whether of flower-beds, masses of foliage, or water: yet so as that the effect, though natural, should, nevertheless, indicate skill and design. In these respects, the gardens at St. Cloud and Fontainbleau approach more nearly to our style, though they retain enough of formality to give them the national stamp. Nothing can be more distinctive than the gardens of the Tuileries and of St. James' Park, which clearly mark the difference between the English and French styles of gardening on a *large* scale. The Dutch style of gardening is well-known for its formality, which exceeds even that of France, whilst the German more nearly assimilates to the English, as shown, I think, in the very beautiful gardens round Frankfort. At Carlsruhe, indeed, the French taste for straight lines prevails, and not only are the extensive gardens traversed by walks emanating from the palace as a centre, but the adjoining forests are cut into immense avenues, which extend in the same fashion, and the streets of the neat town are all made conformable to the unity of design, so that from the roof of the palace innumerable radiating avenues of gravel, trees, and streets, extend on every side.

The most extensive and beautiful gardens, or rather pleasure grounds in England, are probably those at Stow, where, immediately adjoining the grand front of the house, is a terrace, sloping lawn, and sheet of water, with an open park, and long avenue beyond, in the most approved style of Le Notre, whilst the pleasure grounds extend for a very considerable distance to the river, and are laid out quite after the English fashion, in accordance, that is, with natural forms and lines: yet so studded with points of effect, temples, &c. &c., as at once to declare them the work of a skilful and tasty designer. At Chatsworth, the Duke of Devonshire's seat, in Derbyshire, the gardens are extensive and beautiful, and boast of by far the finest water-works in England. Notwithstanding the reminiscences of these and other splendid gardens, we all agreed that the peculiarity of situation gave charm to those of Mount Edgecombe which placed them in the very first rank.

We were not inclined for the play this evening, so we strolled forth to the Hoe, where we enjoyed by the pale moonlight, the beautiful prospect of the chief features of which I have before endeavoured to give you some idea. Of course we were very romantic, and amused each other by reciting various pieces of poetry, more or less in keeping with the time and place. After a time, our friend Fred. became very abstracted, and suspecting the cause, I amused myself by humming, quite innocently, the well-known air, "I'd be a butterfly," but without, as it seemed, attracting his attention; presently I tried another,

and prettier air, "Ah! fly away, fly away faster:" this was more than flesh and blood could withstand, so he turned sharply upon me with a line from Horace,

"Oh major tandem parcas insane minori."

"Thou greater madman, lesser idiots spare."

"Oh, that's where the shoe pinches," I replied. "Come then, I'll apply a salve in the form of some very pretty lines, written by a respected friend of mine."

ON A BUTTERFLY.

I float upon the morning breeze,
  I sip the early dew,
From flowers to blossoms as I please,
  My wanderings I pursue.

To me, a creeping thing of earth,
  Transforming power hath given,
A second and a glorious birth,
  Tinted with hues of heaven.

Another element is mine,
  Unlike my former state,
I spread my glittering wings and shine,
  With joy and pride elate.

And wilt not thou an emblem see,
  In my surprising change,
Of thine eternal destiny,
  In other climes to range.

Still wilt thou shrink and fear to die,
  To quit a state like this,
To burst the chrysalis and fly
  To everlasting bliss.

Mine is a gay, but fragile form,
Obnoxious to decay,
Unable to endure the storm,
My life a summer's day.

But thou, decaying, shalt revive,
And dying, re-appear,
Thy radiant pinions stretch and live,
In an immortal sphere.

As I expected, these lines had the effect of soothing my friend, and the channel of his thoughts being turned from his morning's disappointment, we resumed our chat, and eventually retired to bed in very good humour.

LETTER IV.

Again it is morning, and again are the streets thronged with well-dressed people; for the fair is to be prolonged through this day, in order that the multitude of articles yet on hand may be disposed of, if not otherwise, by raffle. Again are the *hards* beaten still harder by the multitude of those who eagerly press for transport; and again are the boatmen reaping a rich harvest,—such a one as, I believe, has not been known since the time when Buony was riding at anchor in the Sound, upon which occasion, I believe, the sums paid for boats to go off upon the chance of seeing the man-monster were absolutely incredible. Upon the whole, however, the excitement of this morning was not equal to that of the preceding, and the company hardly so fashionable. Fashionables, however, of all degrees were to be seen about the streets soon after noon; many rolling in their carriages towards the great focus of attraction, the dockyard; and the more favoured to partake of an elegant dejeuné, provided by the admiral superintendent. We strolled about, and

found ample amusement of one kind or another, until it was time for an early dinner, so as to allow of our getting down to the water in good time for the imposing exhibition,—the launch, which was to take place at high water,—about six o'clock. In the morning a grand concert was advertised, but people were in too great a state of excitement to sit still in a room for two hours, and no audience could be obtained. About four o'clock we sallied forth, prepared to abide the exhaustion of excitement and expectation, having, like Major Dalgetty, laid in a stock of "provant," whilst we could do so with certainty and comfort.

A great change we found had now taken place in the aspect of affairs in the streets. Again the tide of human life was setting, with a full stream, towards the different points commanding a view of the intended launch, and especially to the hards, from whence transport to the Mount Edgecombe side of the water might be procured. From one cause or another it had become rather late before we reached the admiral's hards, in company with some lady acquaintances, towards whom my friends had undertaken to enact the part of beaux. Never shall I forget the scene which presented itself upon our arrival. Perhaps it might appear all the more animated, in consequence of my own mind being rather excited at the time, by the consciousness of being rather late, and of the certainty "that time and tide wait for no man. I had expected some little difficulty in procuring a boat for the occasion; but I had no idea of what it really would be. In vain did I stand at the very edge of the

water, at the no small risk of being precipitated into the mud by the eager crowd. It was almost impossible to address an offer of a private bargain for his boat to a boatman; before the offer was made, much less a bargain, the boat was absolutely filled at a rush, by persons desirous of being taken to the opposite shore, at so much a head. In one or two instances I succeeded in scrambling across the tier of boats to the last arrival, and treating for the absolute occupancy for the occasion; but in each case I was put off in one way or another by the boatmen, who could not make up their minds how much they might ask for the job, whilst they were taking the sixpences so fast for ferrying crowds across. One old fellow, even after I had agreed to give him the extravagant price he demanded, actually thought better of it, and swore that he was engaged. I was really in a sad state of excitement: time pressed; the tide was nearly at its height, and then the whole thing would be over in five minutes, and an opportunity passed, which was likely to recur to but few of us; for the St. George, of one hundred and twenty guns, was the largest vessel ever launched from Plymouth. In vain I ran to a neighbouring wharf: there were no steps and no boats. Despair began to be in the ascendant, and as the only alternative, I deemed it best to go with the crowd, squeeze into one of the ferry-boats, get across to the opposite shore, where the view would be good, though more distant than I wished. Eagerly, therefore, watching the opportunity, I handed one of the more courageous of our ladies into

a boat, whilst the more timid started off upon a precipitate retreat, and so our forces being divided, the boat was immediately filled, not exactly to overflowing, but to sinking. Seeing this, the lady I had secured absolutely demanded her liberty, and proceeded, *malgré* the influx, to effect a landing.

Well, there we were once more, not afloat, as we could have wished, but miserably adrift, (upon dry land), and abroad, for our party was now scattered a good deal. However, at length fortune smiled; I caught the eye of a young waterman, with a good but not very smart boat, and before he could be boarded by the eager multitude, succeeded in beckoning him round to the wharf, without steps, and to which I ran, or rather flew, upon the wings of desperation, and a good thing it was that I was pretty active, for even there an attempt was made to board my craft by a gentleman, who was by no means willing to accede to my affirmation, that it was my boat. "No, sir; it's a public boat, like the rest, plying for passengers; and I have as much right to enter it as you have, and shall do so."

"Indeed, sir," said I, "you will do no such thing. I have engaged that boat for my own party of ladies, and no one else shall enter it."

The boatman assented; and whilst this sticker-out for a community of property was pondering upon the decided negative to his proposition, I jumped down into the boat, and shoved her off with my own hands.

But what was next to be done: I had gained a boat (i. e., if I could come to any thing like terms

with the boatman), but how was I to get my party on board? I made the men paddle round the projecting wharf, to the side furthest from the land, and gaining a quiet little nook of beach, charged the men, (who had agreed to accept half a guinea for the hour's work), not to let any one enter the boat till I returned, sprang on shore, and flew back to the land to bring off my party. Oh, horror of all horrors! after some difficulty I found all but the timid young lady, who had betaken herself up the street in the extremity of terror. I never shall forget my feelings during the search for her. It is astonishing to what a pitch one's mind may be worked up, even by comparative trifles! What material difference could it make to me, whether I saw the launch or not? Little or none: yet now that I had not only made up my mind to see it, but had undergone considerable difficulty, excitement, and even some danger, to secure the object, I ran about positively half beside myself, literally dripping with the effects of the exertion, and fully conscious of the great risk which I should incur of illness, from sitting without a cloak or other extra covering, exposed to the effects of rather a sharp easterly wind. "Throw physic to the dogs." On I went, like Æneas of old,

> I tread my former tracks, each path explore,
> Each passage, every street I cross'd before,

till at last I found the recreant damsel, not, indeed, like Niobe, "all tears," but certainly all fears. It was no time for politeness or parleying,

neither was it very desirable that she should be left by herself amongst the crowd. I seized her by the wrist, and with few words, for I had little breath, I hurried onwards to the boat.

Again it was well that no time had been lost, for two gentlemen were in treaty with one of my boatmen, whilst his partner was taking a *last* look round for us. I could not but offer these gentlemen seats in our boat: one declined, as he had a large party: the other gladly availed himself of the offer. What a happy man was I as we shoved off from the little beach! What a happy party we were! "Oh, terque quaterque beati!" Three minutes' pull brought us into a situation from which the sight so much desired was secured, and every minute brought us still nearer to the scene of action.

As we advanced the plot thickened; at first we were in company with a few stragglers like ourselves, but presently we came amongst a mass of stationary boats, all filled with gaily dressed people, eagerly expecting the denoûment. What a sight was there! What countless multitudes! what interesting associations! Whichever way the eye turned it fell upon some spot covered with human beings. Wherever the attention rested there was some object worthy of especial attention. Look, for instance, to the right, and contemplate that extensive dockyard, with its huge roofs sheltering from the sun and storm the great leviathans of the deep,—the mighty engines of England's greatness. See! one of those huge roofs now covers a splendid array of fashion and beauty,

commodiously arranged on seats, raised tier above tier along its length, and projecting almost fearfully to the very edge of the wharf on each side, so as to command a perfect view of the immense mass which is presently to glide out between these rows in search of its appropriate element. See, too, the dense mass of spectators, promiscuously admitted on this occasion, and eagerly thronging every point of the yard from which a view can be obtained of the course of the launch. Then look on the broad bosom of the Hamoaze, and note the multitude who throng the decks of the admiral's ship, and one or two others brought into convenient berths for the occasion, and thrown open to the public, except the after part, reserved for the friends of the officers. Then look at, but think not to count, or even to calculate, the number of small but well freighted boats, ranged on either side of the space kept clear for the course of the *debutante*. Observe, too, the gaiety of the numerous large and small yachts, a squadron *sui generis*, and unequalled in the world for extent or beauty. Lastly, cast your eyes upon that lofty mound, rising immediately over the shore on the Mount Edgecombe side, and notice the gay crowd which completely covers its side and summit. To what can you compare the appearance of that hill, unless indeed it may be to the side of some mountain resplendent with the various tints of a dense covering of heath in its fullest bloom. I have seen crowds in various situations, but I never saw one disposed in so commodious or picturesque a fashion as that which

was now around me. Truly it was a sight to make a British subject proud

The best of it was every body seemed so comfortable and happy, even whilst undergoing the ordeal of waiting; for even we had to wait some time, notwithstanding the extremity of my eagerness. I could not help thinking of the poor wretches who might still be struggling to leave the horrid land, to which, doubtless, many would be bound as effectually as the unfortunate Prometheus of old was to the rock; and surely their eagerness and eventual disappointment would prey upon them as painfully as did the cruel ever-knawing vulture on that poor captive's vitals.

We had been very fortunate in dropping into a most excellent situation for seeing the launch, quite near enough to ensure a perfect view, yet quite out of harm's way, and apart from the crowd. In this snug situation we patiently and comfortably awaited the consummation of the day's expectation. Whilst so doing our attention was attracted by a remarkable character who was floating very near us in solitary happiness. Happy he seemed to his heart's content, and probably as he surveyed his little boat he felicitated himself in common with Alexander Selkirk upon being "monarch of all he surveyed." Upon his return home he would be able to exclaim, if not, "alone I did it," at least, "alone I saw it." He was a regular character I am sure. He looked something like a blacksmith in his holiday attire; the

little boat in which he sat was probably his own, and probably stepped into easily from the back door of his premises. Ten to one he spends most of his Sundays in it, and many a glass of grog does he there gulp down as he sits bobbing for eels. In many ways no doubt does that little boat afford him pleasure, but you may depend upon it, most chiefly in getting away from the sweet partner of his life, the sharer of his joys and woes, or she who *should* be such, and probably would gladly be so if he would but allow her. But no, you may depend upon it, as I have said, his great pleasure is, as upon the present occasion, to leave the poor woman at home to put the house and children to rights, and prepare his supper, whilst he is taking his ease in his boat. There was something humourous about the man's face as he sat in his stern sheets with his basket of prog between his extended legs, whiffing a cigar, and now and then making some remark to those around him; he had a dash of *bonhommie* in his face, which was rather pleasing than otherwise, and yet I felt a sort of dislike to him, for what I could not but think his selfishness. Do you remember Byron's lines upon the unsatisfying nature of selfish enjoyment? Had it not been that a practical joke loses its value with its originality, as Hook himself has told us, I should have enjoyed, above all things, to have ruffled the fellow's enjoyment as Daly did that of the placid citizen at Richmond, upon the occasion of Gilbert Gurney's first enjoying the privilege of his society in a row up the river.

Perhaps after all our jolly friend might have been an old bachelor or a widower, and if I had addressed him in the words of Horace

> "Have you no mother, sister, friends,
> Whose *pleasure* on your *will* depends?"

he would probably have answered,

> "Not one; I've seen them all by turns
> Securely settled in their urns."

Well, however this might have been (and surely it was no concern of mine) a quarter of an hour had elapsed, and all agreed that the tide must now be at its height, and so it was."

"What's that?"—the sound of sledges.

"And what's that?"—the sound of music. Ay, rule Britannia ushers the glorious vessel to her home.

"She's off, she's off," resounds on all sides. And such was the case, yet so slow was the movement of her giant frame at first, that it was scarcely perceptible even to our anxious eyes; but ere long, it might be said "mole suit sua," "viresque acquirit eundo," she's impelled onward by her own weight, and acquires force as she progresses, for the shores being removed, the weight of the vessel alone set her in motion, and as she proceeded adown the well-greased inclined plane, an increasing impetus was given, and the huge mass entered the waters dividing them until it arrived at the point where they had sufficient depth to float her, and then her stern proudly rose again, and amidst the acclamations of tens of thousands the noble vessel took her place amongst the rulers of

the seas, prepared to carry Britain's standard, now gracefully waving over her deck, to the uttermost parts of the world, and, if necessary, in defiance of that world in arms. Yes, there she lay upon the bosom of the waters, proudly, calmly, and most peaceably, yet well might she adopt the words of Horace, and say,

> "Dread king, and father of the mortal race,
> Behold me harmless, here, how fond of peace:
> And may all mischief-making steel,
> In rust, eternal rust, thy vengeance feel;
> But he who hurts me, (nay I will be heard)
> Had better take a lion by the beard."

whilst the blank expression of each seemed to refer to Burns' lines—

> But pleasures are like poppies spread,
> You seize the flower, the bloom is shed;
> Or like the snow falls in the river,
> A moment white, then lost for ever;
> Or like the borealis' race,
> That flit ere you can point their place;
> Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
> Evanishing amid the storm!

Well, the minute so anxiously expected by thousands was passed, the hurrying and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs was over, and each one looked in his neighbour's face, as much as to say, "What next?" After a brief pause a sudden animation seemed to have taken possession of the boats on all sides; sails were hoisted, oars were plashed, and the lake which but a few minutes before lay in all the stillness of expecta-

tion, was now alive and moving in every direction with parties making the best of their way to their different destinations, for already was the orb of day dipping behind the Cornish hills, and the fashionables must have been ready for their dinners, the more primitive folks for their teas.

My enjoyment certainly had not been damped by apprehension whilst floating about on the deep waters of the Hamoaze, yet I was glad that we had actually landed all safe and sound, for I could not but remember a melancholy catastrophe which happened at a launch of a large vessel, which I did *not* see, at Portsmouth, many years ago, having been just in time to be too late, perhaps a providential circumstance, as I might otherwise have been involved in the catastrophe which caused the death of a great number of individuals,—I cannot venture at this distance of time to say how many from memory. The accident occurred in this way. The public being admitted on such occasions freely to the dock-yard, great numbers took their station upon the bridge along the top of the flood-gates of a large dry basin, from whence, unfortunately, a good view was offered of the launch. The crowd on the top of the gate, added to the weight of a particularly high tide, proved more than the structure could sustain, and accordingly, a few minutes before the vessel went off the stocks, the gate gave way and the crowd on the top was hurled into the basin, and dashed with immense force against its farthest extremity, carried thither, together with the massive wreck of the gates, by the sudden

irruption of the water, which rapidly filled what had been a vacant space a few minutes before. It was an awful accident, not merely inflicting death upon a great number of persons when in the midst of happiness, but such a death! Some few perhaps might have attained a happy unconsciousness at the first, but many must have felt the agony of broken limbs, whilst tossing helplessly amongst the troubled waters and the crashing wreck. And oh, what a damp was occasioned far and near! what horrid apprehensions! for of those countless multitudes which had left their homes in the morning to be present at the launch, who could be accounted safe upon the first spreading of the tidings? What an agony of suspense thrilled through the bosoms of the anxious watchers at home till their friends and relatives returned to tell of their safety by their presence. What need is there that the preacher should tell us that "in the midst of life we are in death?" Do not the occurrences of almost every day declare it in our ears? yet, how little do we heed the warning! how sturdily do we live as if secure of, at least, a long illness, in which to prepare us for an entrance upon that state to fit us for which sober consideration must assure us that a whole life is none too long.

In the evening, after the play, we dropt into the ball-room at the hotel, where we found but a small assemblage; the fashionables probably being engaged at private parties, whilst the quieter folks were probably wearied by the bustle and excitement of the two days. The room, however, which is a remarkably

fine one, looked gay enough from the large proportion of naval and military men in uniform. We heard there had been a very large ball, a very short time before, in honour of the regatta. My companion I observed seemed in no hurry to get into bed, and when I dropt asleep I left him scribbling at the table. The next morning at breakfast he read us the following lines on

THE LAUNCH OF THE GEORGE, 120 GUN SHIP, AT PLYMOUTH.

Bright was the day, and glad the sunny air,
And eyes as bright, and hearts as glad were there;
Along the hills, or on the deep below,
Were gather'd myriads for the gallant show;
Seem'd as the heights of Edgecombe's proud domain,
Vied in its numbers with the watery plain;
While stream'd from many a hulk, worn, old, and tost,
Once England's saviours, now her generous boast,
In sign of kindred joy and welcome kind,
The gay red pennant to the wooing wind!
And see! as down she slides from off the strand,
A missile thrown by no unfriendly hand,
For *fair* hands threw,—has fixed her name to be,
'The George,'—fit name for *monarchs* of the sea!

Go forth, thou gallant bark! and Heaven make plain
Thine every pathway on the stormy main!
Yes, go, where're thy country's cause demands,
To ice-bound streams, or China's sunny lands;
Or where the accursed slave-ship, dire disgrace!
Bears far from Afric's shores her swarthy race;
Or where, amid the islands of the deep,
Their lawless watch the Asian pirates keep;
Or where proud Russia's aggrandizing mind,
Would shut the gates of commerce on mankind;
Go, tell the various nations of the earth,
That the fair isle and brave which gave thee birth,

Bade thee bear on high, mottoed on each sail,
That honour, right, and justice should prevail;
And gave thy many fires and gallant crew,
To check the strong and aid the suffering few.

Go, and—(oh! may the prayer no omen be!
It comes from one that loves thy cause and thee,)
A better fate attend thy briny ways,
Than thy half *namesake* found in other days;
And may'st thou, when thy glorious work is o'er,
And age shall make thee fit for such no more,
Find, as thy father-ships have yonder found,
A peaceful refuge in some quiet sound,
And be—what they are and have been to thee—
For those who yet may battle on the sea,
A *pattern*;—and, whilst thy wood-walls shall last,
A noble *record* of the mighty past!

LETTER V.

After breakfast, we started on a trip to the Eddystone light-house, on board a nice little vessel hired for the purpose. A few particulars respecting the celebrated object of our visit, cannot, I think, fail to be interesting. In the first place, the rock on which it stands, and which is one of about half-a-dozen forming a cluster, running in a north and south direction, is about fourteen miles to the southward of Plymouth citadel, and is a little to the northward of a line drawn from the Lizard to the Start points; thus situated, these rocks are exposed, not only to the raging of the billows, when lashed into fury by the tempest, but to the full force of the tides as they sweep in irresistible weight up and down the channel, and to the effect of ground-swells, which are here often so strong, that although the surface of the water is unrippled, the heaving mass of water, interrupted in its course by the reefs, flies up in columns of spray to the height of thirty or forty feet above the

rocks; imagine then with what violence the waves of the storm assail the spot, and hurl defiance against the ingenuity of man, in his endeavours to warn the poor mariner of the dangers which here await him at the threshold of his home; dangers, alas! which have too often proved fatal to those who have braved and escaped the perils attendant upon the circumnavigation of the whole globe.

It was in 1696 that the first building was erected on these rocks by Winstanley; it took four years in erection, and was one hundred and twelve feet from the rock to the vane. "After all," says Mr. Winstanley, "the sea, in storms, flies in appearance, one hundred feet above the vane, and at times doth cover half the side of the house and the lantern, as if it were under water." This building remained unharmed till 1703, in which year, the builder having visited it to superintend some repairs, expressed such confidence in its strength, that he wished he might be shut up in it during the most violent storm which ever blew; his desire was too fully gratified; a hurricane arose in the evening of the 26th of November, and on the following morning not a vestige remained of the light-house, excepting some of the iron which cramped it to the rock; of course the architect perished with the building. Ah, well would it have been, had he, instead of his vain boasting, felt the truth, and inscribed on his building, 'Debemur morti, nos nostraque.'

In 1706, a second light-house was erected by Mr. Rudyerd; about this a great deal of wood was em-

ployed; during forty-nine years this building defied the fury of the waters, but eventually perished by a not less dangerous element; on the night of the 2nd of December, 1755, the lantern was discovered to be in flames, and the fire, communicating to the timbers, burnt downwards; chased successively from room to room, the miserable inhabitants at last found refuge in a cavity of the rock; one of them, however, while looking up at the cupola of the lantern, was covered with a shower of melted lead, some of which he declared passed into his stomach: the assertion was discredited, but the man having died twelve days after, was opened, and more than seven ounces of lead were found in his stomach. This extraordinary fact was communicated to the Royal Society, by his medical attendant, Dr. Spry.

In August, 1756, Smeaton began the present building, and in October, 1759, the light was rekindled; the whole time occupied in this stupendous undertaking having been three years, nine weeks, three days; it is probably one of the highest efforts and grandest triumphs of human reason and ingenuity. The model upon which it is designed, is not the least interesting thing about it. Smeaton, instead of sitting down to calculate and depict a body which should be capable of supporting its own weight, resist the strongest action of the wind, and at times the discharge of the whole artillery of the sea, sought amongst the objects of nature for one which should possess these qualities, and in the form of the oak he found all the elements he desired; notwithstanding

the large surface exposed to the fury of the winds by its mass of foliage, we seldom find a tree of this kind torn up by the roots. Now, by attending to the peculiarity of form and other circumstances, to which a tree of this kind owes its strength, he remarked in the first place, that having its roots firmly fixed below the ground, it rises from the surface with a large swelling base; that at the height of a single diameter it is generally reduced by a beautiful curve, concave to the eye, to a diameter less by at least one third, and sometimes one half than its original base; thence it diminishes more slowly, until its side gradually approaching a perpendicular, imparts to it for some height, a cylindrical form; from hence then he derived his model. I should compare the building to one of our own beautiful cabbage trees, shortened and thickened by compressure from above, the symmetry being preserved. Nothing can be more interesting than a detailed account of the manner in which the building was executed, but it would be too long to be introduced here, and could hardly be thoroughly understood without the help of plans and diagrams. Smeaton published a large work explanatory of all things connected with the building, which has tended not only to amuse others, but to establish his own fame, for however much we may admire the symmetry and strength of the light-house, we should hardly have appreciated the pains and skill bestowed upon its erection, without such a guide; suffice it to say, that the main feature of his method was that of dovetailing the stones into one another,

so as to constitute the whole building one mass: a style of working with stone quite novel, and involving immense labour and expense; it succeeded, however, to perfection: so much as that although for many years most anxious enquiries were made after every great storm, as to the fate of the light-house, men's minds now seem quite at ease on the subject, and no one thinks of any damage being sustained by this wonderful building from the utmost fury of the elements. Smeaton, himself, felt perfect confidence in the stability of the edifice. Upon its completion, he went in procession with his workmen, to St. Andrew's church, Plymouth, to return thanks to the author of all good, for the providential mercies they had received, upon which occasion he remarked to his friend, Mr. Rosdew,—"I am now so perfectly satisfied of the stability of the edifice, that I think nothing but a convulsion of nature can destroy it." Yet he was by no means a man of overweening confidence. It is pleasing to think that he was a man of true piety, and knew where to look in the execution of the task he had undertaken; this is shown by the inscription he caused to be sunk in one of the granite courses of his noble edifice;—"Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." I should say that the height of the present building is exactly seventy feet, from the lowest course of stones to the gallery: thirty-five of which are solid, the remainder hollow, allowing a diameter of twelve feet for four apartments, one above another, which answer for two store rooms, a kitchen, and bed room; above

these is an exterior gallery, surmounted by the lanthorn, which is octagonal, and twenty-four feet in height, and in which the lights are kept burning; at the base of the building the diameter is twenty-six feet, and immediately below the gallery fifteen. Nothing can be more beautiful than the brilliancy of the reflectors, which consist of copper plated with silver; when flat, their diameter is twenty-six and a quarter inches: they are beaten into a parabolic curve by the assistance of a gauge, and most exquisitely polished; the dimensions of these reflectors, when accurately formed, are, diameter, twenty-four inches: depth, ten and a half; an argand burner is placed in the focus of the parabolical surface, and oil is supplied by the lamp behind.

Although the day was particularly calm, so much so that we were often obliged to use our oars, yet we experienced considerable difficulty in effecting a landing upon the steps which lead through a cut in the rock into the interior of the building, for the base occupies the whole of the face of the rock; some little nerve too was required in catching hold of the hand rope, and jumping on the step, as our little punt was bobbing up and down the unbroken surface of the heaving billows which rolled by, affording us a slight specimen of the usual ground swell: we were assured that it was seldom less, and often very much greater, so as to prevent the possibility of landing even in the calmest weather.

Next to the interest attached to the building, one could not help being gratified by the extreme neat-

ness of everything within it, and with the cheerful and civil demeanour of the men who reside in it; having completed our survey, one of our party observed in joke, that it would be no use offering them money, as they were so far from all places of barter: but they good-humouredly assured us that they could readily spend whatever was given them, as the crew, which consists of three individuals, take it by turns to go on shore, where, of course, they gladly enter into the world and all its ways, not forgetting to bring off a good store of tobacco; they told us some interesting anecdotes, and gave us some thrilling descriptions of the storms which they had witnessed from their place of security; the sea, they assured us, at times went bodily over the building, and at others, breaking near its base, flew up over the summit in the form of spray, to a greater height than that of the building; they remarked, that the building did not vibrate nearly so much when the sea in its utmost fury rushed over it, as when its waves only broke heavily on the rock and base of the building; this, one can readily understand, though probably it would hardly have been anticipated.

As we dropped into our little walnut-shell of a boat, I could not help thinking what dismal tales those rocks could tell, of blasted hope, of ruined fortunes, and of deaths unrecorded. Surely, amongst other mercies for which we are bound to thank God, we ought not to omit to praise him for bestowing on individuals amongst us, such talents as those possessed by Smeaton. As we paddled away, it occurred to me

that here, indeed, is a verification of the sentiment of the Greek poet, who says, "many things are indeed wonderful, (or as some, I believe, translate it, wily, or full of contrivances), but none so wonderful as man;"* to the poet's long catalogue of the effects of his ingenuity, we might now add as a climax, "he hath also built the Eddystone light-house."

A favourable breeze now springing up, we were soon again at the Breakwater, and rounding the western end of it, we found a convenient landing at a noble flight of steps, and once more found ourselves lost in admiration of the ingenuity and daring of man. The great object in the plan of the Eddystone, was to *cheat* the waves, and to offer as little resistance as possible to their passage; here, on the contrary, the object was to check their onward course, and "by opposing, end them."

As I mentioned before, this noble harbour, sheltered on all sides from the south-east by the north, to the south-west was rendered highly dangerous, and almost useless, by the extreme danger attending its exposure to the winds southward of these two points, which not only blew in as into a funnel, but rolled in a most terrific swell, the force of which hardly any vessel could withstand: it was a matter of the greatest importance to this country to obviate this evil, as Plymouth is one of the most important stations for a naval force, especially when at war with France. In 1806, therefore, the Admiralty sent down Messrs.

* Sophocles' Antigone.

Rennie and Wildby, to examine and report upon the capabilities of the place; it was not, however, till some time after, that the Breakwater was commenced, in fact, the first stone was not laid until the twelfth of August, 1812, the birth-day of the reigning king; great were the ceremonies and rejoicings, and great the forebodings of evil. On the thirty-first of March, 1813, a part of the Breakwater made its appearance above the surface, at low water spring-tide. Fortunately, it was found that a great abundance of material could be obtained from quarries at Catwater, in the immediate neighbourhood of Plymouth, and from so convenient a situation, that the large blocks requisite to ensure the stability of the undertaking could be carried on board the vessels of transport, with great ease, upon trucks, the vessels being built expressly for receiving them with their loads, through stern ports, from whence they are run forwards upon appropriate railroads to the number of sixteen: the ports being then closed, the vessel proceeds to her destination, and delivers the stones accurately where desired by running the trucks to the ports, and then tilting their load out, after which the truck is hoisted out of the port upon deck by a windlass, to make room for the next on the rail, and so on in succession until the whole are thus delivered. By these ingenious contrivances from fifty to sixty tons of stone in masses, varying from one to eight tons, are unshipped in the wonderfully short space of about forty minutes. There are ten such vessels belonging to Government employed upon this work, and upwards of

forty employed upon contract: these last, however, are of a more ordinary character, and their cargo of about fifty tons is discharged by windlass in about three hours. In 1815 I believe, the largest quantity of material was deposited, amounting to two hundred and sixty four thousand two hundred and seven tons. In eight years, that is up to 1820, there were one million seven hundred and forty thousand, eight hundred and nine tons, deposited. The cost of each ton of stone deposited, according to the nearest calculation that can be made, is eight shillings and three halfpence, and there is every reason to believe that the whole work will be completed at less than the original estimate, one million, fifty-one thousand, two hundred pounds. The work might easily have been completed e're now, but the object having been, in a great measure attained, the government have been desirous of dividing the expense amongst a series of years, rather than press heavily upon the resources of the country in any one year. It is wonderful to think how small a number of hands have been employed on this great work. In the immediate pay of government there are only two hundred and five; in the contract vessels, one hundred and seventy; and the quarries, &c., three hundred—in all, six hundred and seventy-five. If now we take the number of tons above specified as sunk in 1815, we shall find that three hundred and ninety-one tons is the amount sunk in the year by each individual employed. It is further remarkable and interesting to find, that in the work of a somewhat similar nature at Cherbourg, there

were only sunk two hundred and ninety-nine tons in the year for each man employed, i. e., at Plymouth three men did as much as four at Cherbourg. M. Dupin in various parts of his work on England has spoken of the order and discipline which are observable in all the public departments, but he expresses himself particularly pleased with all the operations connected with the work in question. When completed, the length of the Breakwater will be to the extent of one thousand seven hundred yards, nearly in the direction from east to west. The middle part is continued in a straight line one thousand yards in length, the two extremities, each three hundred and fifty yards, will be completed with an inclination from towards the straight part, towards the north in an angle of about one hundred and twenty degrees. For this there were divers good reasons. The base of the Breakwater varies in breadth according to the inequalities of the bottom, i. e., according to the depth of the water, from three to four hundred feet. The breadth at the top is thirty-six feet. The slope on the southern, or sea side, is three horizontals to one perpendicular; and on the land side one and-a-half horizontal to one perpendicular The greater slope towards the sea, assists materially in rendering the force of the waves innocuous as they expand themselves as in running up the inclined plane. This is an improvement of modern times in attempting to arrest the violence of waves; formerly, the upright walls which were built were constantly washed down, now those which offer an inclined plane to the surge stand

securely; thus the engineer manages the giant strength of the ocean, as the angler does that of the fish, and does that by art and skill which he cannot effect by force. The value of this improvement has been particularly conspicuous in some of the defences of the beach in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth. Another improvement, suggested by some injury inflicted on the Breakwater in the almost unparalleled gale of November, 1824, is, that the surface of the inclined plane towards the sea is now laid in large blocks of wrought stone, so that the sea rolling upon a smooth surface has much less power than formerly. This gale of 1824 proved the immense utility of the work, which had indeed been placed beyond doubt from the very first by the diminution of the swell in the Sound and its adjacent arms. Even from the fury of this gale some vessels were secured as they rode behind the Breakwater, which must otherwise inevitably have perished. In 1816 and 1817 the gales were very heavy, and upon one occasion two of his Majesty's vessels, anchored without the cover of the Breakwater, broke away and were wrecked, whilst a heavy laden collier within its cover rode out the gale unharmed. It was, in fact, the general opinion in those years that without the protection of the Breakwater, all the vessels in the Sound and adjacent harbours must have perished, and that considerable damage would have been done to the quays and lower parts of the towns. At that time, a large French three decker ran in, and rode securely through the gale; since then, as many as

two hundred vessels have found shelter there at one time. Imagine the amount of property, and the number of lives which have been saved by means of this stupendous monument of national enterprise, since the year 1813.

In our walk along the back of this leviathan of the deep, we met with many things to interest us, such as the working of the huge cranes, which lift and deposit the large blocks of stone in their right places; the method of fixing a bolt, terminating in a ring, into the centre of such blocks, enabling them to be swung into the places which they exactly fit: their previous transport from place to place, on a kind of rail-road: the preparations for building a light-house at the west end, that being in the most forward state; (there is to be one at each end eventually), but, above all, I think, the operations of the diving bell the most interesting, i. e. to contemplate, for there is not much to *see*, unless you become a diver: the bell, (as it is called), is suspended from a crane, and lowered or drawn up, and moved from side to side, at pleasure, according to the signals made by the divers striking against the sides of the vessel. The latitude of motion is increased by fixing the crane on a small rail-road, so that it can be shifted at pleasure You will probably be interested in the following description of this ingenious invention, given by Mr. Smith, who superintends its operations at Plymouth.—" The bell is made of cast iron, and weighs four tons, two hundred weight: it is six feet long, four broad, and five high, and contains one hundred and twenty cubic

feet; to admit light, it has twelve convex lenses inserted into its top, each of which is eight inches in diameter, and when sunk in clear water, the light within is sufficient to enable the diver to read the smallest print. In the centre of the top is a hole for the admission of air; to this is attached a leather hose, long enough to reach any depth: the other end of it is attached to a forcing air-pump above, which is worked by four men during the time the bell remains under water; by this means the persons in the bell are supplied with a sufficient quantity of air to make respiration pleasant; within the bell, directly over the hole which admits the air, a piece of stout leather is screwed, so that the air enters only through the spaces between the screws; this leather prevents the admitted air from returning through the hose: and in case the hose should burst, the water cannot enter the bell through the air-hole. The bell contains a sufficient quantity of air to support the persons within it, without the assistance of the air-pump, till they can be raised from any depth. When the bell is overcharged with air, it escapes under its edge, and from its expansive nature, agitates the water as it ascends; in consequence of this continual change of air, no unpleasant sensation can be experienced, from what is generally called foul air: the bell is furnished with a moveable seat at each end, a board across the lower part to rest the feet on, and a shelf. It should be observed, that in executing works under water with the diving bell, the water ought to be transparent: so much so, at least, that objects lying two or three

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feet below the bell may be clearly seen; in transparent sea-water the stones are visible eight or ten feet below the bell, and within the bell the light is strong enough for delicate experiments at the depth of twenty feet. An artificial light, as is obvious, can be of no use in viewing objects through foul water; there is nothing hazardous in the use of this machine, if care is taken that the tackles are good, and that the signals are carefully observed and acted upon; it is wonderful how few accidents have occurred. It will not be uninteresting to mention that various devices have been employed, from a very early period, for enabling persons to work under water, by furnishing them with a supply of air adequate to the due performance of the vital functions; it is clear that a sort of cap over the head, was used for this purpose in the time of Aristotle: and Taisnier, an old writer, mentions having seen two Greeks descend under water in a sort of inverted kettle, before the Emperor Charles V., at Toledo, in 1538. About 1660, Borelli tried some experiments on this subject, founded on the improved knowledge of the constitution of air and of animal physiology; it was not, however, till the year 1812, that Rennie had a diving bell constructed of iron, upon improved principles, which have been in use ever since, and seem indeed to answer every purpose that can be desired. The manner of the descent is thus described by a writer in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana. In order to enter the bell, it is raised about three or four feet above the surface of the water, and the boat in which the per-

sons who propose descending, are seated, is brought immediately under it: the bell is then lowered, so as to enable them to step upon the foot board within it, and having taken their seats, the boat is removed, and the bell gradually descends to the water. On touching the surface, and thus cutting off the communication with the external air, a peculiar sensation is perceived in the ears: it is not, however, painful; the attention is soon directed to another object: the air, rushing in through the valve at the top of the bell, overflows and escapes with a considerable bubbling noise, under the sides; the motion of the bell proceeds slowly and almost imperceptibly, and on looking at the glass lenses, close to the head, when the top of the machine just reaches the surface of the water, it may be perceived by the little impurities which float about in it, flowing into the recesses containing the glasses. A pain now begins to be felt in the ears, arising from the increased pressure of the air external to the ear: this may sometimes be removed by the act of yawning, or by closing the nostrils and mouth, and attempting to force the air through the ears. As soon as the equilibrium is established, the pain ceases, but recommences almost immediately, upon the continuance of the descent, and recurs at intervals, till the descent of the bell terminates by its resting on the ground; on returning, the same sensation of pain is felt in the ears, but it now arises from the dense air which had filled them, endeavouring, as the pressure is removed, to force its way out. The greatest depth of which the diving

bell has been employed for working purposes, is about sixty feet.*

Nearly on a line with the east end of the Breakwater, is Bovisand Bay; here government constructed, some years ago, a quay, and a large reservoir, capable of holding from ten to twelve thousand tons of water, supplied from ample springs in the neighbourhood, and other works for the watering of king's vessels, at an expense of £20,000; it was a grand work, and promised well, but it was found, when the expense had been incurred, that vessels could seldom ride there, owing to the heavy swell rolling in from the channel, and the place remains absolutely useless, and a monument of improvidence.

I must not omit to commemorate the two glorious old tars who formed our crew upon this voyage to the Eddystone. They were regular specimens of British seamen of the old school: one of them actually nourished a pigtail, a sufficient evidence, I suppose, of his belonging to a generation, the last time-honoured remnants of which are but just lingering with us. They were men of no extraordinary stature, they never had been, and now, no doubt, they were somewhat dwindled under the hardships of long service, and the blasts of many winters.

It is not their physical superiority which renders the British seamen invincible. It is very well to caricature the Frenchman as a little dancing-master pos-

* For most of these particulars, as well as for those respecting the Eddystone, I am indebted to the Encyclopædia Metropolitana; a very valuable work.

sessed only of such stature as might be supposed to be built upon *soup maigre* and frogs, but, in point of fact, the French sailors are a very strong-built, powerful race, fully as heavy, I should say, as the English;. but it is the heart of oak within which bestows upon the hardy and active English sailor his indomitable quality. It is the dashing spirit engrafted upon the obstinate valour, the utter recklessness of danger, which carries the British tar through difficulties where success is fairly beyond all usual methods of calculation. It is the true bull-dog disposition which leads him to look only to one end, and that with the fullest confidence of success. What recks he of odds in numbers and vantages of accident? Onward he goes; into the very thickest of his opponents he precipitates himself; upon the enemy he falls hand to hand, seizes him, as it were, and seldom, if ever, quits his hold, however belaboured and mutilated by accomplices, until his man at least cries *peccavi* and knocks under, when he is always ready to give him half his quid, which is almost equivalent to half his heart.

Nothing could more strongly illustrate and prove this than the conduct of Sir Sidney Smith and his gallant crews at Acre, where, as Napoleon said, they "changed his destiny," by checking the career of victory, which, unchecked, would have placed him in undisputed sovereignty of the east. In vain were all the battering trains, the military armaments, and the skill of scientific engineers. The handful of British sailors waited not for all the received forms and tech-

nical minutiæ of defences; they sallied out, over and over again, and fairly thrashed the assailants in the ditches to their very hearts' content, until at last so much time had been wasted by the besiegers, that upon their retreating, *reinfectâ*, the whole plan of their campaign was upset.

And, indeed, it has always been seen that the English marine has behaved with the most extraordinary courage and daring when called upon to act on shore, and has achieved the most wonderful successes. Amongst these noble men, none, I believe, has been more distinguished in daring exploits on land than Commodore Napier, whose name has been lately brought so much before the public by his gallant conduct in Syria.

Our old tars had seen much service under the most distinguished commanders, especially Nelson, and were full of *yarns*. It was amusing to hear them constantly breaking in upon each other in the midst of some oft-repeated tale with "Lord bless you! that's nothing; I was with —— in the action of so-and-so, when so-and-so occurred."

"Well, I don't say it was any great things, but it was sharp work whilst it lasted, I promise you, and so you may guess, for we had such a number knocked off that day; and as to the Mounseers, Lord love ye, they hadn't got men enough left to work the vessel if she had been fit to be worked at all, which in coorse she warnt, for we'd riddled her all over with shot like a sieve, and so, as I was saying, what does the old boy do, as soon as ever he saw their

colours come down by the run, but, says he, 'If that 'ere ship a'int a settling, I'm blest;' and so she war a settling too, and that pretty fast. Well, out's the boats, and our chaps didn't take long a getting alongside the Frenchman. In they gets, all of a heap like, bundling in all the poor devils of wounded as fast as they could. Hows'ever, it warn't nothing else than their live lumber that they could save, for by the time they'd done that, and the boats had got about half way back to us, she makes a bob aft like a 'ooman a cutsying; but she didn't get up though, not a bit of it: down she went like a shot; and I take it 'twas the rummest thing o' all to see us in the state we was, and deuce a bit of a gun near us."

"Ah, well, I daresay it warn't nothing amiss for a skrimige, for old Bill Bobstay warn't the chap to do the thing by halves; but what d'ye think o' that 'ere chase which Nelson gied 'em up and down afore the last on't at Trafalgar. My eyes! that 'ere war a go. That was in 1805; but I mind it all as if it was but last year. There was we knocking about in the Mediterran sea, and a watching out if so we could just catch them 'ere Frenchmen a coming out of their harbours; and if you think we'd an idle time on't, you're mistaken, that's all, for Nelson he was a-dying to be at 'em. It was in the beginning of the year that a squadron of Mounseers puts out to sea from Too long, whilst we were down in the gulf of Palma, thinking to join the squadron from Rochfort, and so to be too many for us, but they soon found out their mistake: bless you, they didn't think but what they

might keep the sea at that time o'year as well as us; at least their master, Boney, said they *must*, and so out they sneaks. Hows'ever, they were right glad to get back again as fast as they could, for they got coch't in a bit of a breeze that gave 'em a lesson I doubt they hadn't a thought on afore. 'Ah-hah!' says Nelson, says he, when he found, after searching about for them a bit, that they'd a got back into their old hole again, 'those fine gentlemen are not accustomed to a gulf of Lyons' gale. We have buffeted them for twenty-one months, and not carried away a spar. Hows'ever,' says he, 'we'll catch 'em yet;' so back he goes to Palma, just to give 'em a chance o' getting out to sea, where he knowed he'd soon settle 'em. Well, sure-*ly* on the thirtieth of March out comes Will Nuff (Villeneuve) from Too long with eleven ships o' the line and eight frigates, and goes off to Cadiz, where he joins the Spanish squadron, and the very next day off he sets for the West Ingies with eighteen ships o' the line and ten frigates, all a-taunt-o from the riggers' hands, carrying along with him a sight o' sodgers "

"Ah well," interrupted his partner, "it was just at the same time that upwards o' twenty sail o' the line comed out o' Brest harbour, just a airing o' themselves as one may say, but they didn't stop long anyhow, for Cornwallis with his eighteen-liners showed heself, so it's up-helm with the Frenchman, and back to his moorings again We thought we'd a had them that time, but they was too cunning for us."

"Ah well, I dare say they was that, your Frenchman's a cunning chap any way. He'd done our old boy one way or another, for devil a bit could we find out which way he'd gone after we'd a let him out o' Too long. I don't know how it was, but the government at home never would send frigates enough with their squadrons, and, as Nelson said, 'Them 'ere frigates are just the eyes of a fleet.' Lord! how he did fret for want on 'em. 'Ah!' says he one day, 'if I was to die to-day you'd find *want o' frigates* graven on my heart;' and I believe it too, for it must have worrited him to death. There was we a looking out for the Frenchman up and down, without ever getting any sartain tidings of him. At first we thought he must be gone to Egypt to kick up a shindy there, and so we edges off that way, but arter ten days come in some cruisers what tell us for sartain that the Frenchman hadn't gone upon that tack. Well, it's hard down with the helm in a crack, and see who's best on a wind for Gibraltar. A nice time we had o' that 'ere for a good fortnight. *In coorse* the wind was nailed to the west, 'cause we wanted anything else. If you'll believe me, do what we would, we couldn't get aneist the Straits till the end of the month; and what d'ye think we had to do then?—why come to an anchor on the Barbary coast for five days. There warn't a ship in the world could ha'e turned through the Straits with that wind. It didn't kill Nelson that time, but it went hard for it; and if it hadn't ha'e been for thinking o' what he'd sarve 'em when he did catch 'em, I do b'lieve he'd

ha'e died; as it war he fretted himself down to a 'natomy."

"Well, when the wind shifted, you"——

"Now jist you hold your tongue; when I'm done you begin, turn about's fair play, aint it? As I was a saying, there we was hard and fast, and none o' them knew but what Master Johnny Crapaud might been kicking his heels over in Ireland, or would be drinking grog from the still in Jamaica before we could tackle him. As it turned out the last was most like to be the case, for on the fifth of May in comes a cruiser with news, and uncommon pleasant news too it was. Will Nuff had taken a fair start for the West Ingies with eighteen sail o' the line and ten frigates, all in the primest of order."

"Well, you told us that afore."

"Never you mind, mate: I didn't tell you that the cruiser brought us these tidings in Mazari bay, as was now the case, and what made me tell you over agin now was jist to let you see that in the ordinary run o' things we was no match for 'em, not by no means. Ten sail of the line and three, ay, three frigates was all our squadron, and they'd been at sea for two years knocking about like a buoy in a tide-way. The ships, wanted repair, as you may suppose; indeed they warn t hardly seaworthy; and as to the crews, we was most on us done up, as you might say, but, above all, poor Nelson had fretted himself into a sort of fever, and the doctor said he'd need go home and be hauled into dock. Ay, but he warn't a going though, not he. Up goes the signal,

'Make all sail for the Ingies,' and says he to his captains, 'Take you a Frenchman a-piece, and leave all the Spaniards to me; when I haul down my colours you may do the same, but not before.' Well, if the old ships didn't stagger under their canvass I'm no sailor; and another fine time we had of it you may be sure, for it was all who'd be first and who last. 'Hands up there, trim sails.—Man the pumps,' for the press of sail kept on the old hulks was fit to tear them in pieces, and let the water into the holds through all the seams. A fine passage, hows'ever, we made on it. On the fourth o' June we reached Barbados. Twenty days after Will Nuff had got to Martinique, so that we gained ten days on him, as our old governor said we should. You'd ha'e thought he'd ha'e jumped overboard for joy when he heard that the enemy was in those seas. The Barbados folks was right glad to see us, you may depend, both on our account and on their'n, but, love your heart, the admiral would hardly stop to say good-bye: up signal, 'weigh anchor,' and off we goes for Trinidad, where he thought in right earnest to ha'e had a brush; but devil a Frenchman could we see. Bless you, they'd all gone in a contrary direction. In fact, Will Nuff had hardly got to Martinique before there comes orders for him to get back to France as soon as he could, and to be sure to leave us behind him. Luck was all agin us; it was eighteen days arter Will Nuff that we got news that led Nelson to start again for Europe. This time he sent on one or two fast-sailing vessels to give notice of the trick we'd

been sarved, and a precious good thing it was he'd a head as well as a heart, or else master Boney'd ha'e been too many for old England. We didn't go to sleep on the road you may be sure. On the eighteenth of June we were at Gibraltar again. There was a cruise for you. In seventy eight days we'd bin from Teteran Bay twice across the Atlantic, and visited every one of the Leeward Islands with a fleet that had been two years at sea. Did ye ever hear o' anything like that?—No, nor any one else. If you'll b'lieve me, too, the Admiral had never stept ashore for two years before he landed now at Gibraltar. He missed catching the Frenchman that time, but he did it arterwards, and it warn't long afore he nabbed them at Trafalgar, and paid 'em off handsomely for all the trouble they'd given him. Lord love his dear soul! if he'd been advised and not worn all those smart crosses and what not, that cursed sharpshooter wouldn't ha'e picked him off as he did, and be hanged to him."

"Ay, well, it's lucky for us we've got peace now-a-days, for I don't know where we'd find such men as Nelson, or Collingwood, or Cornwallis, to lead our fleets, I'm sure," said the hero of the olden days: and so they ran on, eulogizing the different commanders under whom they had served; I happened to mention the name of Sir Robert Calder:—"Ah!" said one of them, "he was a black sheep, and no sailor."

"Why," said I, "do you really think that he didn't do his duty upon that occasion off Finesterre?"

"Do his duty! no, no, that he didn't, or however would them blackguardly Frenchmen have got away from him?"

"Well, but," said I, (for I had been interested in Sir Robert's cause, by Alison, who in his History of Europe, during the French Revolution, does all that he can to render him justice), "surely it was an honourable thing, that with fifteen line-of-battle ships he beat twenty liners, and seven frigates, and it was only prudence which made him unwilling to push things to extremity; as if he had been beaten, you know, the English coast would have been left undefended."

"Beaten be hanged," said my opponent, "how *could* he be beaten?—when did French ships ever beat English?—if he'd ha'e done his duty, and fought his ships like a man, he'd ha'e licked the Frenchmen all to bits;—no, no, he warn't fit to be in command."

I saw it would be utterly useless to attempt to vindicate poor Sir Robert in the eyes of these honest and brave fellows, who felt themselves disgraced by his not having annihilated the Frenchmen under any circumstances; I was therefore silent upon the subject, and only ventured to express a hope, that in the event of a war, we might find officers in our navy well worthy to lead our ships into action, and in fact to be the successors of the glorious héroes who had preceded them: a hope in which the veteran tars joined, but evidently with little expectation of its being realised.

Upon the whole, I was highly amused and interested in their conversation, which was full of genuine British spirit, and of times and actions in which all who love or feel proud of their country must be interested.

Probably, you may remember the circumstances of Calder's action, and of the outcry which assailed and overwhelmed him, by a people too enthusiastic, and too used to the absolute mastery of the seas, to bear anything like an undecided engagement with equanimity, under any circumstances. It may not, however, be uninteresting just to run over the circumstances of the case, as stated by Alison, in his splendid work, the most splendid, I think, of modern times; it will form a sequel, too, to the old tar's tale of many waters. The Curieux brig, despatched by Nelson from Antigua, with information of the return of Villeneuve to Europe, arrived at London in twenty-five days: the Admiralty instantly sent orders to Admiral Stirling to raise the blockade of Rochfort, and join Sir R. Calder off Ferrol, and cruise with the united force off Cape Finisterre, with a view to intercept the allied squadrons on their passage towards Brest. These orders reached Stirling on the thirteenth of July; on the fifteenth, the junction with Calder was effected, and the combined squadrons stood out to sea; never was promptitude more needed or more successful. Hardly had Sir Robert Calder, with fifteen line-of-battle ships, reached his station, about sixty leagues to the westward of Cape Finisterre, when the combined fleets of France

and Spain hove in sight, consisting of twenty-seven line-of-battle ships, a fifty-gun ship, and seven frigates. Their object was, no doubt, to have successively raised the blockade of Rochfort and Ferrol, which their immense superiority must have ensured; taking with them their squadrons long blocked up in those ports, proceed to Brest, there to be joined by another large squadron, and so have covered the invasion of England from the heights of Boulogne. It is very remarkable that the comprehensive mind of Collingwood clearly saw through this extensive scheme of the French emperor, and stated it by letter, long before it was made apparent to the world; it is equally remarkable that the genius of Napoleon instantly saw that the design of the British in liberating his squadrons at Rochfort and Ferrol, a very bold step, was to cut off and destroy Villeneuve's fleet, though even he could hardly believe in the promptitude displayed on that occasion at the British Admiralty. Well, as soon as Calder perceived the French fleet, which he did not, owing to hazy weather, till they were very near each other, he made the signal for action; as usual, the superiority of the British was soon apparent, notwithstanding the preponderance of force on the part of the enemy. Before the action had continued four hours, two of the Spanish line-of-battle ships had struck, and on the side of the English, the Windsor Castle was so much damaged, that it was necessary to put her in tow of another; darkness separated the combatants: the English having one hundred and ninety-eight killed and wounded, the combined fleet,

four hundred and seventy-six. Neither fleet showed any decided inclination to renew the engagement the next day: at noon the combined fleet approached to within a league and a half of the British, but finding that fleet stand firm, they hauled their wind, and declined the contest; night again came on, and the day after Sir R. Calder stood away with his prizes to the north: justly discerning, in the danger arising from the probable junction of the Rochfort and Ferrol squadrons, the first of which was known to have put to sea, a sufficient reason for falling back upon the support of the channel fleet, or that of Lord Nelson. Villeneuve, finding the passage clear, stood towards Spain, and after leaving three sail-of-the-line in bad order, at Vigo, entered Ferrol on the second of August. This action, was not, indeed, the most brilliant which has graced the British navy, but perhaps there never was a more important one, as Alison justly remarks, for it annihilated Napoleon's schemes and hopes of the invasion upon which he had expended such an infinitude of pains and expense. The intelligence of Villeneuve's arrival at Ferrol, transported him with rage;—"What a navy!" said he, "what sacrifices for nothing:—what an admiral! all hope is gone!—that Villeneuve, instead of entering the channel, has taken refuge in Ferrol:—it is all over: he will be blockaded there.—Daru, sit down and write." Wasting no further words or thoughts upon the darling project of his heart, he instantly planned the campaign of Austerlitz, and the consequent removal of his hosts from Boulogne to Munich. It is re-

markable, that whilst Napoleon was thus privately giving vent to his wrath against Villeneuve, (for in public he laid the most unqualified claim to the victory, on behalf of his fleet), Sir Robert Calder was absolutely overwhelmed with a torrent of obliquy in England, for not having renewed the engagement on the second day: it was in vain that he called for a court-martial, and that the true bearings of the case were pointed out: the absolute propriety, viz. of uniting his fleet with others, for the defence of the channel, against the combined fleet, which would, in the event of his destruction, no doubt, have proceeded thither, in company with the Rochfort and Ferrol squadrons, and so have carried the armies of France over to England, almost unopposed: it was in vain to talk reasonably or calmly on the matter: Englishmen could not understand how any prudence could call off their ships from an enemy in sight, no matter how superior in numbers: and so poor Sir Robert was severely reprimanded for not having done his utmost to renew the engagement on the twenty-third and twenty-fourth of July: though the sentence admitted, that his conduct had not been owing either to cowardice or disaffection. "Such," says Alison, "in its first and hasty fit, is public opinion; history would indeed be useless, if the justice of posterity did not often reverse its iniquitous decrees!"

Let us hear what the French writers say of this; "Admiral Calder," says Dupin, "with an inferior force, meets the Franco-Spanish fleet: in the chase of it he brings on a partial engagement, and captures

two ships; he is tried and reprimanded, because it is believed that had he renewed the action, he would have obtained a more decisive victory. What would they have done with Calder in England, if he had commanded the superior fleet, and had lost two ships in avoiding an engagement which presented so favourable a chance to skill and valour."

The benefits resulting from Sir Robert Calder's action off Finisterre, thus held cheap, were, in fact, inestimable; they were two-fold; first they stopped Villeneuve in his way to the channel, and sent him into Ferrol; and secondly, they gave him such a forcible lesson of English hardihood, as occasioned him, probably, to disobey his master's positive orders, and overthrow his last remaining hope of an English invasion.

It seems, that although on Villeneuve's retreat into Ferrol, the emperor abandoned this favourite project, yet, upon finding that Nelson had not effected a junction with Calder, (in fact, after a cruise in search of the enemy, to the north of Ireland, Nelson had been recalled to Portsmouth), he determined to strike one more blow for the subjugation of the hated isle; he therefore sent orders to Villeneuve, instantly to put to sea, and join the Brest squadron, in order to cover the invasion: he accordingly did put to sea, but having received intelligence that Sir Robert Calder, with twenty-five ships of the line, was approaching, he tacked about, and put into Cadiz. In the mean time, the Brest squadron, of twenty-one ships of the line, had made a shew of putting to sea, but were

driven back by Cornwallis, with a squadron of only fourteen ships of the line; impatiently they waited and watched for Villeneuve: he had no mind to come in contact with Sir Robert Calder again, and kept snug in Cadiz; the Brest squadron was therefore obliged to remain where it was. The intelligence of the arrival of the combined fleet at Cadiz, put a final period to the designs of Napoleon, against Great Britain, and all his energies were turned to the war against Austria. His indignation against Villeneuve appeared in an account which he himself drew up, charging him with incapacity in the action of the 23rd of July, and of subsequent positive disobedience of orders. Knowing, as we now do, all these things, we cannot but grieve, that a man who had rendered so important a service to his country, should, for a time, have suffered so cruelly from misapprehension: though we cannot but respect the ardent national spirit which inflicted, unknowingly, the injustice. I hope these details have not proved uninteresting to you: I cannot but think them very interesting, for they show how narrowly, at that time, England escaped subjugation; in fact, I may say, that I know no work, not to say more instructive, but more *interesting*, than Alison's History: the style is, to my mind, admirable, closely formed as it is, upon the model of the ancients, but the matter is really thrilling throughout. These details are in the fifth volume, to which the discourse of our old tars naturally led me to refer.

LETTER VI.

The next day being Saturday we had to be early on foot in order to secure admission to the dock-yard and victualling office before dinner, as Saturday is a sort of half-holiday with the workmen, and there is consequently nothing to be be seen after dinner. Into an omnibus or a "box o' all sorts," as the London jarvies style them, therefore, we inserted ourselves immediately after breakfast and proceeded to Devonport.

At the gates of the dock-yard we were received and admitted by some remarkably civil policemen. I could not help contrasting their particularly civil and obliging deportment with the barely civil deportment of certain jacks-in-office, who used many years ago to keep the gates at the Portsmouth-yard, admitting visitors more as a matter of favour than any thing else, creating difficulties, putting as many off as possible, no matter at what inconvenience, trusting to their returning and paying a good douceur for an early admittance, besides a handsome fee in

the regular way, though strictly forbidden by the regulations of the yard. By the way what a farce it is at such public places to paint up ostentatiously in every direction, that visitors are requested not to give anything to the public servants or workmen, whilst every body knows that it is *always* expected and almost always done. Surely if the thing ought not to be done, and I think there can be little doubt upon that subject, the authorities ought to take some means to prevent their letters from being dead letters, otherwise they had better have them erased at once and direct a certain fee to be paid. At Portsmouth the emoluments of the gatekeepers must really be something very handsome. I hardly know why the deportment of these functionaries should be so different there and at Plymouth. Perhaps, indeed, I ought not to compare them, because I am speaking of two distant periods, and I dare say the policeman's garb introduced together with the new regulations in 1834 may have had the ameliorating influence ascribed to a liberal education, "*emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*" I must do my old friends at Portsmouth the justice to say that they appeared very respectable people, though they delighted, as I then thought, a little too much in displaying their authority. But after all, why complain of that, unless we would set to work to rail at nature, and flatter ourselves that we might amend an evil so very generally prevalent among mankind.

But to return. Shall I give you a full, true, and particular account of the dock-yard in all its departments? I think this will hardly entertain you on

paper, however, interesting you might find it on the spot, and I am sure it would be too much a matter of business for me to undertake, especially whilst my time is so much taken up in sight-seeing, that I can hardly give you an outline, and the rather that my pen as you have learnt before now, is somewhat of a flighty turn. No, no, if you must have a full description of the dock-yard, get thee to thy books, friend, else be satisfied with a few particulars, such as follow.

As I have already said, we found the policeman in attendance very civil. One was shortly deputed to attend us, together with some other visitors, round the yard, and he proved not only civil but intelligent. Immediately facing the gateway is the chapel, a very neat and commodious building where service is duly performed for the benefit of those connected with the yard and their families. Turning to the left we came in front of a very handsome set of buildings, constituting the residences of the superintendant and other officers of the yard; more pleasant residences need not be desired. Passing these, and descending gradually, we came to the southern extremity of the yard abutting upon the water of the Hamoaze. Here we found a very pretty little isolated mound surrounded by a summer-house, a fountain, &c. Upon inquiry we were informed that this mound had been left to show the extent to which the rock had been quarried, in order to clear the space required for the yard, the surface of the ground having originally been on a level with the top. This little mound re-

joices in the title of the King's Hill, having been preserved in consequence of the admiration of the view from it by George the Third. From hence we proceeded along the entire range of docks, basins, &c., nearly on a level with the Hamoaze, visiting several large vessels in progress of building, and inspecting the immense vacant space left by the St. George.

Nothing can be more interesting than to examine leisurely the construction of these huge masses destined to float on the ocean. One is at a loss whether to admire most the massive strength, or the wonderful adaptation of means to ends so various and even so dissimilar. One would have thought that it would have been enough to have contended with the tempest of heaven and the billows of the deep; but how must the difficulty of construction be increased when these are but secondary objects as it were, the primary being to combat with storms of iron issuing from similar fabrics with the force of thunder-bolts. Surely it needed not the additional difficulties to have rendered naval architecture an admirable science, and navigation a fearful pursuit.

> "Illi robur et æs triplex,"
>
> Or oak, or brass with triple-fold
> That hardy mortal's daring breast enroll'd
> Who first to the wild ocean's rage,
> Launch'd the frail bark, and heard the winds engage
> Tempestuous.
> What various forms of death could fright,
> The man who view'd with fixed unshaken sight,
> The floating monsters, waves enflam'd
> And rocks, for shipwreck'd fleets ill-famed?

What would old Horace have said, think you, if he had seen one of our line of battle ships, or viewed an engagement between two modern fleets? With uplifted hands and eyes, he might have exclaimed,—

> No laws or human or divine,
> Can the presumptuous race of man confine ;
> No work too high for man's audacious force,
> Our folly would attempt the skies
> And with gigantic boldness impious rise.

The jolly old poet, probably had no idea at the time he wrote those lines, of which the above are a poor translation, that men would in due time actually attempt the skies, as we now see them daily doing in balloons, unless indeed the attempted flight of Master Icarus partook somewhat of that character. Neither could he have anticipated that men would not only form contrivances for working comfortably and efficiently under water, but even attempt to *navigate* the depths, literally the *depths* of the sea, as was projected for the purpose of enabling Buonaparte to effect his escape from St. Helena. The copper vessel constructed and intended to have been used for this purpose is now in one of the museums of Paris. I forget exactly the cause of its not being tried upon the service for which it was destined.

But why am I wandering thus far from Plymouth? Let us pursue our walks, then, along the docks, and admire what we see at every turn. A pleasant walk it is, but "*medio de fonte leporis, surgit amari aliquæ*," in other words, "every rose has its thorn." Woe is me! as I was walking along in great enjoy-

ment we came to a canal which runs up into the centre of the yard from the Hamoaze, for the convenience of conveying stores of various sorts to and from the depôts; the regular bridge across was out of repair, and another of a temporary nature had been *slung* across, something after the manner of a suspension bridge, but the suspending ropes not leaving much room for the heads of the passengers, swept off my unlucky hat, which, of course, was instantly floating about in a very picturesque manner in the canal, and with some difficulty rescued by a man who happened to be in a boat near by, just as it was settling to its bearings brimfull of salt water Now perhaps you may think this a very subordinate matter, but I can tell you that I considered and felt it to be one of a very *capital* nature, for there was a nasty cold wind blowing, and now and then a little rain falling, and the comfort of my walk was materially damaged. Nothing could have been kinder than our friend the policeman, who not only caused my hat to be rescued, and diligently dried it as far as that could be accomplished, but offered freely to lend me his own "regulation" hat, which, however, I declined, tying my handkerchief round as the best defence against the cold. It was not pleasant in any way, and especially as of course I became the lion to be looked at rather than a mere spectator, and that the rather as I was of necessity obliged to expose "the head and front" of my misfortune wherever I went.

"Well never mind the hat," methinks I hear you say, "just tell us what interested you most of what you saw."

Bien—allons. As I said before, I shall not pretend to give you a full description of the wonders of this interesting place, because I think such descriptions often, if not generally, are tedious both to the reader and writer. Suffice it then that I briefly say that the yard occupies upwards of seventy-five acres, that it contains five slips for building, three single docks and one double for the purpose of repairs. One of these, the "North New Dock," is constructed in an excavation of the solid rock. Water was first let in in the presence of George the Third, in 1789. Its length at top is two hundred and fifty-four feet, at bottom two hundred and fourteen feet, breadth at the piers fifty-six feet, extreme breadth ninety-seven feet, depth twenty-seven feet and three-quarters. Of the five slips, three are suited to the building of first-rates. All are covered, and some idea of the immensity of these roofs may be conceived from the following dimensions of one of them; length two hundred and sixty-three feet, breadth one hundred and twenty-six feet, and height sixty-seven feet. In this there are ten thousand two hundred and forty-five panes of glass, and the estimated value of the whole is thirteen thousand pounds. It covers more than an acre of ground. I ought to have mentioned that these docks and slips enjoy the great advantage of abutting upon very deep water, so much so that the largest ships with all their equipments on board can come along side any of the jetties which occupy the intermediate spaces. The great rise and fall of the tides (amounting at the springs to about nineteen feet) gives a great facility in docking and

undocking vessels. The mast-house and pond adjoining are interesting objects, exhibiting not only an immense stock of very valuable timber, most of which is kept under water as the best preservative, but also very admirable skill in uniting the several pieces so as to form those immense masts which are required for the large ships of the line. A complete set of masts and yards for a first-rate is estimated at four thousand pounds. The rope-houses, which in common with most of the other buildings are constructed of stone and iron, and therefore fire proof, are amongst the most interesting objects of the yard, not only from their great dimensions, extending to one thousand two hundred feet in length, but from the peculiar method of manufacturing adopted. I cannot pretend to describe this accurately, but I may convey some idea by mentioning that the constituent yarns, besides the twisting usually received, pass through a metallic ring with such force that the rope comes out not only round but smooth and uniform, thus differing, I believe, from ropes manufactured elsewhere. The manufacturing of the signal halyards is another matter of considerable interest to those who can endure the noise of the machinery long enough to appreciate, I can hardly say understand it, for it really passes my comprehension more than stocking weaving or carpet making, and that is saying a good deal. As to the noise, it is more horrible than I can describe, though more of the clattering than of the thundering kind. Just examine a signal halyard in any Queen's ship, (I forget whether the same kind of article is used in

merchantmen) and I think you will admit that its manufacture must be curious and ingenious.

Perhaps, however, nothing in the yard has a more striking effect than the walk through the smitheries, where every kind of iron work is performed, and especially the fabric of the huge anchors for the large ships. At the first entrance one cannot but think of those regions

> "Where the lame architect the goddess found,
> Obscure in smoke, his forges flaming round,
> While bath'd in sweat from fire to fire he flew,
> And puffing loud the roaring bellows blew.
> * * * at once the blast expires
> And twenty forges catch at once the fires."
>
> *Iliad*, book xviii.

In this vast workshop you see at one time the workmen distributed and busy at a dozen different forges, and at another collected in a circle over one great mass of glowing iron, probably an anchor for a first-rate ship, which weighs about ninety-six hundred weight. (By the way each first-rate ship carries five such anchors and three smaller). This is indeed a most interesting sight; there they stand in a circle, perhaps twenty great brawny fellows with their sinewy arms and throats all bare, and at a signal their heavy sledge hammers begin to descend upon the glowing mass in the centre, with celerity and regularity which is really surprising, each one striking in his turn so that the sledges may be seen at the same moment in every different position, dropped beside the knee after striking, then slowly raised behind, then ex-

tended on high, and lastly descending with tremendous force upon the iron, at the very moment when the hammer of the predecessor in the ring has been withdrawn. It generally happens, perhaps purposely to display adroitness, that some one of the men falls into the centre after the labour has commenced, which he always does with the greatest nicety. The labours of the workmen are occasionally assisted by the use of a ponderous hammer called a Hercules, which is worked by machinery, descending with a force supposed to be equal to nearly eight tons. I may mention that it takes twenty men twenty-six days of ten hours, working hours, each, to make one of those large size anchors.

In point of interest, however, I know not whether I should not be inclined to assign the first place to the last object we visited, viz., the large building in which are preserved the time-honoured figure-heads of different vessels, which have necessarily been taken from their proud positions in consequence of the hard blows received in honourable battle and other casualties, and which have been carefully deposited and ranged on each side of this hall, reposing on their honours, and enjoying the peace and quiet of a sort of Greenwich Hospital of their own. It really was a most interesting sight to behold the grim visages of these warriors looking down upon you, and sitting as it were in grave conclave. Such a glorious conclave of heroes meet not elsewhere, unless it may be at Greenwich, Chelsea, and at Apsley House, where the hero of a hundred fights, the conqueror of

Waterloo, annually entertains the gallant officers who there earned laurels, beneath whose shade Europe has since sat in almost uninterrupted peace.*

On emerging from the dock-yard we refreshed ourselves with some luncheon in a very nice shop in the High Street of Devonport, which bespeaks, from the respectability of the shops in general, the thriving character of the place. This, of course, is to be expected in a place where so large a proportion of the British marine obtain their outfit, and every class must participate in the constant employment afforded to numerous artisans by the dock-yard. In peace these may be computed at fifteen hundred, but in war at four thousand. In 1833-4 the wages paid at this yard amounted to one hundred and thirteen thousand pounds. Indeed, it is computed that even in peace seven thousand persons are wholly maintained by the dock-yard.

I should perhaps have mentioned before that only a small portion of the land which the yard occupies belongs to government, no less than sixty-five acres being held upon lease of Sir J. St. Aubyn. I should also mention that the name of Devonport is recent, having been substituted at the request of the inhabitants to the king in 1823, for the old name of Plymouth Dock. To commemorate this a very handsome column has been built in a commanding situation, at a cost of nearly three thousand pounds. It

* Alas! Alas! since this was written this most interesting national gallery, with most of its contents, has been destroyed by fire, a few precious relics only having been snatched from the jaws of the devouring element.

is of granite, and one hundred and one feet high, and including the rock on which it stands, one hundred and twenty-four; the summit is attained by one hundred and forty steps in the interior, and the view from it is peculiarly extensive and interesting.

Having visited this, and also enjoyed the lovely view from Mount Wise, which overhangs the water just opposite Mount Edgecombe, and on which stand the government and admiral's houses, two fine buildings, we retraced our steps towards Stonehouse, admiring as we descended the hill towards the bridge two noble piles of building, one on either side of the little stream, appropriated to the sick of either service, the naval and military. It does one's heart good to see such noble institutions for the comfort of those whose health and blood have been expended in the service of their country. Greenwich Hospital, you know, is said by foreigners to be the only building we possess worthy the name of a palace. Here the Naval Hospital and its out-buildings and gardens, occupy an area of twenty-four acres; the wards are sixty in number, and can contain from fifteen to twenty patients in each, so that twelve hundred patients can be accommodated at one time. From the 1st of January, 1800, to the 21st of December, 1815, forty-two thousand four hundred and fifty-two seamen and marines were received into the Hospital, a large proportion of whom were restored to the service of the country. It is well worth mentioning, that this institution met with the approbation of Howard the philanthropist when he inspected it.

But I must hasten to give you some account of the "Royal William Victualling Yard" at Stonehouse, one of the greatest works of modern days.

This is, indeed, a most important object, whether viewed as a specimen of architecture only, or as a depôt well calculated to give efficiency to England's right arm—her navy. Formerly the greatest inconvenience and delay were often experienced in provisioning the ships of war, one part of the stores coming from one place, another from another. Now, however, a whole fleet may receive its provision from this one yard in a wonderfully short space of time, and that the more readily as large ships may come alongside, the wharfs of this yard extending along to the length of fifteen hundred feet, and based upon a wall thirty feet high, the foundation having been built eight or nine feet under low-water mark, and on the very brink of a natural subaqueous precipice, which affords an immense depth of water just beyond the very wall. This wall, indeed, is of itself justly deemed a great monument of modern art, its immense foundation having been built entirely by means of the diving-bell. The entire premises occupy an extent of thirteen acres, of which perhaps six have been recovered from the sea by means of the wall and the filling in behind it with materials taken from excavations from other parts. These excavations must have been immense, as it is calculated that three hundred thousand tons of material were removed.

Amongst the interesting objects in this yard are

the store-houses of miscellaneous articles, all fire-proof, (as, indeed, are all the buildings, the materials being granite, Portland stone, and iron;) the immense cooperage; the ample building well filled with iron tanks for containing water on board ship; an enormous brewery and slaughter-house; and last, not least, the baking establishment, in which especially the progressive nature of man's ingenuity is exhibited to the no small benefit of the country. I am sure you will thank me if I transcribe for your information a short notice of this invention from the Encycl. Metropol.,* which is not at every person's elbow. "Until the last few years all the flour and biscuit consumed in the navy were furnished by private contract. The most flagrant impositions and frauds were but too generally the consequence, in defiance of the vigilance of the heads of the departments. The flour and biscuits were stipulated to be of the second best quality, but instead of this the former was generally mouldy, damaged, or of a very inferior description to that bargained for, while the latter was usually compounded of bad flour, bean meal, old worm-eaten biscuits ground down, and various other cheap and unwholesome materials. To obviate these frauds, government, a few years ago, erected flour-mills at Deptford and Portsmouth for the purpose of grinding flour for the navy; and a very superior and cheaper article being the result, it was determined to attempt also the manufacture of biscuit from it, at these

* Vol iv., page 350.

establishments. The multitude, however, of bakers required to knead the dough in the usual manner with the hand, would have rendered this praiseworthy effort unavailing, had not the ingenuity of Mr. Grant, store-keeper at Portsmouth, obviated the difficulty. By the attachment of a few simple pieces of machinery to the engine driving the flour-mill, the dough is now worked, rolled out, and stamped into biscuits with a rapidity inconceivable, and with a saving of two-thirds of the number of bakers required to perform these processes by the hand. The flour and water are first put into a trough, through which passes an iron spindle armed with eighteen knives in two rows on opposite sides of the spindle. A strap connected with the engine turns the spindle round, and by means of the revolving knives the flour and water are in a few minutes worked into dough fit for being stamped into biscuits. The dough is now taken piecemeal from the trough, and shaped by hand into longish rolls, upon two moveable baking-boards, supported by small iron pillars, having castor-wheels at the top: these pillars are in two rows, extending from the trough to the two rolling machines; and along the castors upon their tops the baking-boards are pushed by the hand towards the rollers, under which the dough is rolled out into thin cakes. The baking-boards are now pushed out by hand from under the rollers and slided along three other rows of pillars to the two cutting machines, each containing forty-two hexagonal dies under which they

are momentarily placed, and eighty-four biscuits are thus cut out by a single stamp of the two machines. The kneading, rolling and stamping portions of the machinery being separate, can consequently be put into motion separately at the will of the baker. By the machinery at Portsmouth, under Mr. Grant's superintendence, one hundred and sixty thousand rounds of biscuits can be manufactured in twenty-four hours, constituting a day's ration for the crews of twenty sail of the line, and with eight or ten such pieces of machinery biscuit rations may be daily manufactured for one hundred and sixty thousand men, being the greatest number of seamen and marines employed during the hottest period of the late war. This biscuit is free from flintiness, and in every way more palatable than that made by hand, in consequence of being more thoroughly kneaded. From the rapidity of manufacture too, it is no longer necessary to keep a large stock deteriorating until it becomes unwholesome. These biscuits are fit for any gentleman's table, and at a much smaller cost than the former contract supplies. A gratuity of two thousand pounds was bestowed on Mr. Grant by government for this ingenious and valuable invention."

I should observe, that although the machinery is all perfect at Plymouth, it is not needed, and, indeed, never has been in use, having only existed since the piping times of peace.

We next visited the immense reservoir, which contains about seven thousand tons of water for the use

of shipping, and derived from springs about two miles distant by means of iron pipes. The view from hence is remarkably fine.

Returning to our inn we found ourselves extremely well-disposed to do justice to the victualling department of mine host and hostess. We had not much time, however, to spare over our wine, as we had to be at the theatre early to secure seats amongst the crowd which assembled to do honour to Wallack on this his benefit night. "A change came o'er the spirit of my dream;" the good and fashionable people of Plymouth and its neighbourhood had aroused themselves most marvellously, and on this evening congregated so as to fill the theatre with as brilliant an assemblage as you need wish to see, and with as fair a proportion of pretty faces too as one often meets with. It was a regular field-night at the theatre: the announcement of the Brigand, Wallack's very best character, no doubt contributed to this muster of forces; but fashion was doubtless the spring which had set people in motion and brought them together at the theatre, not so much to see Wallack, whose acting they had utterly neglected for a week, but to see each other and to be seen. Well, however this might be, a very pleasant evening we had of it. Wallack was evidently in tip-top spirits at the distinguished honour done him, and played his best through the three characters he sustained that night. In the Brigand he was transcendant, and no doubt many a damsel dreamt that night that she was a "gentle Zitella."

We were dismissed in high good-humour some time before midnight, and during a hasty supper our friend Fred. observed that the Brigand had brought to his memory a scene in real life in Switzerland in which he acted the principal part, and promised to recount it upon some fitting opportunity.

The next day, being Sunday, came to us very acceptably, as a day of rest, for the excitement of the past week had been pretty hard work to us who were not in training for the laborious pursuit of pleasure. How the fashionable votaries of gaiety and dissipation endure the incessant wear and tear of body and mind, in their attendance upon its crowded shrines, I know not; habit, no doubt, is second nature, and training will effect wonders upon our versatile constitutions: yet, after all, it is astonishing to think what the delicate and frail beings of the fashionable world undergo; beings who look as if a breath of heaven would dissipate their frames into thin air, and who, in fact, derive a great deal of the interest attached to their appearance, from this very delicacy, and who, nevertheless, find energy to continue for months in the unceasing and unwearied pursuit of their still receding object; yet so it is, and no doubt it is well ordained, for if endurance depended solely or principally upon physical development, where should we look for our philosophers and our statesmen, compared with whose labours, the drudgery of the hardest working tiller or weaver is but light, accompanied, as this latter is, by an immunity from care and anxiety?

In fact, in most cases, it would appear, that the power of endurance is rather in inverse ratio to the physical bulk; thus it is that slim delicate-looking officers undergo the severest hardships of a campaign, whilst the robust soldiers they command, sink under them; thus it is that the lads of our public schools, and the young men of our universities, whose frames have hardly attained maturity, almost always come off victorious in their rencontres with the lower orders, and especially with the robust bargemen, whose brutality and insolence often call for chastisement; in both cases it is the moral strength which gives the mastery.

Perhaps no human being ever was endowed with so great a power of endurance as the great captain of the age, the illustrious Wellington, whose frame is, and always has been, far from robust.

In fact, we see the same thing amongst the brute creation: the race-horse, it is well-known, is not only far fleeter, but absolutely stronger than the massive dray-horse, and not only endures fatigue better, but actually sustains a weight under which the larger animal sinks. So, again, a pair of our slight post-horses run off with a heavy carriage, at the rate of ten miles an hour, which it takes five great sturdy animals in France or Belgium, to get through the country at half the speed.

In these cases, lighter breed, blood, and courage, give the requisite strength, and so it must be with our people of fashion; long habit and firm determination, enable them to go through fatigues which others

hardly dream of, and certainly could not endure. I remember a young countryman, upon being asked if he was not fond of dancing, answered innocently,—"Noa, I baen't; seemingly to me its working plaguy hard for nothing."

"But," as Byron says, "this is not my theme," and I return, "to that which is immediate."

In due time we repaired to the chapel-of-ease, just opposite the hotel, and found it an ample building, well filled with a respectable, indeed, a fashionable congregation; here our patience was put to the test, for upon our application to the sexton, we found that Mr. Whiddon's pew was full, which, we thought, entitled us to accommodation without a bribe, but so thought not the pew-opener, who had no idea of losing her shilling; accordingly, we stood just within the sanctuary door, for some time after the service had begun, sadly jostled, and somewhat annoyed; however, we did not like to give in, and acknowledge ourselves beaten, by paying the fee, and so, after a time, we walked out in high dudgeon, determining to go to the parish church, and if we could not get a seat there, to take refuge in some other place of worship.

I believe there are few warmer admirers or stauncher advocates of our established church, than myself, but I must say, that I think there are some things, of minor importance, which need, and well deserve, reform and alteration: and amongst others, surely the system of extortion exercised by the pew-openers.

For my part, I should not have the least objection to paying my full quota, in the form of a general tax,

towards the providing church accommodation, commensurate with the wants of the people, though I have the greatest possible objection to paying a shilling for joining in the national form of worship. I am truly glad to find that there is a growing inclination on the part of the public, to press this subject of the extension of church accommodation, upon the attention of the legislature, as a public duty to be performed at the public expense.

We, of our little island, may, I think, look with considerable pride upon the numerous and ample new churches and chapels built and rebuilt since the destruction of the old edifices by the hurricane of 1830; I really know not the spot, of nearly the same dimensions, where so much has been done in the same way: indeed, I hardly know a spot where the church accommodation is so nearly commensurate with the wants of the population. It is to be remembered, too, that the immense cost has been incurred at a time when the great change in our social system necessarily taxed us to the utmost, for means for securing the public tranquillity, and the greatly increased cost of cultivation. One blessed effect of the large amount of church accommodation, is, the almost total absence of schism and all its concomitant evils and bitterness; people, in fact, are not driven to dissent from the church, by the impossibility of finding room to join in its services; it must not be forgotten how much we owe to our excellent bishop, for arousing and directing our energies in this great work, as in many others.

LETTER VII.

On Monday morning we started at an early hour for Tavistock, purposing to devote that and the following day to an examination of the beautiful and interesting scenery of that neighbourhood. I shall not attempt to describe this to you: first, because it would occupy much time; and secondly, because I hope some day to put in your hands three vols. on the Traditions and Scenery of Devonshire, by Mrs. Bray, (the lady of the Vicar of Tavistock, and a well-known authoress,) in which you will find every point of interest connected with the locality fully described; suffice it to say for the present, that we were much gratified, and amply repaid for our trouble and delay in visiting this portion of the country, guided by Mrs. Bray's interesting vols. The hotel we found most excellent, and interesting from its occupying nearly the site of the old abbey. We visited, of course, Endsleigh, the seat of the Duke of Bedford, and were much pleased with the extensive grounds in which it stands.

Mrs. Bray informs us that the rides cut through the grounds by the Duke of Bedford extend to forty miles. They abound in beautiful views. Indeed, this may be said of *every* part of the country around, whether you follow the windings of the Tamar, or the Tavy, or travel towards the sides of the dreary Dartmoor in search of the many interesting Druidical remains which Mr. Bray and others have brought to light hereabouts, and which are all fully described in Mrs. B.'s vols. before mentioned.

Returning to Plymouth on Tuesday evening highly delighted with our excursion, we proceeded on Wednesday morning to carry into execution a plan which you would hardly expect, considering that I had just landed from a long voyage. It was to sail along the coast, at least as far as Torbay. I dare say you will think it odd enough that I should not have preferred travelling by land, but "many men, many minds:" I am never so happy as when on the bosom of the deep, and infinitely prefer the tossing of a boat to the jolting of a stage-coach. Never was a song more suited to a person's taste and feelings than that which is now unfortunately worn thread-bare, "I'm on the sea," is to mine. I do believe I should have made a respectable corsair, at least I should have joined cordially in their chant,

> "O'er the glad waters of the dark-blue sea,
> Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free,
> Far as the breeze can bear the billows' foam,
> Survey our empire and behold our home!"

Born, however, and walking in a more peaceable and somewhat more respectable line of life, I content myself with the more subdued sentiment of the same noble poet when he says,

> "He that has sail'd upon the dark-blue sea
> Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
> When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
> The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight."

By-the-bye, compare the two passages together, and though the latter is pleasing, it is monstrously common-place after the other spirit-stirring lines. Well, however, it was the best adapted to the moment, for although we were over the Hoe, and embarking in our little craft (the same which had conveyed us to the Eddystone), by four o'clock, we found the whole Sound covered with those who were still earlier risers, the fishermen, who, after their day of rest, were now working out their immense fleet of small vessels, averaging about thirty tons, cutter rigged, and mostly with red and dark tanned sails A few trading sloops and one or two yachts were also under way, which gave considerable variety to the scene, especially the latter, from the brilliant whiteness of their large sails propelling the long, low, black hulls to which they belonged through the crowd of fishing smacks, though these too are remarkably fast sailers.

It was a glorious morning, and gave promise of a bright day: the eastern horizon already was lighting up with the warm tints refracted from the yet unrisen sun. All else was cold though clear, a light

mist was rising slowly from the woods of Mount Edgecombe and from the heights on the opposite side of the Sound. St. Margaret's Isle lay the very picture of inanimation: there were the fortifications speaking of man's presence, yet no human being was to be seen, although none could have moved about the small islet without attracting attention as he passed along the strongly marked outline of the rocks and buildings. There, too, lay the large ships of war,—ships rather of peace at that moment, for all was still within them, all motionless as they themselves: yet there were hundreds on board of each, and all ready to start into motion and activity upon the least alarm given by the watch on deck: and so it would have been had there been an imminent prospect of such alarm, for discipline bestows repose infinitely beyond any little sacrifices which it may require. Here, then, was a moving panorama on a large scale, the scenery and larger objects all still as if on canvass, whilst we and a large fleet of small craft were moving about in an intricate and interesting maze. The air was light and setting rather into the Sound, so that we were obliged to tack out, which added considerably to the interest of the scene; nor was our animated panorama unenlivened by dialogue, for our worthy old tars not only had their remarks to make on the different smacks, but ever and anon exchanged a hail with one and another, and not unfrequently a smart joke.

The light air baffled us, and before we had got out of the Sound we heard the booming of the morning

gun from the flag-ship, and saw the first ray of the sun above the horizon: then followed the shrill whistles of the boatswains in the different men-of-war, and anon the crews were tumbling-up and stowing away their hammocks, and loosing sails to shake out the dews. Everything around seemed to spring into sudden life:—the woods brighten, the birds are on the wing, the labourers resume their tasks at the Breakwater, and our veterans are concocting some coffee, and broiling some fish at the little stove.—Ah! well there's nothing like a nice broiled mackerel for breakfast on board the boat from which it was hooked:—ah! and the scalding-hot coffee out of half-pint cups, and all other things in character.

"Well, captain, what do you think of the wind?

"'Pon my life I don't know what to make of it, master; it's something like the Irishman's hurricane at present, and that's next to a calm, but where it's to come out of by-and-by I don't rightly know, for it's anywhere and nowhere at present; hows'ever, I take it we'll have a bréeze afore long when the tide makes up channel, and I take it it's slacking in-shore afore now, so we've got a whole tide with us at any rate."

Sure enough it was a puzzler, for the breeze seemed rather to die off than freshen for awhile, and when we got beyond the eddies of the Sound we were in a calm. This, however, was soon exchanged for a nice little south-westerly breeze coming up on the top of the flood-tide as we had expected. And now the

little barkey moves once more, gracefully heeling over under the pressure of her ample and light canvass. We have a strong tide with us, smooth water, and the breeze " as fair as fair can be," so " who so happy, so happy as we."

There's the last of the Sound :—the " shag stone" and the " mew-stone" are passed, and the mouth of the little Yealme River hardly attracts our attention before it is shut in by Stoke Point, and we are in Bigbury Bay, where many a good ship has gone to pieces against the iron-hearted and *faced* rocks. Some interesting anecdotes connected with these said subjects our old shipmates had to tell, and others connected with the smuggling, which was formerly carried on extensively along this coast, and most especially where the rocks and the boiling waters were most forbidding. In this, at least, the age has considerably improved, for what with the bright look-out of the young officers who now have command of the preventive stations and cutters, not being wanted elsewhere, and partly the liberalism of our modern custom regulations, the smuggler's occupation's gone : at least it is hardly worth pursuing, and certainly not by itself, though it may still offer temptation to fishermen and pilots to " do a little" in the running line occasionally. Every now and then, indeed, the mischief gets head in a neighbourhood, owing to some run of luck on the part of the smugglers, and at last leads to a serious affray with the smugglers ; but I suppose such scenes as that so gra-

phically described in "Snarley Yow," by Captain Marryat, are not now to be met with.

By the way, we are somewhat in the predicament of the smugglers; we have had our "run," and are come pretty much to a stand-still. The sun, which has been becoming hotter and hotter every hour, has gradually "eaten up our wind," to use a sea phrase, and we are again in a horrid calm, the greatest nuisance connected with the sea, short of a downright hurricane. Talk of the tropics! I wonder where on earth one could get more comfortably broiled than just at the very spot and moment of which I am writing. Well might we have said with Thomson,

> "All-conquering heat, oh intermit thy wrath,
> And on my throbbing temples potent thus
> Beam not so fierce"

Here we are gently undulating upon the surface, principally owing to the rebound of the water carried by the tide against the rocky shore, and partly by the agitation occasioned by the stream below as it hurries over the rough bottom. The face of the water is indeed a perfect mirror, painfully reflecting the scorching sun on all sides: the vessels seen in the distance loom three times their proper size in the light haze, and lie listlessly and inanimate on the bosom of the deep. Our own sails, light as they are, flap sluggishly against the mast: the mast creaks and cries as if in impatience, and it is all in vain that the whole crew has been whistling for the last hour in hopes of

calling up a breeze. We did, indeed, "call the (breezy) spirits from the vasty deep," *but they would not come*. But, as Horace says, "Meluis fit patientia quicquid corrigere est nefas," so to it we went spinning yarns and blowing clouds—we could do *that*, though we could not create winds. By these means, and by sundry little divertisements, we got on pretty well; that is, in one sense, for in another our progress was indifferent enough. The tide, indeed, swept us on rapidly past the "Bolt-tail," and carried us up almost abreast of the "Bolt-head," but there it left us, or rather invited us to retire in its company the very way we had come. For a short time we were stationary, but ere long it was but too perceptible that we were retrograding, and the very most we could do was to tow and sweep our little craft close in-shore to the westward of the Bolt-tail, and so lie snug out of the tide way till the ebb should cease. This gave us a good opportunity of cooking and enjoying a nice little dinner, and also of philosophising upon the folly of fretting and repining at every obstruction met with in the path of life. We might have been much worse off. Indeed, we saw more than one large vessel which had been ahead of us, but further out in the channel, swept back by the tide, probably abreast of Plymouth: they could not get under the shore as we had done, and so paid the penalty of their greatness. The more one sees of the world the more clear is it that there is a compensating power at work in all things. The great enjoy

rank, fortune, ease and dignity, with all their concomitants: they suffer from offended pride, the demand of a still increasing expenditure, importunity, and a thousand annoyances which come not near the poor man's dwelling, who, earning his daily livelihood by the labour of his hands and the sweat of his brow, has few wants and fewer cares: whilst not unfrequently it may be said of those who has long been objects of envy to the world,

> "tolluntur in altum
> Ut lapsu graviore recant"

The huge whale disports itself in the mighty waters, and creating a whirlpool by its own force gorges a whole shoal of small fry thus drawn together; but the said monster of the deep is tormented almost, or quite, to death by the small insect which fastens itself within its jaws, and sucks, and sucks the life-blood of the leviathan secure from all evil, whilst such countless thousands hurry past it to afford subsistence to the living mass,—ay, and through its arteries, to the little insect firmly attached to the jaw. The giant oak long resists the storm, and is an object of admiration to man and beast, but at last it attracts the scathing lightning and the thunderbolt, and is left a seared and shapeless mass; or withstanding the winds of heaven, yields at last and falls prostrate, whilst the tender sapling by its side bends to the gale, offers no attraction to the electric fluid, and escapes. So we from the smallness of our craft were

enabled to get in out of the tide-way and hold our own, which larger vessels could not,—"Sic parvis componere magna solebam."

As we passed slowly along the rugged coast, one of our old tars pointed out a little cove, hardly distinguishable from the line of rocks on each side, and informed us, that it is commonly known by the name of "Margaret's Cove," and proceeded to tell us that "thereby hangs a tale:" this I shall endeavour to give you in a few words, though I shall hardly succeed, I fear, in transferring the interest into other language than his own.

I need not tell you, that for a long series of years, smuggling was very extensively carried on over the whole southern coast of England, nor that the government put forth its best energies to extinguish a trade which so materially injured its revenues, whilst it effectually vitiated the morals of the people within its sphere. In this continual contest between the breakers and the conservators of the laws, the greatest ingenuity was displayed on both sides, and the prize was generally gained by skill rather than by absolute force, though, occasionally, encounters of the most deadly description occurred between the smugglers and the coast-guardsmen.

Of course, the first object with a crew, or rather colony of smugglers, was to fix upon a spot on the coast where they had the best chance of landing their illicit cargoes, without the detection of their lynx-eyed adversaries: such spots were chosen rather for the difficulty, than the easiness of access; the greater

the difficulties, the less the likelihood of their being watched. For the same reason the hardy smugglers generally selected the darkest and most boisterous nights for running their cargoes ashore.

Of all the spots upon the coast, none afforded greater security to the daring and dauntless crew by which it was frequented, than that which was now pointed out to us. The line of iron-bound coast seems perfectly inaccessible for miles: the surges, even at low water, dashing against the base of the rugged cliffs, so as to render the approach of a boat almost impossible under any circumstances; the cliffs themselves again rise so abrupt and rugged, that to scale them without the least encumbrance is what few would choose to essay, much less could the boldest hope to carry up a keg of spirits or package of tea.

Careful examination, however, and the directions of the narrator, enabled us to detect a very small cave, into which the water flows and breaks upon a tiny beach of shingle at its back; immediately above this we were able to recognize what, at first, appeared only like a hollow in the face of the cliff, but which, after more careful examination with our glasses, we discovered to be a second cave of larger dimensions, but totally inaccessible from above or below.

Such was the *locale* occupied and used for many years by one of the boldest and most successful crews which braved all dangers in pursuit of their lawless calling; but how to render this unpromising spot available for their purposes?—a small stream of water, it seems, holds a rugged and precipitous course from

the country above, over the face of the cliff, a little to the westward of the caves, falling by a succession of small cataracts into the sea; by scrambling down this water-course from the top of the cliff, nearly to a level with the cave, a very narrow ledge was attained, along which it was just possible for those possessed of bold hearts, steady heads, and stout limbs, to walk, and even to carry burdens slung upon their shoulders. By such a path it was that the inhabitants of a small hamlet, three miles up the country, the nearest to the cliff, constantly frequented these caves for years, and introduced large quantities of contraband goods, undetected by the myrmidons of the revenue, who, in fact, never thought of suspecting the industrious and rural population of the hamlet, nor of watching very narrowly the cliff which appeared so inaccessible.

To detail more particularly the smuggler's system:—their boat, when not in use, was hauled up and secreted in the lower cave, where it was the less liable to detection, in as much as in those days, the coast, though strictly guarded on shore, was much less visited by cutters and boats than of late years: but how, in the midst of darkness and storm, was the adventurous band to direct their course precisely to the right spot, and thus to avoid the destruction which awaited them on either side?—When the boat was absent, the women of the hamlet took it by turns to descend every night, after dark, along the water course which passed through the village, over the face of the cliff, and along the ledge to the upper cave, in the back part of which they lighted a fire,

which they carefully tended till near the break of day, when leaving it still burning, they found their way back again to the village, by the same way, thus avoiding all trace of footsteps; if the boat was in the offing, the helmsman knew well that keeping the light of the fire full in view, he could not fail of running the boat into the lower cave, as the upper cave was so narrow, that the light could only be thrown straight out to sea; of course, under the most favourable circumstances, the greatest skill and coolness were required to put the boat safely into the cave, and upon the little beach: but in the rough nights chosen for the purpose, the danger was, indeed, imminent; yet such was the skill and steadiness of the smugglers, that no accident of serious import had ever happened, though, on many occasions, the heaviness of the surf had obliged the venturers to return to sea, and wait a more favourable opportunity. In most instances, however, the landing was effected, and the crew having gained access to the upper cave, by climbing up a rope ladder, which, by means of halyards they could fix even without assistance from above, the cargo was drawn up to the higher cave over the face of the cliff, either the same night, or the succeeding, and transported by degrees to the village and up the country.

Such was the system which had long been pursued successfully by the inhabitants of this sequestered spot, amongst whom, perhaps, there was less of evil than could reasonably be expected amongst a poor and neglected community, habitually, indeed, trans-

gressing the laws of their country, but under a conviction that they were only opposing cunning to oppression, daring to superior power.

Amongst this little community there was one who attracted much notice and general favour: a young girl of uncommon beauty, and no less spirit; at an early age she had lost both her parents, and had since been dependent upon the fostering care of her grandmother, to whose declining years she had been able amply to repay the debt incurred by early helplessness. Though the life and delight of the whole village, Margaret was always to be found at home at such hours as her aged parent's comforts required; though courted and caressed by all, her chiefest aim seemed to be to forestall the wants of her to whose affectionate solicitude she felt that she owed her very existence; ever foremost in the village dance, she was yet certain to steal away for a while, at the time when the old dame was accustomed to retire to bed, and to take her scanty supper;—happy the youth who could obtain permission to escort her to and from this office of love:—happy the youth who in any way, or at any time, could enjoy the company of her whose society was sought by all: she was, in fact, so general a favourite, and her deportment, though repulsive of familiarity, was so kind to all, that it was barely perceptible that at the age of seventeen she received with particular favour the devoted attentions of a young man, the handsomest, the bravest, the most daring of the smuggler's crew; the preference was first remarkable upon an occasion of the young man's

having incurred some extraordinary danger in the preservation of a comrade from imminent peril: it was then the soft expressive eye, and the flushed cheek of the village maid, proclaimed what had else been unknown; from that time the happy swain was always to be found at Margaret's side, whenever his avocation allowed him to be ashore, and however a few may have envied his happy lot, all but this few rejoiced at the prospect of seeing their pet so aptly mated. In about a year this propitious event occurred, and great was the festivity of the little community.

A new duty now devolved upon the happy Margaret: as the wife of one of the boat's crew, it fell to her share to take her turn at tending the nightly fire in the cave, and full well did she perform this, as well as every other duty, though the exposure to the inclemency of the winter nights was rather trying to her constitution. Many interesting anecdotes are told of the manner in which she overcame difficulties, and avoided dangers in the execution of her duty, but I shall not now dwell upon these.

In due time Margaret became the mother of a fine boy, the image of his father, the mother's joy, the pet of the village; a year rolled on, and the babe throve to the heart's content of all.

Margaret's happiness would have been complete, but that the increasing vigilance of the coast-guard made it necessary for her husband to be more absent from her, and augmented his danger of capture; still, habit is second nature, and even this failed to mar

materially the happy lot of this favoured one. A sad trial, however, now fell upon her: the little chubby Harry had hardly gone off upon his feet, toddling backwards and forwards between his mammy and his granny, (for the old woman yet lived, and was yet tended by the kind Margaret), when he was suddenly taken alarmingly ill with a violent fever, which yielded nothing to the prescriptions of the most notable old women of the parish, who, of course, all tendered their advice; it was to no purpose that the sweet boy was carefully guarded from every breath of air, that he was enveloped in extra bed-clothing, and drenched with sundry warm potions: the fever continued to rage; and on the third day his body was spotted in various parts with minute red points, which gave his mother great additional uneasiness; these increasing in number and in vividness, the next day she mildly, but firmly, expressed her determination to send for a neighbouring doctor, for there was none in her own village: upon his arrival, he immediately pronounced the disease to be small-pox; unequivocally condemned the practice of the old women, but, in fact, enjoined only a more rigorous observance of the very same system: the great object being to keep the child as warm as possible; still the disease continued unabated: nay, it gained ground, and the anxious mother was almost worn out by watching and grief, and the more so, as her husband was from home all the time on an expedition to the French coast.

It was on the third evening after the doctor had been called in, that the wretched mother sat watching

by the bed of her sick child, whilst the elements without seemed even more agitated than was her own mind: the rain was descending in torrents, the winds were roaring in frightful gusts: whilst darkness had thrown additional horror over the world. Margaret watched alone: for her grandmother, too feeble to be of use, had retired to bed, as had all the neighbours, the matronly portion of whom, to say truth, had been not a little offended by the transference of the charge from their own hands to that of the doctor, and Margaret had scarcely seen any of them since. She had been sitting for some time with her face buried in her hands, when a sudden frenzy seemed to seize her:—striking her palm against her forehead, and springing to her feet, she looked around her as one bewildered, exclaiming aloud,—"Heavens, what have I done? this is the third Wednesday of the month, assuredly it is! and I ought even now to be tending the signal-fire in the cave;—'tis the very day appointed for the return of the boat;—if I, whose business it was to tend the fire, have forgotten it, how is it likely that any one else would think of it?—who knows but even now the boat and all her crew are perishing for lack of the signal, ay! and my poor William amongst them:—horrible thought! and now what am I to do?—if I leave the child here alone, perhaps it may perish for want of attendance:—I dare not confide it to the old women, who are so angry at the doctor's coming, and Kate is herself, they tell me, very unwell, poor girl;—Betsy Long would come, I am sure, but both her children, I hear, are sickening.—The

Lord be merciful,—my brain swims!—yet this is no time for delay,—the husband must not be sacrificed to the doatings of the mother!—no, sweetest, you must forth with your poor mother, and face the storm.—I will shelter thee in my bosom: but it matters not, for the doctor has already said thy doom is fixed, but I would not have thee die alone!"

With these words, the unhappy mother hastily wrapped her dying infant in a blanket, and throwing an old cloak over her own shoulders, rushed wildly from the door, and plunged into the darkness. It had been raining all the evening, but it was now pouring in torrents from the heavens.

Little did Margaret heed the rain for herself, as she stooped over the infant she clasped to her breast, and endeavoured to keep the blanket round its form. In vain, however, were such efforts; the cruel wind conspired with the rain, and long ere she had reached the cave the poor child was thoroughly drenched. Fortunately she there found the large watch-cloak in its usual dry corner, and hastily throwing aside the dripping blanket she laid the infant within the ample folds of the cloak in the same dry corner of the cave. She then applied herself with energy to the lighting of the fire, the materials for which were at hand. Most assiduously did she ply her task, and most anxiously did she watch the sea beneath in hopes of catching a glimpse of the expected boat. For awhile she feared that the child, whom she visited occasionally, was sinking, but after a time she be-

came convinced that it slept, and was astonished to find how sound and refreshing was the sleep.

So anxious was her watch that night that the day stole upon her quite unawares, and when her attention was drawn to it the light was so strong that she dared not leave the cave lest she should be seen on the road from the cliffs by the look-out men of the guard, and thus betray the great secret of the gang. She lay, therefore, all that day without other sustenance than a little water and a bit of old biscuit which had been left there by a former watcher. Wonderful to say, when the child awoke late in the day it seemed in all respects another being; the fever had abated, the head was evidently clearer—its voice more cheerful, and its strength recruited. Margaret was astonished at the change, and throwing herself upon her knees beside her darling boy, poured forth an earnest thanksgiving to the Giver of all Good for this unexpected mercy, and a no less earnest prayer that he would be pleased to continue the good work which he had taken in hand. To one conclusion she felt irresistibly led, viz., that if Providence had been pleased so signally to improve the condition of the child whilst exposed to the inclemency of the preceding night, it could not be in accordance with the general laws which He had impressed upon his creatures that in such cases the very opposite mode of treatment should be adopted, and she firmly determined that she would in future try the use of a cooling plan instead of the heating which had had so

full a trial with so ill effect. It was with a heavy heart, however, notwithstanding the joy infused into her mind by the improved condition of the child, that she left the cave the next night and with many a charge to her successor to keep up a good fire. The rain was again descending in pitiless torrents, and again the child was soaked on her way home. Arrived at her dwelling she of course put the child into a dry bed, but carefully abstained from heaping it with any unnecessary clothing, and to her joy another night of tranquil sleep refreshed the little sufferer, who from that time went on to a perfect recovery.

Alas! poor Margaret had little comfort even from this circumstance, for her whole soul was occupied by anxiety on account of her beloved husband, aggravated by the circumstance of the non-arrival of any tidings of the boat, but on the contrary, numerous kegs of spirits had been picked up in various directions about the neighbouring coast, whilst several spars of a boat had been seen floating about, and excited the liveliest alarm in the whole community. Some little relief was obtained in the course of a day or two by the wreck of a boat being discovered amongst the rocks which was clearly French, and from which no doubt the tubs of spirits, as well as the spars, &c. had floated.

It was more than a week, however, before the community at large was relieved from its anxiety and grief by the return of the long missing and anxiously-expected boat. Alas! that boat which brought joy to others, brought only woe, deep, unutterable woe to

poor Margaret. The tale they told was this.—After a successful voyage to the coast of France they had returned in company with their French partners with a large cargo of spirits which they intended to run on shore at several trips, whilst the French boat lay off. An arrangement had been made on the French coast of an important nature, immediately upon the return of the French boat, but as the best-laid plans will occasionally be frustrated by unforseen events, it happened in the present case that the French boat sprung so serious a leak, when more than half-way across the channel, that it was with difficulty she could be kept afloat to reach the English shore, and it was quite apparent that she never could get back without repair.

To run her into the cave was a matter of great difficulty on account of her size, especially as there was a heavy sea going, but there was, in fact, no alternative; she was settling under her crew. In this extremity William volunteered to go on board the sinking boat and run her for the cave; at the same time it was determined that the English boat should return at once to France to keep the engagement, which, as I have said, was of much importance. The two boats therefore parted company. Much did it puzzle the bold William not to be able to make out the accustomed light in the cave, but alternative there was none, and at all hazards he was obliged to steer his crazy craft onwards as best he might by the occasional glimpse of the stars. These, however, were too transitory to allow him to obtain the bearings

with any certainty, and hardly to his own surprise he failed in attaining the desired haven; the boat struck stem on against a bold part of the cliff, and instantly went to pieces. All—all perished in those merciless surges, the brave William amongst the number; his last thought still bent upon his beloved Margaret and darling boy; happily he died in ignorance of the cause which prevented the fire from being lighted. Such, at least, was the surmise naturally drawn from the circumstances of the case, and especially from the discovery of several of the bodies of the Frenchmen along the coast; that of the unfortunate William was not amongst them.

The effects of this terrible catastrophe upon the mind of the poor widow may more easily be conceived than described; the bereavement would in itself, and alone, have overpowered her, but when to it was added the consciousness that she herself had been the cause of all the evil, words cannot depict the anguish of that poor overburthened mind. It was in vain that her friends and associates endeavoured to cheer and prevent her from brooding over her misfortunes, and especially the cause of them. From a state of almost frantic excitement she gradually sank into one of despondency and gloom. Totally abstracted from the world, she hardly even for a time attended to her boy, though occasionally she would sit weeping for hours beside him as he slept. By degrees, indeed, she became more calm; a change attributable chiefly to the constant perusal of those holy scriptures which can pour consolation into the heart when nothing else

can touch it. Still her reason was evidently shaken ; her demeanour was, indeed, more rational especially as shown in the care and attention which she bestowed on her boy, who was always more neatly dressed than any other child in the village, and less in mischief and harm's way when not at the school, but in other respects her reason hardly sufficed to enable her to obtain a livelihood by the work of her needle. Year after year thus rolled on without any remarkable change in the poor young widow's state. One thing about her was very remarkable ; by some means quite inconceivable, she always recognised the anniversary of her misfortune, and repaired in the evening to the cave where she lighted and tended during the whole night a large fire ; the only one which now scared the wild fowl from the recesses which had been peaceably resigned to them from a period soon after the loss of the French boat.

This change was attributable perhaps in some degree to the accident, at least it was supposed that it was in consequence of the discovery of the tubs of spirits, and the corpses floating about, that the suspicions of the coast-guard were attracted so much to this part of the coast that it was watched with double care, and rendered quite unfit for the continued operations of the smuggler's crew. The lower cave it seems was discovered by a boat's crew from a revenue cutter sent round on purpose to examine that part of the coast, and that led to the finding of the upper cave, but still the path to the latter escaped detection.

The consequence of this discovery was that the smuggler's crew was broken up: some of the more adventurous took the boat to a more promising locality, whilst some embarked on board vessels and took to a more lawful mode of livelihood.

It was now the seventh anniversary of poor Margaret's misfortune, and the heavens seeming to sympathise with that unfortunate being, poured down torrents as they had done seven years before;—darkness as then prevailed to a painful extent, only made more horrible by the vivid flashes of lightning which occasionally illuminated the skies, and for a moment rendered all things distinctly visible. Upon this occasion little Henry had accompanied his mother to the cave as he had done on the last two or three, for he had come to feel an interest in taking care of her. He had fallen asleep in a corner of the cave, whilst his mother continued to pile fuel upon the fire, and to strain her anxious eyes into the dark distance. Suddenly he was awoke by hearing her exclaim as she sprang to her feet, "Merciful powers! it is he—it is William!!—I saw him as the lightning flashed!—safe, safe, safe!!!" With these words she fell heavily on the ground in a deep swoon, and so close to the fire that she would inevitably have been burned had not the boy dragged her away. All his efforts, however, to recover her were in vain for a long time, when he fortunately bethought him of the expedient of filling his cap with water at the stream close at hand, and throwing it over her face: this produced a deep-drawn breath, and presently con-

sciousness returned, when she exclaimed with eagerness, " hush! hush!—I hear his voice!—I know it well;" a relapse seemed to be imminent, when a moment's calm enabled them to hear a voice distinctly calling out from below. The anxious mother and no less anxious son now approached as nearly as possible to the edge of the cliff and hallooed out to give notice of their presence. Those below now called out for the rope to be lowered: this was a new difficulty, for rope they had none. At last, however, the lad suggested that they should fix together a number of the small withies and some pieces of cord with which the faggots had been bound, which they had brought from time to time to feed the fire. By this means a communication was established, and a rope being attached to the lower end by those below was drawn up, and then a stronger rope. This last, by directions from below, was carefully made fast round a rock at the back of the cave, when six men climbing up it successively made their appearance. The first of these was a remarkably fine-looking, but weather-beaten man, whose demeanour astonished Henry not a little, for seeing his mother he devoured her with kisses and embraces, whilst she, poor thing, had again fallen into a deeper swoon than ever—and it was long before she could be in any degree recalled to life: even then reason seemed to have been annihilated, and after drawing her hand once or twice over the rough face which leant over her, she relapsed into a state of unconsciousness. It was only then that William ascertained that the boy beside

him was his own son, when his joy was, as may well be imagined, great. From him he learned by little and little much of the history of the past time, and especially of his poor mother's weakened intellect, and of the entire dispersion of the gang.

In the morning, after daylight, for he had now nothing to fear from the coast-guard, being free from all smuggling transactions, he bore his still unconscious wife up the well-known cliff to the village, where his appearance and that of the other woebegone mariners excited, as may well be supposed, the greatest astonishment. His story was eagerly sought by the whole community, the members of which that day neglected their various occupations to welcome home their long-lost companion.

Well knowing, it seems, the danger to which he was exposed on the night he attempted to run the French boat into the cave without the guidance of the signal-fire, he had held himself prepared for the worst, and at the instant when the bow of the boat struck the rock he sprang over the stern, and diving vigorously swam away from the rocks with all his strength, which was considerable. Happily for him it was ebb tide, which assisted him in keeping clear of the rocks, and by great good luck he came in contact with two of the spirit-tubs, a number of which had been thrown overboard as they approached the shore in order to lighten the boat. They had fortunately been previously slung in pairs ready for carrying on the shoulders. He was not long in adjusting these after the fashion of a pair of corks

under his arms with the cord across his chest, and by this means he floated for some hours, when he was most providentially discovered by the crew of a whaling vessel outward-bound with a fair wind. Of course he was taken on board, but the captain was too much pleased with the fair wind to go into any port to land him, and therefore kept on his course, promising to put him on board one of the many vessels with which they were sure to meet in the chops of the channel. As it happened, however, they never came within hail of any such vessel, and the captain was well pleased to have got so good a hand.

"After three years' absence in the fishing seas, the vessel had just entered the channel on her return home when she was boarded by a press-gang, and poor William found himself again sailing away from the wife and the home of his heart without being able to hold any communion with them.

He had written from the South Seas, but the letter having been committed to the care of a sailor on board of a homeward-bound vessel had never found its way to her hand, and so again a letter addressed by him from the West India station had miscarried, and thus poor Margaret had continued in painful ignorance of his preservation.

From the West Indies he had, after a service of three years and a half, been invalided home, but the vessel in which he sailed proving leaky had foundered on the night of his extraordinary re-appearance. The crew and passengers had embarked in the long-boat and perished, but William, together

with five other good hands, having taken to the gig, had continued to keep her alive in the midst of a most tremendous sea, till, pulling they hardly knew whither and nearly exhausted, they were at last attracted by the light in the cave, which after a time was fully recognised by William, and served as a beacon, guided by which he brought the boat in safety to the cave.

Poor William! his pleasure was long destroyed by the terrible brain fever which afflicted his wife in consequence of the shock and excitement occasioned by his re-appearance, but the Merciful Providence which had preserved him hitherto still smiled upon him, and in about six weeks his beloved Margaret was in a fair way of recovery, and the fever being subdued wrought beneficially upon her system, for as she recovered bodily strength it became apparent that her reason was returning, and in another month she was seen hanging on the arm of her beloved William on her way to church attended by the smart little Harry.

William had saved a little in his voyages which he had remitted home through one of his officers, and this enabled him after he had obtained his discharge to live respectably upon a little farm which he took, and which throve wonderfully under the combined influence of his industry and Margaret's carefulness. "They still live," the old man added, "in their native village, the pattern of all that is good, and the admiration of their neighbours. Harry is a warrant-officer on board a man-of-war."

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,"—that which ruled our destinies had now slacked, and the long line of corks attached to the lobster-pots, were no longer carried under water by the current, but floated listlessly about, enjoying a respite as it were, from turmoil; short respite, however, for ere our anchor was up, and the sails set, they were again carried in the up-channel direction, by the young flood, in company with which, too, we now began to crawl up along. As yet there was little wind, and all our canvass was spread to catch it, though that was no easy matter, for it veered and veered about in all directions: "there was no truth in it," as our old tars expressed it. There was, however, a prospect of wind from some quarter, for the sky had become gradually and almost imperceptibly overcast with dark double-headed clouds, the reflection of which gave a sombre hue to the smooth sea, and an appearance of profundity which it had not before.

Ah! there it comes, sure enough,—see the dark blue ripple in the distance, to the south-east, how rapidly it approaches;—and now, see it brings along with it a sparkling line of bubbles on the tops of the tiny waves:—and, bless me! how very dark and lowering the sky has become!

"Come I say, mate, I'm thinking we'd better be stowing away that 'ere gaff-topsail.'

"Well, it do look dirty, that's for sartain, so luff her up a bit, and let's in with it."

No sooner said than done; "If 'twere well 'twere done, 'twere well 'twere done quickly," was here ve-

rified, for as we luffed up, we met the breeze, and the sails shivered again, as we lay too taking in the gaff-topsail, shifting jibs, and taking a reef in the main-sail.

"Come, let's try her with that:—let go the fore-sail, and steady aft the jib-sheet: but I'm thinking, master, it wouldn't be a bad thing just to run into Salcombe, if we can fetch it out o' this 'ere."

"Why, do you think we shall have bad weather?"

"I'm sure we shall: we'll have thunder afore long, and a cap-full o' wind, I promise you;—don't you see that 'ere hound up in the sky," pointing to a bit of a rainbow, "he ain't there for nothing:—I'd give two-pence we was in Salcombe now."

"I say, mate, you may as well shift that foresail, for it presses her uncommon, and doesn't stand to wind with the other sails.—Ah! there you are now, you see she's as easy as a duck under that canvass, and goes along all the faster: that's your sort, gem'-men, there ain't a boat out of Plymouth that will beat the Nancy in a stiff breeze, on a wind; see what a floor she's a got,—she is a *leetle* wet or so, in fact, when the seas are so short, there's no keeping 'em out;" this last part of the sentence was intended to explain the two or three sharp flying little waves which had successively drenched us, for already the sea had got up: all around was suddenly called into life and activity; what a little time before had been the smooth surface, was now boiling, and hissing, and foaming, for the brisk breeze, meeting the now

flowing tide, soon knocked up a dust, as the seamen called it.

Everything indicated the prudence of abiding by the old tar's recommendation to get into Salcombe, if possible: no easy matter by the way, for we had to make several tacks, before we could open the marks for making the mouth of the harbour; at last we had got far enough to windward to run in, which we did with some little anxiety, not only on account of the heaviness of the squall, which came on just at the time, but from knowing, and indeed seeing, that there were several large rocks in the middle of the narrow passage, giving pretty fair warning that there might be others not visible: we shot past these, however, with the rapidity of the wind, carrying along at our bow a bright flashing feather of foam, which eddied away astern, contrasting strongly with the dark gloomy water, which reflected back the angry appearance of the skies, now overspread with black clouds, portending terrible things. Short time had we to admire two or three lovely villas which occupy the plateau, on the side of the hill which constitutes the western bank of the small river, with their bright lawns, gay flowers, and glass-houses, most of whose fine plants were now in the open air, enjoying a temperature almost equal to that of the Mediterranean; little time had we now to observe these points as fully as we could have wished, for as we shot past the rocks, our eyes were dazzled, and our ears stunned, by a vivid flash of lightning, and a loud crash of

thunder; the last reverberating from side to side among the hills, had hardly ceased to peal, before another and louder crash spoke to us of real danger, reminding us forcibly of Byron's sublime description of a thunder-storm among the Alps.

> Far along,
> From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
> Leaps the live thunder! not from one lone cloud,
> But every mountain now hath found a tongue.
> * * * * *
> Now where the quick stream hath cleft his way,
> The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand;
> For here, not one, but many, make their play,
> And fling their thunder-bolts from hand-to-hand,
> Flashing and cast around; of all the band,
> The brightest through these parted hills hath fork'd
> His lightnings,—as if he did understand,
> That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
> There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurk'd.
>
> *Childe Harold*, Canto iii.

The whole passage is, to my mind, one of the poet's noblest productions; I have only transcribed that part which was most peculiarly applicable to our situation.

Flying literally upon the wings of the storm, we shot up abreast of the little town in no time, and indeed, could hardly check our onward course, even under bare poles: by the help of our anchor, which we let go, just as the over-charged clouds poured down upon us a torrent of rain, in drops of the most tremendous size and weight, which continued to fall for some time, whilst the thunder pealed over head, and gradually receded to a distance, where it conti-

nued to boom for many hours; we had, in fact, experienced its utmost violence, though happily without absolute injury.

It was late when the storm was sufficiently abated to allow of our going on shore, and finding that there was no particular inducement to doing so, we determined to stow ourselves away in our little cabin, where, in fact, we made ourselves very comfortable, with the help of some warm coffee, and the various reminiscences which the evening had called up in our minds.

Perhaps now, you might not think it very pleasant to be shut up in a small cabin, with the rain plashing down over your head, the thunder booming away in the distance, the lightning flashing at intervals through the sky-light, and causing your lamp to hide its diminished head: but then you must take all the concomitants into account, before you come to a conclusion; first and foremost, just think how uncommonly agreeable to have got into a snug harbour, out of the gale of wind, and the dust which it has knocked up by this time in the channel, where, in fact, we might have come to harm: then, isn't it a comfort to have shifted one's toggery, and got a dry suit on?—and isn't it mighty agreeable to warm one's hands and feet at the little stove, and to sip a warm cup of coffee? and over and above all, to dally with a capital cigar, and chat away of scenes and pleasures past: in fact, to spin our yarns, and so to concentrate some of the most notable incidents of our several lives, into one hour, and that, too, with the advantage of

novelty, for you must understand, that our society would have been by no means complete, without our two jolly old tars, men who enjoyed the admission into our society, yet knew their station too well to attempt to discard their true characters, and to assume an undue degree of familiarity: there they sat, enjoying their glass of grog, listening with interest to our stories, and occasionally giving us a yarn in exchange; every one to his taste, as the proverb saith, but all this suited mine vastly well.

A little pause in the conversation gave me an opportunity of reminding my friend of his promise to give us an account of his adventure in Switzerland; he readily complied. Much of the effect must necessarily be lost in my transcription: I wish I could give it you in his own language, and indeed, ventured to beg him to put it on paper for me, but finding that it would be rather a tax upon his time, I withdrew my request, and must e'en do the best I can from memory.

"The evening," said he, "is appropriate enough for the recollection of my little adventure, for it commenced amidst the war of elements, the roar of thunder, and the lightning's flash, such as we have seen for the last two or three hours. Here the storm has not been devoid of interest and of grandeur, the hills have lent their echoes, and the waters their mirror, but upon the sides of the Wengeen Alps, one of Switzerland's wildest ranges of mountains, where the storm first burst upon us, the grandeur of the scene was indeed beyond description, and the stoutest heart

might have quailed as the thunder's intermitting roar, mingled with the eternal clamour of the cataract, and the fitful howling of the wind, alternated with the avalanche's crash, and the shivering fall of the glacier's icy pinnacles, now shaken from their places by the reverberation of the thunder, as the loud peals were echoed from rock to rock, and wandered among the cliffs, in an almost fruitless search after the realms of silence.

"We that were inexperienced in such matters, could seldom make ourselves heard amidst the din around us, but the guides, more accustomed to such scenes, readily made themselves heard, even when calling to us from a distance; this they effected, not by excessive loudness, but by pitching their voices in a totally different key from the grave sounds which absorb anything approaching to themselves in tone; this, by-the-bye, brought to our minds a highly interesting scene in Anne of Geierstein. It was with difficulty that we made our way along the best of the mountain-paths, against the tremendous wind, but at times we were really in danger of being blown over the precipices, as we rounded the angles of the rocks. Slowly and laboriously we wended onwards, and the shades of evening were closing around us, when we came in sight of the lowly *châlet* which was designed to have afforded us a meal, on our road to the better quarters in which we had calculated upon spending the night.

"Darkness had set in ere we had, in some degree, refreshed ourselves, and the horrors of the storm

were now rendered more appalling by the vividness of the lightning's play amongst the snow-capped mountains, and reflected in all directions by the icy pinnacles of the glaciers. Even under shelter as we were, there was much of terror around us, but to expose ourselves to the inclemency of the weather, in the prosecution of our expedition, was out of the question.

"Under these circumstances, you will readily understand that we agreed to make ourselves as comfortable as we could for the night, where we were: that we drew sociably round the fire, and enjoyed a nice little supper, and a glass of something hot, to keep the cold out. We found one or two travellers like ourselves, German students, in the little inn, and their conversation caused the evening to pass away pleasantly enough, though occasionally the loud tones of the thunder, or the crash of some larger avalanche, caused a suspension in our chat, and recalled us to a sense of the dreary and somewhat fearful situation in which we were.

"We were not the only persons affected by the weather, for we could see through a door into a large kitchen adjoining, in which were assembled several rough-looking peasants, driven in, as it would seem, by the violence of the storm; in the course of the evening, we found that their number gradually increased, and that the best understanding prevailed amongst them. I could not help remarking that they were a very rough-looking set, and that many

of them might have made good subjects for the pencil.

"The night wore on, and at length we proposed to retire to rest: there was but one dormitory on the same floor, and in this there were, fortunately, beds enough for us all: my companions were soon asleep.

"The raging elements, the scenes of the day and evening, had all taken too firm a hold upon my mind to allow me so soon to sink into unconsciousness: imagination claimed her prerogative, and insisted upon working upon the materials collected by the senses. Amongst other things, I could not help reflecting how completely we were in the power of the band collected in the house, and the possibility of their being collected, not so much by accident, as design; I grew nervous and watchful.

"Suddenly I found reason to be thankful that I had been so. I could, indeed, scarcely believe my own eyes, or credit the reality of that which just before I had fancied so probable. All had been still for some time; it was evident from their heavy breathing that my companions slept; the distant murmur of voices in the kitchen had ceased for some time; the very elements had gone to rest, and a dread stillness had succeeded to the din which had so long surrounded, and almost deafened us. It was a season for deeds of horror, and of such I found myself about to become one of the subjects. First I heard the latch of the door lifted cautiously, and then there was a long pause; it seemed to me as if some one was listening;

presently a faint light was cautiously thrown into the room from the hand of a stalwarth figure, who, holding a small lamp over his head, peered cautiously into the room, and then advanced a step or two noiselessly, hastily glancing at the different sleepers. I was furthest from the door, and I took care that the light should not fall upon my eyes. The leader of the band, for such he evidently was, next turned and made some signal to those without the door, who now advanced stealthily and noiselessly into the room. One, two, three, six—a whole band! and armed with rustic weapons; heavens! could it be that in these peaceful regions so foul a deed was about to be perpetrated! I had read of such things, but I was well-nigh stupified at finding myself involved in such a horrible tragedy. I was puzzled, too, to determine how to act; it was evident that had we all been standing on our defence we could have had no chance against such odds, but for my companions awaking out of sleep to make successful resistance against an armed banditti was not to be thought of. On the other hand it was possible that the robbers might be content with ransacking and pillaging our pockets without taking our lives, provided they could do it in secrecy. To move was certain death, and I lay still in a perfect agony of suspense. Slowly and cautiously the band advanced towards my end of the room, carefully inspecting the sleepers as they passed; it was evident that they intended to distribute themselves so as to master us all simultaneously upon any movement. Our moments were numbered, the leader advanced to

the very head of my bed; the work of destruction, or at least, of pillage, was about to commence, when nature assumed the mastery. I sprung from my couch, seized the leader and called out murder, when I was arrested by the powerful arm of my own valet, exclaiming, '*Mon Dieu, monsieur, que fais tu? nous allons nous coucher.*'

"'Villain,' I exclaimed, 'you were about to murder and plunder us in company with this horde of robbers. Where, sir, where, are the beds to which you were going?' I added with a sneer, which however, was somewhat modified as I observed that the whole band looked not only frightened, but most peaceable. Again the valet requested that I would return to bed, and that all should be immediately explained. By this time my companions were awake, and although somewhat startled at first, they were more readily pacified by the multiplied apologies and explanations of our host, who, at last, convinced even me that no harm was intended; that he and his farm labourers, together with some weather-bound peasants, had waited in the kitchen until they thought that we were asleep, before retiring to rest in a large loft over our room, which could only be attained by a small ladder and a trap-door near the head of my bed; that he had preceded the others with a light to ascertain that their passage through the room would not disturb us, and that their stealthy and noiseless steps had been caused by the same desire not to annoy us.

"It was evident that the tale was true, and it was

with a feeling something akin to shame that I saw them ascend the ladder one by one. My nerves, however, were a good deal shaken, and though thoroughly convinced of the honesty of the peasants above, it was some hours before I could compose myself to sleep, and even then I dreamed of strife and murderous bloodshed. The old proverb says, 'you may as well kill a man as frighten him to death.' I certainly experienced that night all the horrors of being in the hands of a fierce banditti, save only the actual infliction of the blow which I expected was to terminate my existence. All circumstances considered, too, I do not see that my alarm was of a cowardly nature." To this we unanimously assented.

"And they didn't cut your throats then arter all?" exclaimed old Tom, who had been so absorbed by the interest of the tale as hardly to comprehend the explanation; "well I'm blessed if ever I heard tell o' such a thing as that; why if it har'n't a made my throat as dry and as husky as ever was a caboose chimney. I say, master, no offence I hope, but I *should* like another drop o' grog just to clear the pipes, and to drink your honour's health."

A good stiff glass being handed to each of our guests, Tom pursued—"Long life to your honour, and I hope you'll never fall in with any real thieves to cut your throat. To tell you the truth, I'm half inclined to think now that them 'ere chaps warn't above half honest, and that if you hadn't a been awake they'd may be have cut the throats of you all, or, at least, ransacked your pockets and carried off the shot."

My friend assured him that he was perfectly satisfied of the honesty of the mountaineers.

"Ah, well," said he of the sea, "I don't know, but I've been so comflustered a-hearing you tell about it, that I never can think but what there was some mischief in the wind if one could but get at the truth on't, but that, in coorse, you never can; what do you think on't, Bill?"

"Why, as to the matter o' that," said Bill, "if the gemman's satisfied I harn't no right to complain, nor you neither, Tom; and may be arter all it was all a mistake o' both sides, as happened once when I was a sailing in an Ingyman during war time."

We pricked up our ears and begged to hear how that was.

"Why," replied Bill, "its no great story to tell, but there war' a many on us thought summut on it whilst it war' a going on; its a many years now, but I mind it as if it war' but last week. Oh lor, oh lor, it warn't likely as I'd forget it; I never seed such a go in my life," and then the old fellow chuckled and laughed again in the height of enjoyment.

"Well, heave a-head mate," said his companion, and let's have the rights on't, and may be we'll laugh too. I don't think I've heerd you spin that yarn, though I've heerd you spin a-many."

"Well I dare say you mightn't, for it's only this gemman's yarn as has made me think on't now. Well, you see, gemmen, the thing happened o' this fashion. In the war time you've heerd tell that the greatest

number o' marchant ships made their passage out and home in fleets under charge of some o' the king's ships that the enemy mightn't nab 'em; and again, others of the marchant sarvice was what we calls running ships, and made their passages as they best might singly. By that means they sailed when they pleased, and as they pleased, and so had the best o' the markets at home and abroad; but then, in coorse, they run'd a precious sight more risk o' being overhauled by the French privateers. Some on 'em, you must understand, depended altogether upon their heels, whilst others had teeth to bite, that is, guns and extra hands to work 'em, and carried letters of marque, that is, license to make war, and take and make prizes of vessels belonging to the enemy. Well it did so happen one time I was shipped aboard one of these 'ere vessels o' marque, and a fine craft she war' as ever walked under canvass, a regular fast un; wet she war', and no mistake, but then a vessel can't well be very fast and very dry, 'specially with a large spread o' canvass on a wind; bless you, she *must* go through the crest o' the waves and there's an end on't. Well, this 'ere craft was a uncommon rakish looking thing, and she was painted all the world over like one o' your sloops o' war. She was chock full o' sugar, and moreover, we'd a-got a sight of passengers aboard, men, women, and children, for she'd made two or three uncommon lucky passages ye see, and was quite a favourite. Well, now just you look here; in them 'ere days the skippers hadn't a com'd to find out the short cut across the Atlantic, but went in a

regular way round about handy the banks of Newfoundland; 'cause why? they'd a notion that if it war' the longest by knots, it war' the shortest by time, by reason o' the winds a being more favourable in that course: they knows better now; hows'ever, in them days, as I was a saying, that was the course o' the homeward-bound ships from the Ingies. So you see, gemmen, (and I takes the liberty at the same time to drink all your very good healths once more), in coorse it warn't to be wondered at that we fell in with a thick fog, such as you seldom see any where else; well, sure enough there we war' a peering and a peering through this darkness visible, for two mortal days, and never a seeing half a cable's length off, and more oftener losing sight o' the bowsprit of our own ship. Sorrowful work that is I can tell you at the best o' times, but more particklerly in war, when you're in a hurry to make a passage out of the way o' the enemy's cruisers and privateers. Well, on the arternoon of the second day a bit o' a breeze sprung up, and little by little the fog rolls away and we begins to rub up our eyes and see if we could use 'em or no arter lying by so long. 'Wheugh,' says the second mate, a sharp young chap, as was standing by the binnacle, 'what d'ye call that?' says he to the man at the wheel. 'I don't see nothing,' says t'other. 'Well, I think I do,' says the mate, and with that he takes the glass from the binnacle and off he goes into the main-top. Well, in less than a minute down he comes, and never says nothing to nobody, but walks very quietly down the companion to the captain as was

a sitting at table with the passengers after dinner, and says he, 'If you please, sir, could you step upon deck a minute?' 'Why what's the matter?' cried out several voices at once, but he never makes no answer, 'cause, you see, he didn't want to frighten the passengers, but up he goes again. The captain follows him up, and then the mate points out to him what by this time it was plain to see was a large schooner a standing on towards us upon the other tack. The captain he gives her a long look, and with that his countenance falls like a man that felt he'd got the worst of it. 'That's a privateer,' says he, as sure as I'm alive, and its to prison we're a going at this minute.' He didn't mean that the last part o' what he said should be heerd, but he couldn't help speaking it, neither could he help its being heerd, for as he turned away from the mate there was one of the passengers t'other side on him, as had come up to see what was going on, to report to the rest. Well, as was nat'rel enough, he, that is the passenger, was a little taken a-back at first, but he was soon all right again, and arter he'd a looked at the strange sail a bit, says he, 'do you really think she's a privateer, captain?' 'There bean't no doubt on't, sir,' says the skipper, 'she's rigged a bit clumsily or so, but that's all gammon, just that she mightn't frighten people and so that she may take them unawares, but that game won't do with old birds; I see what she's made of, and what she's arter; and you may take my word she'll be down upon us in no time, with her decks as full o' men as a hive's full o' bees.'

" 'Well, but what's to be done, captain?' says the passenger.

" 'Faith! there's not much to be done, sir, she'll sail two feet to our one, you may depend on't, and as to fighting her, it's out of the question.'

" 'Bless my heart, captain,' says t'other, 'I'm surprised to hear you say so; I should think we might have been more than a match for her.'

" 'Love your heart, sir,' says the captain, 'look you here, it's all very well for a ship like this to have a brush with another armed vessel of her own class, and mayhap to make a prize or so of a merchantman, but it's no manner o' use thinking that ever she can contend with a regular armed vessel that can sail round her and has ten men to her one; it ain't to be thought on, and I'll not run my crew and passengers into danger; it's bad enough for 'em to be clapped into a French prison, but it would be ten times worse to be knocked about by that fellow's guns, and what's more, if we shows fight and gets beaten, as we surely must, why they'll come aboard like so many buccaneers, and, not to speak of hanging me up, the Lord have mercy on the passengers!'

"The latter part of this speech was heard, I must tell you, by a many of the passengers as had come up on deck to see what kept the first gentleman from bringing them the news, and the word being soon passed from one to the other a pretty commotion there was, as you may be sure. I never seed the like on't. Some there were a crying, some a fainting, some a swaggering; but most a begging and a

praying that there might be no fighting; and one lady begged as a partickler favour of the captain that he'd just put her ashore till the skrimmage was over.

"Hows'ever, the passenger as had come up first was a man o' metal, and so he gets the captain away again, and says he, 'Captain,' says he, 'you know the owners of this vessel are particular friends o' mine, and you know that she's got a valuable cargo on board, and that she's armed to defend that cargo; well, now I tell you plainly, that you're not doing your duty by the owners, and if you don't attend to me and fight that Frenchman, you may be sure I'll report you to the owners, and you'll *never* have another ship if you come out of the French-prison to-morrow.'

"Well, with that the captain looks all of a flustration, and he bites his lip, and looks the gemman hard in the face a waiting to see what more he'd got to say, but on the *contrary* he was a waiting for the captain's answer.

"At last the captain says, 'Well, sir, may be you're right and I'm wrong, but at any rate I meant to do for the best; and don't you suppose, sir, that I'm afraid to fight as far as I'm concerned myself, it's for others I'm thinking:—I'd as lief fight as not, but I don't like the responsibility; hows'ever, if you'll take the responsibility off my shoulders on that score, I'm your man, and I'll fight as long as you please, though I don't think it will be any good.'

"'That's right,' says the passenger, 'I'll take the

blame: I'll undertake to say that the owners would wish you to fight.'

"'Well, well, sir,' says the captain, 'here goes then;' and with that he sets to work getting the ship into fighting trim, which many of the men didn't much like, for few men like fighting in a marchantman though they might be bull-dogs aboard a man-o'-war: somehow they ain't at home fighting if they haven't got a pennant over their heads. I say *many* of them, though there's been many a gallant thing done in trading vessels, as all the world knows. Well, to cut a long story short, down comes the schooner as if she'd made up her mind to lay aboard of us and have done with it as quickly as possible. Several of our passengers had volunteered to fight, and a precious rumpus there was amongst their wives and sisters and what not, and hard work it was to keep them below out o' harm's way, for a woman's like a horse, more apt to run right into a fire than away from it when she's frightened, and 'specially when she's afeärd for them she loves. Well, by-and-by comes a shot, which goes right over our heads and does us no great harm.

"'Come,' says the skipper, 'if that's what you're at it's time to shew the bunting, so just hoist the ensign, and if we must fight, let's do it like hearts of oak.'

"No sooner said than done, up goes the old flag, and our chaps give a hearty cheer, and now it's all for who'll be foremost in the fight, though by orders

our shots was saved till they could *tell*, when the skipper sings out, 'Holloa there! what's the chap up to now?—I'm bless'd if that ain't the English ensign as he's a hoisting at his peak;' and so it war' sure enough: and up she goes into the wind, whilst all hands aboard of her jump upon the bulwarks and give three hearty English cheers. Well, sirs, you should have seen the joy of our folks at this, and heard them a cheering: bless you, it warn't the twinkling of an eye before all the women was upon deck a crying, and a kissing, and a waving of their handkerchiefs, and pretty nigh beside themselves at their deliverance from the dread of fighting, and imprisonment, and all sorts o' horrors. In coorse our captain heaves-to the ship, and in a little while the captain of the schooner comes aboard, and such a greeting as there was between the captains you never saw, for you see the fact was that when they on board the schooner, which was a trader, saw us, they set us down for a French cruiser, and made sure of going to prison; 'But,' says the captain, 'the only chance in the world for us is to put a good face on it, and as we are rather rakish-looking, to make the fellows believe that we're armed and ready and anxious to fight, in which case perhaps they'll sheer off;' so on he comes, never shewing any colours till he'd seen our'n; and well it was as we hoisted them when we did, or there might have been some terrible mischief between friends. So you see, sir, mistakes occur on water as well as by land."

"That's a long yarn, Bill," says his mate, "and it's all ended in smoke."

"Why hardly so either, for you see there was only one gun fired, and so there warn't much smoke; but it ended in *grog* though, and that puts me in mind to finish mine now, and to wish you all a very good-night."

We all took the hint, and, turning-in, were soon asleep.

There is something satisfactory in arriving at a clear, indisputable fact, and such I consider that I am stating when I say that there is no sleep for a landsman on board any vessel after a very early hour in the morning. It matters not whether the vessel be large or small; in harbour or at sea; propelled by wind or steam; under any possible circumstances there is sure to be a most horrible disturbance about daybreak. If there is nothing else to be done, the deck is to be scrubbed be it ever so small, and I cannot conceive it possible for any one to sleep under that process until habituated to it by use, which is, indeed, second nature: in illustration of this I may mention, that I have heard of an officer on board ship awaking at a particular hour in consequence of missing the firing of a gun just at his head, though he was never disturbed by the discharge of it, to which he was habituated. In the present case our deck was but half a deck, and our crew consisted but of two men and a boy, who had been up late the pre-

ceding evening, but day had hardly broken before they commenced a clatter over our heads, the intensity of which was only to be equalled by the constancy. I lay for a long time calculating upon the impossibility of a succession of employment being found, and just as I was dozing off under some momentary pause my unwitting tormentors, who decidedly had the *upper* hand of me, wound up my miseries by winding up the chain-cable. The matter was decided: I bundled out, and found my friends most unconsciously pursuing their avocations, never dreaming that they were disturbing us, or that we could be desirous of sleeping after five o'clock. They had got the anchor apeak, and were proceeding to hoist their sails just to dry a bit till the turn of the tide, which would take place in about an hour. This done, the boy proceeded to light the fire and make all ready for breakfast.

It was a glorious morning again. The thunder-storm had effectually cleared the air, and the sun shone in full splendour upon the hills and woods around. It was as if all nature were rejoicing at the re-establishment of peace after having been subjected to the devastating conflicts of the warring elements. A busy scene presented itself around: the various crews of the craft, from the large trading smack to the little skiff in which one hardy old veteran was about to visit his lobster-pots in the offing, were all on the alert, baling and hailing, and swabbing and scrubbing, and spreading and drying, and all occupying themselves at their work.

Then, again, on shore, some were sweeping away the gravel and mud deposited at their doors by the late flood; others cleansing the drains and gutters; others, again, hurrying down to catch the last boat which was to convey them up the river to Kingbridge market. Besides all this, there were numerous hands busily engaged in building several coasting craft, of which a succession always occupy the stocks here.

Least obtrusive, but not least interesting, we could observe the proprietors of the different villas and their gardeners, eagerly examining the injury which had been done in their lovely little domains by the angry blasts and the pelting torrents of the preceding night: here shrugging their shoulders in utter hopelessness over a tenderly-cherished plant now irretrievably destroyed; there, carefully raising and supporting some favourite which had been struck to the ground, but still gave hope of revival under the fostering care of its guardian. Our attention was much attracted by these beautiful gardens now that the sun shone in full splendour upon them, and exhibited to the greatest advantage the profusion of rich flowers, especially exotics, which here flourish in greater perfection perhaps than in any other spot in England. Indeed, we were much surprised to discover, with our glasses, orange and lemon-trees in full fruit in the open air, where they remain all the year, only slightly protected against severe weather in winter by mats thrown over them, or a glass shade.

There was something, we thought, *un-English* in the character of these gardens: their very situations, occupying little plateaux or natural terraces upon the side of the hill, gave them a foreign aspect, especially now that the sun shed his pure and powerful rays upon them.

But I must not dwell upon the charms of the spot: once more the anchor's away, and we are dropping out upon the first ebb of the tide, for as yet there is no air stirring. Æolus is not yet sufficiently recruited after last night's bout to move in the least degree; all is calm, and the very drops are still hanging upon the leaves of the trees and shrubs, and the mist is ascending, not by the action of any wind, but simply by the rarefaction of the atmosphere as the sun's rays penetrate into the valleys Ah! farewell, sweet Salcombe! we shall soon lose sight of thy— "Steady there, steady;—that's rather a swell, I take it."

"Looks as tho'f there'd been a bit of a rumpus out in the channel last night, master; and so there war', I'll be bound, and no mistake at all. I say, young chap, you'd better stow away that 'ere crockery if the gemmen's done their breakfast, else not I'm a thinking we'll be like the cabin-passengers was in a ship I sailed in one time."

"How was that?"

"Forced to drink by turns out o' one gemman's pewter shaving-pot all the passage; 'cause why?—all the crockery was smashed by a lurch o' the ship in the channel."

"Shall we have much of this swell, which is no way agreeable?"

"In coorse it'll take some hours afore it's all right again: but just here, you see, it's so precious short because o' the water what's a ebbing from the river lumping again the channel-tide which hasn't a done outside o' the headland: so, by your leave, sir, if you'll steer a bit, my mate and I'll just step into the boat and give her a tow off into the tide-way; mayhap we'll meet with a little breeze in the offing: anyways we'll have the last drainings of the flood-tide, and that'll take us round the Praule Point."

Notwithstanding all the skill and perseverance of our crew, the winds were too light and baffling, and the ebb-tide too strong to allow of our making much progress, and it was evening before we got up abreast of Dartmouth, in which harbour we proposed to spend the night, and even then our progress was very slow, as it was a perfect calm. This, however, we hardly regretted, as it gave us full time to examine and enjoy the view of this exceedingly striking and picturesque part of the coast. We had been making our way slowly across a considerable bay formed by the Start and the Froward Points, the former of which is now indicated by a light-house erected a year or two ago. The latter headland, for which we had been steering, is a remarkably fine one, very high and rugged on all sides, and terminating in an immense perpendicular cliff to the south. Beyond this several huge rocks rear their barren and threatening heads above the sea, and give additional

interest to the scene by suggesting the probability of others being below the surface of the water, but near enough to cause danger.

It was not until we had very nearly reached the western face of this promontory that we had a view into the Mouth of the Dart. Nothing could be more striking. The barren and inhospitable cliffs seemed rent asunder, and a large town was suddenly presented to our view, dispersed in a most picturesque manner upon the side of the hill to the west of the noble river, whose wide expanse and deep water offers, as we were told, a safe anchorage for many hundred vessels. As yet we saw but the very mouth of the river, for it begins to wind even before it has passed the town, but we subsequently found that it rapidly diminishes in size and pursues its tortuous course up the country between the most beautiful hills, affording scme of the most lovely scenery in England.

Our attention was at first struck most forcibly by the very singular appearance of the town, which is built on the side of so steep a hill that the doors in one cross-street are upon a level with the chimneys of the lower street, whilst the gray stone of which it is built gives it an appearance of age and sobriety, in good keeping with the character of the scene. On the opposite, that is, the eastern bank, close to the water, is the village of Kingswere, and above and around it many pretty villas with terraced gardens, whose appearance, as of those at Salcombe, indicate the mildness of the climate.

On a huge rock on the west side at the very mouth of the river stands an old castle, part of which is in good preservation, with guns still mounted on its ramparts, and a small church still used for service, though it must be at some inconvenience that the congregation assemble there from the suburbs of the town, which is distant by road at least half-a-mile, a space which is occupied by a rich hanging-wood, which, of course, exceedingly enhances the beauty of the scene. With a proper garrison and a chain to the opposite shore, I presume that the castle would render the harbour almost impregnable: at any rate there can be no doubt that a few temporary works on the opposite acclivities would speedily render its access impracticable to any enemy from sea.

Although we had day-light to make these observations from the offing, yet the night had fallen before we could get into the harbour, owing to the calm: this, however, was perhaps, rather in our favour than otherwise, for having been closetted in the little cabin for some time at our tea, we encountered a most interesting spectacle as we emerged again into open air: darkness had imperceptibly crept on, and we could no longer trace the features of the scene with any accuracy, but the whole side of the hill seemed now illuminated, and that in the most fantastical manner: here a long regular line of lights indicated the unbroken front of some street, there a lamp pointed out some spot of particular consequence: all aiding and abetting in the general effect, which was most sin-

gular and striking, though we had previously seen the town; to any one making the harbour for the first time, after night-fall, the effect would, no doubt, be extraordinary and perplexing.

We soon found a snug berth facing the town, and turned in for the night; the next morning we found the favourable impressions of the evening fully borne out by more extensive observation, at least so far as the view from the water was concerned. We now found ourselves completely land-locked, we were in a large natural bason, the outlet to the sea being entirely hid from view, though we were within a quarter of a mile of it. A more splendid or commodious harbour cannot well be conceived, though for sailing vessels, the ingress and egress must always be troublesome, and often, I should suppose, impracticable: even for steamers it cannot be the most easy, especially at night; I presume, however, that this is no serious objection to the harbour, as it has been recommended by the commissioners as the station for the departure and arrival of the West India mails; on the propriety of the choice, I cannot give any decided opinion, though I must say, that it seems to me, that so far as passengers are concerned, Southampton would have been a much more convenient port, both as being within three hours and-a-half distance by rail from London, and as being an agreeable and commodious place to rest and recruit at after a voyage; probably, however, passengers will have their option at which port they will land, as I believe the proprietors of the vessels have determined to adopt Southampton as the station for their vessels,

although they are to call at Dartmouth, to take in and land the mail-bags. The opening of the rail-road all the way through, from Exeter to London, viâ Bristol, which will soon be accomplished, will no doubt be a great thing in favour of Dartmouth, and I suppose, persons going to Bristol, Liverpool, or Dublin, will always prefer landing there.* No doubt also the steamers will give an impetus to improvement at Dartmouth, which seems, I must confess, to have been rather at a stand still for many years past: at least, we could not discover any signs of recent improvement about the place, and indeed, were soon glad to return on board from our perambulation about the town. The only signs of activity which we saw, were in some of the building-yards, where several vessels were on the stocks, but even these yards gave evidence of having been once in a more flourishing state, as they no doubt were during the time of the war. Some years ago, a steam-bridge was established here, in place of the old ferry, i. e. a large floating machine, into which several carriages could be drawn by their respective horses, and from which they could emerge on the other side of the river, after a speedy transit by the agency of steam; the concern, however, did not pay, and the steam part of it has been done away with, hand-power being substituted through the instrumentality of windlasses and chains fixed from side to side.

* The steamers have commenced running, but the bags are still embarked and landed at Falmouth.

LETTER VIII.

We were fortunate this morning in having a nice breeze from the northward, which not only enabled us to push out of the narrow mouth of the river, before high water, but also gave us an opportunity of slipping through the large rocks before mentioned, and round the bold front of Berry-head, before the ebb-tide made. We were fain, however, to give the head-land a good berth, and to keep well in the offing, as though the surface of the sea was smooth, and the breeze moderate, yet, now and then strong puffs came from the high land, and might readily have upset a small vessel immediately exposed to their violence, and unskilfully managed. Indeed, there is no doubt that very many accidents happen all along the coast from this cause: it is from the liability to such sudden and depressing gusts, that river and lake sailing are far more dangerous to inexperienced hands than on the open sea.

Few things can be finer than sailing round Berry-head: the headland itself is truly sublime and mag-

nificent, towering with an abrupt and perpendicular face of dark rock to the height of two hundred feet above the water, and that for a sweep of three or four miles, whilst the deep blue colour of the water indicates its depth, which is more than sufficient to allow a large man-of-war to sail near enough for a biscuit to be thrown ashore from the deck. It is grand to look upon this, one of Albion's finest cliffs: it is grand to hear the roar of the heavy surges along its base: for even when, as on the present occasion, the surface is smooth, it seldom happens that there is not a heavy swell, occasioned by the channel tide, as it sweeps round this promontory, and especially as the great mass of water which fills Torbay here hastens to leave, or struggles to re-enter, the channel stream. Seldom then, even in the calmest days, is there wanting that booming roar which is occasioned by the heavy falling of the swell against the long line of rock, varied occasionally by the reverberations and loud gurgling occasioned by its access to the many large cracks and fissures, which being characteristic of lime-stone rocks, here form numerous narrow high caves, though hardly perceptible upon a transient view. When the wind and sea are high, the scene must indeed be grand, for the waves must throw their spray over the very top of the cliffs, covering them with a veil, more beautiful than any artificial drapery: I doubt, however whether such a scene could ever be *enjoyed* thoroughly, for, at such a time, a painful consciousness of danger must occupy the mind of every beholder afloat; whilst a thoroughly

good view could hardly be obtained from the land.

The interest, and yet the dreariness of the scene, was heightened by many sea-fowl floating about the face of the rock, and mingling their strange cries with the roar of the waves beneath; their nests are, I believe, visited from above, at certain seasons, and robbed of their eggs, at least, such is the case in many places. I could not help thinking of two adventures which I remember to have heard of, upon good authority, as having happened to some individual whilst occupied in his vocation of taking young wild geese in the Orkneys.—Upon one occasion, having detached himself from the rope by which he had been let down over the face of the cliff, and proceeded along a narrow ledge, overhanging an immense abyss and foaming ocean, he came at last to a spot from whence he could only gain access to another ledge by advancing the foot of one particular side, he found, however, that he happened to be standing at the extreme point of the first ledge on the foot which it was thus necessary to advance: it was impossible to attain the second ledge with the disengaged foot: it was impossible to turn round: it was impossible to retreat backwards: it was impossible to change feet by bringing the two upon the minute point on which he rested with one: inevitable destruction seemed to await him; from this, however, he was saved by the exercise of extreme coolness, courage, and activity, acquired during a life abounding with dangers and difficulties. Springing up from

the foot on which he rested, he brought the other to the same spot, and was then enabled to gain the second ledge. To appreciate the feat, we must consider, not merely the hideous situation of the man, supported on one foot, over so deadly an abyss, but the extreme precision with which it was necessary that the change of foot should be performed : in leaping up, it is evident that the perpendicularity of his body must have been observed with the greatest nicety, for if he attempted to keep himself very close to the face of the rock, he was liable, not only to tilt himself over the precipice by the least touch, but to embarrass his progressive foot by narrowing the space in which it had to move ; if, on the contrary, he endeavoured to give it additional room, he was liable to carry his body out of the perpendicular line, and so to fall into the abyss beneath. None of these difficulties, however, probably occurred to his mind : he saw the difficulty and the necessity of the measure, and executing it with coolness, preserved his life.

Upon another occasion, the same individual having been lowered over the face of the cliff, attained a ledge which was within the perpendicular line dropped from the top of the cliff, by giving a vibratory motion to his body, and so swinging himself to a footing. Unfortunately, whilst occupied in searching the nests, the rope escaped from his hand, and of course, instantly swung beyond his reach : there was no possibility of communicating with those above, neither, indeed, could they have rendered him any assistance ; in an instant he saw there was only one

way of escape, and he adopted it:—springing from the rock over the fearful abyss, he succeeded in seizing the rope, and was again drawn up.

As we rounded the headland we were surprised to see the immense fleet of fishing smacks in the offing all busily employed in their avocation. As nearly as we could count them their number was from one hundred and sixty to two hundred, mostly about thirty tons burden, cutter-rigged, with tanned sails. It seems that this is the most productive of all the fishing grounds on the coast, and supplies not only the neighbourhood, but also a very large proportion of the more distant markets, as Bath, Bristol, Portsmouth, and even London. It is astonishing how uniformly the fish keep to one long bank, the outlines of which are, of course, familiar to the fishermen, who work their vessels to the windward end, then slacken sail, and cast over the side a large strong sack-shaped net, attached on one side to a strong piece of wood. The vessel is then allowed to drive down the wind sideways, dragging with it the net, which is so weighted as to scoop along the bottom, collecting in its sack all the fish which it meets with, together with much rubbish. Arrived at the leeward end of the bank, the net is wound up by means of the windlass and taken on board, where the fish are taken out, and the rubbish thrown back. The vessel then works to windward again, and renews the process; the more rapidly this can be done, of course, the better, and consequently these vessels, though very rough and inelegant to look at, are remarkably fast-sailers and good sea boats, their qualities in the latter respect

being often tested by the heavy seas in which they have to pursue their business. For the most part they have three men and one or two boys on board, as rough a looking race as can well be conceived. Much, however, has been done of late for their improvement. Most of them live at Brixham, a small town just within the bay on the north-side of Berryhead. Here great exertions have been made by the worthy clergymen both for the improvement of the existing race of fishermen, and the education of the rising generation. These efforts, I was happy to hear, had been attended by the success they so well deserve. The schools and churches are well attended; in the former there are upwards of two thousand scholars, male and female. These it seems are all assembled once a-year, and after attending church adjourn to a field on Berryhead, where they are plentifully regaled by their worthy pastor with abundance of tea and cake, after which they enjoy the evening in various games and sports in presence of a large assemblage of the neighbouring gentry, the fair portion of whom get up a little fancy fair, the profits of which go towards the support of the schools.*

Nothing can be more striking than the view which presents itself as one rounds the headland and comes in full sight of the beautiful sweep of Torbay, extending to the depth of, I suppose, three miles, and a breadth of four, affording a striking contrast to the bold and hard line of coast which we had been skirting, whilst the hills which gradually rise on all sides

* A very interesting article on the English Fisheries may be found in a late number of the Quarterly Review.

delight the eye with the most beautifully verdant fields, diversified by the rich luxuriance of the trees which surround them. As Cowper says,

> " The sloping land recedes into the clouds,
> Displaying on its varied side the grace
> Of hedgerow beauties numberless, square tower,
> Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
> Just undulates upon the listening ear,
> Groves, heaths, and smoking villages remote."

I could not help thinking that if the iron-bound cliffs which we had just passed might be held as emblematical of England's strength and hardihood, and might serve to indicate her indomitable character, surely this lovely bay might pourtray the riches of the kingdom and the smiling peacefulness of her happy homes. The interest of the scene was heightened by the recollection that peaceful and tranquil as those shores and waters now appeared, they had often witnessed the assemblage of British fleets destined to carry war and destruction to the shores of her enemies.

During the war this was one of the principal rendezvous of the channel fleets, but has since been little used, as it is found to be a hazardous roadstead in the event of a strong wind suddenly setting in from the south or south-east, when it is almost impossible for vessels to work their way out of the channel, whilst the sea rolls in so heavily as hardly to allow vessels to ride at anchor in any safety. From westerly gales the high land of Berryhead effectually protects vessels lying in Brixham roads, and accordingly large

numbers of vessels may often be seen lying there for a long time waiting for a favourable wind, or at least, such moderate weather as may enable them to work down channel.

Hauling upon the wind as we cleared the headland, we made a reach half-way across the bay towards the point which bounds it to the east, which is called Hope's Nose, running out sharp, and comparatively speaking, low, but defended as it were by several rocky islands. A short tack now brought us into Brixham Roads, the snugness of which from westerly gales we could not but admire.

The eastern face of the headland we observed is being extensively quarried, which we ascertained was for the purpose of supplying lime-stone, which is put on board vessels coming along-side the rock whenever the weather permits, and carried up the river Exe, where it is burnt and sold for dressing the land. A large number of vessels of about fifty or sixty tons are employed constantly in this business, and the proprietors have several quarries in different situations along the neighbouring coast, so that when the wind and sea will not permit the vessels to lie safely against one rock, they are sure to be able to do so against another which is sheltered from that very wind, and is in turn unsafe when the other is safe.

On the side of the hill near Brixham we observed a large building which we were informed was formerly intended for a military hospital, but is now occupied as a private dwelling house.

I should have said that the headland is surmounted

by a perfect plain which was occupied during the war by extensive barracks and some fortifications. They have, however, been allowed to go to decay, as being quite useless except during a prospect of invasion.

We had the curiosity to step on shore at Brixham, but soon found that there was little to induce us to prolong our stay: a dirtier spot I have seldom been in. There is, indeed, a very nice little harbour, formed by a pier run out so as to enclose a natural basin; in this we saw only a few vessels, but we were told that on Sundays when the fishing smacks are at home it is as full as it can possibly hold, and a very interesting sight.

We noticed several vessels lying along-side the quay, taking in a species of red-looking mould, which we ascertained was, in fact, iron ore, from a mine in the neighbourhood, which is being worked to great advantage; the ore is shipped to Swansea, to be smelted in the large furnaces which there abound, and to which, by-the-bye, much of the copper ore is sent from Cornwall; the reason of this is, that it is a matter of convenience and economy to have the furnaces near the best supply of fuel, as it requires much less tonnage to transport the heavy and compact ore to the fuel, than to bring the fuel to the ore. In very many instances, Providence has kindly ordered it so that the fuel and the products of the earth, which can only be rendered available by its agency, should be co-existent: thus in Wales, where there is such an

abundance of coal, there is also an abundance of metals; whilst lime-stone is constantly found in the neighbourhood of the coal, without which it is comparatively of little value. The great quantity of the iron ore which is constantly carted through the narrow streets of Brixham, adds exceedingly to their dirty and disagreeable character, whilst the neighbourhood of the basin hath verily a "most ancient and fish-like smell," arising from the offal of the fish, which is constantly brought in and sold in the market, thence to be forwarded to many inland towns; it is curious that it is difficult to procure a *single* fish or so, in this immense market, and that it is by no means cheap, in proportion to the abundance: in fact, all that is brought in, is taken up by the different huxters, and bought by the *hamper*, as the little basket is called, in which a dozen or two of soles are put together, sometimes a turbot or brill being added to the lot.

A very short time sufficed for our visit to this most fishy place, and we were, in fact, glad to find ourselves again on board our little craft, which now laid her course fairly over for Torquay. A more enjoyable sail, I think, I never had: the day was fine, the breeze fresh, the sea smooth, the scene around delightful; and as our little bark danced along over the blue sea, I felt perfectly happy: the very atmosphere seemed more elastic, more buoyant, more hilarious than usual in England. The horizon seaward was clear: one or two large vessels in the channel were making the

most of the wind, under a crowd of canvass, whilst the background of the landscape shewed clearly the outline of the high Tors, or hills of Dartmoor.

As I had the helm, I could not help creeping up a little more to windward than was necessary, and so not only prolonged our sail a little, but obtained a nearer and better view of Paignton, a village at the very head of the bay, together with its long line of fine hard sands, flanked by a singular-looking old house, possessing a good deal the appearance of barracks, but really a private dwelling. Two or three miles further eastward, our attention was attracted by the beautiful grounds of Tor Abbey, the seat of Mr. Carey; nothing can exceed the beauties of these grounds, verdant in themselves, and ornamented by numerous rows of magnificent trees, and finally set off to great advantage by a beautiful hill rising on one side from the park, clothed with pines, and descending on the other into the very town of Torquay.

The situation of Torquay itself is most singular, and only to be fully appreciated from the sea. I am well aware of the great difficulty of conveying, by words alone, anything like a correct picture of a place to the mind of a stranger: yet I should like to give you *some* idea of Torquay, because it is a place now so much talked about and frequented, especially by invalids.

If you have a good large map beside you, its geographical situation will be apparent, but if not, just let me try and explain it to you, after a somewhat

homely fashion : thus,—place a crown-piece or a dollar before you on the table, and cover the lower half of it with a sheet of paper : the uncovered half will give you a representation of Torbay : divide the semicircle into three parts, and at the point of division to your right hand, place a sixpenny-piece, pushing half of it under the dollar : the half which remains uncovered, will give you a representation of the basin of Torquay, opening, you will observe, not to the south-east, as does the larger bay, but very nearly westward. Now if you again divide this smaller semicircle into three parts, and at the two points of division suppose two valleys to wind between the hills, which otherwise entirely surround the basin, I conceive you will have some little idea of the natural character of the place. You will observe, that of these three hills, here supposed, the furthest from you will be that which I have before mentioned, as separating the basin of Torquay from the beautiful grounds of Tor Abbey, which occupy the bight of the bay ; this hill effectually shelters the place from the cold north and north-westerly winds, whilst the centre hill offers a barrier to those from the east of north : and finally, that nearest you, i. e. towards the south, shuts out the blighting effects of the east and south-easterly winds. The place then, is, in a great measure, untouched by any, except the breezes from the south-west and west, which though often very violent, are always mild, and consequently less injurious to invalids.

Well, such being the *naturel* of the place, I must

proceed to give you some little idea, if I can, of what art has done here; in the first place, the basin has been surrounded by broad quays, drawn out into piers, towards the mouth, so as to leave only a narrow passage for the tides and for vessels; the tide, I should observe, leaves one half of the basin dry at low water, but as the bottom is sandy, and carefully preserved from offensive matters, no ill effects are felt from this. At high water the basin is, of course, full, and a very pretty object, enlivened with numerous trading vessels and pleasure boats; a broad carriage road extends round the greater part of the basin, and this again is bordered by rows of houses, many of which are occupied as shops, and others afford commodious lodgings to the numerous winter visitors; amongst them are two large and excellent hotels. The principal row of buildings occupies a site some way up the side of the centre hill, and faces nearly westward, looking across the bay towards Paignton; above these again, are a set of detached villas, of an elegant description, occupied principally by resident families; on the side of the southern hill also are numerous villas, looking over the bay, and well sheltered, though without the confines of the basin; in fact, so much has the place been in vogue for some years past, that every spot about it is being rapidly occupied by houses, principally detached, and surrounded with very pretty gardens, the plants in which flourish luxuriantly, owing to the extreme mildness of the climate.

I shall not weary you by attempting a further description of this place, so much favoured by nature and

improved by art: I must observe, however, that it has its environs, and especially the village of Tormoham, the parent village, though now an environ of its flourishing daughter, now actually necessitated to extend its limits into the old parental domain.

The original village is situated three quarters of a mile to the north of the basin of Torquay, and considerably above it, but the two are now united, more or less, by houses. Around this village there are some very pleasant residences, and though, perhaps, not quite so much sheltered as their neighbours below, yet, probably, this is more than counterbalanced, except to very great and decided invalids, by the greater purity and more bracing character of the air.

This brings me to speak more particularly of the character of the climate, about which, of course, I made particular enquiry from those most competent to inform me. I shall not trouble you with a long disquisition on the subject: perhaps too much has been said about it, and many have been led to come hither with expectations which it was impossible could be realized. Great Britain has no part lower south, than forty-nine degrees north, and to the northward of that, it is impossible to find the climate of Madeira, or of the West Indies; it is, however, much, nay enough, to find a climate which shall be *sufficiently* temperate to avoid the necessity of sending invalids to foreign countries, at a vast expense of money and trouble; and such I do really believe is to be found at Torquay, in a great majority of cases: I do

not say in *all*, but certainly in the majority. In very many cases I conceive that the climate of Torquay is sufficiently mild to afford all that is required to the invalid, especially when combined with the real comforts and the artificial warmth of an English house, and the great advantage of good exercise ground, whether on foot or in carriage ; the individual is thus saved, not only the inconvenience and expense of a distant journey or voyage, but, in many instances, escapes those exposures and fatigues which, I really believe, cost the lives of those who undergo them. In other instances, *no* climate can possibly be effectual in preserving, or even in prolonging life, and in such the sufferers and their families gain much, by being spared the pain of separation, and the former avoid all the miseries attendant upon severe illness in a foreign land: not unfrequently too, the event is, I fear, accelerated by removal into the excitement of a high temperature. On the other hand, I do not deny that there are cases which may be benefitted by a higher temperature, such as Madeira, during the winter, and the West Indies during the cooler months; in many cases, too, circumstances are in favour of a distant expedition, but the majority must be largely on the other side, and it is a mercy that medical men now are pretty generally of opinion that in such it is not necessary to prescribe exile, but that at Torquay the invalid may hope for much of the good which climate can afford.

What then are the advantages which the climate of Torquay holds out?—not to weary you with a disser-

tation, they may be stated as comprised in a *higher* and more *equable* temperature than that of any other place in England, except Penzance, where, if the temperature is a trifle higher, the winds are infinitely so, and the conveniences beyond all comparison inferior, and I think, that where other things are nearly equal, this is of *much* importance to invalids.

Some persons suppose the coast of Devon to be damp: now I would not undertake to deny this for the majority of places on this coast, but I would say that Torquay is far less damp than any other spot on this coast, owing probably to its situation on lime rock, and that the moisture of the air, accompanied as it is, and partly caused by the higher temperature, is rather beneficial than injurious to those suffering from many affections of the lungs; I may observe, also, that Torquay is peculiarly free from exhalations and fogs, in which respect it has greatly the advantage over the southern coast of the Isle of Wight, where fogs abound, and greatly detract from the advantages which that lovely spot possesses.

Another great advantage of Torquay is the diversity of walks, rides, and drives, which exist around it, so that the invalid may always get exercise without exposure to the severity of the existing wind.

You will wonder how I, a mere tourist as it were, can venture to give such decided opinions. Thus it happens then. One of my objects in coming to Torquay, you are to understand, was to see an old friend and fellow-countryman, who I knew had taken up his residence there, on account of his health. I speedily

found him domiciled at Tor or Tormoham, and was presently installed in his spare room, where I felt the more comfortable as I knew I was a welcome visitor. I found that he had been fortunate in forming not only a pleasant circle of acquaintance, but some truly valuable friends, to most of whom he introduced me during the six weeks I sojourned with him. Amongst others, I had the pleasure of meeting with many of the medical men of the place, from whom, of course, I picked up much valuable information in addition to that which I derived from observation and other sources. I mention this particular because I should be unwilling to have it thought that the following remarks from a work on climate by M. Bonstettin, were applicable to any observations I might make. They deserve attention. "Dans un séjour que je fis a Bologne, il m'arriva de lire a quelque personnes un chapitre du voyage de Lalande sur le caractère des Bolonois. Mon laquais de louage présent a cette lecture en paraissoit tout glorieux. Je lui demandai ce qui le rejouissoit si fort. C'est que c'est moi qui ai dit tout cela, me repondit il, en me repetant les questions de Lalande et les reponses qu'il y avoit faites. J'appris par lui que Lalande n'avoit passé que quelques jours a Bologne. Et cependant il parlait des mœurs et du caractère des Bolonais. Voila comme s'ecrivent les voyages."

Since the above was written a work has appeared from the pen of Dr. Granville, in which Torquay is spoken of in very disparaging terms, not only as regards its situation and climate, but also its absolute

salubrity. I cannot help observing that Dr. Granville's opinion of the advantages offered to the invalid at Torquay, differ materially, not only from the estimate formed of them by Sir James Clarke, who, in his comprehensive and very valuable work on climate, speaks of Torquay as upon the whole the best resort for consumptive patients in England, but from that of many other non-resident members of the medical profession, who constantly send their patients (as Sir James Clark does) to Torquay, and in a very large proportion of cases with the very best results. Of course it is to be expected that a large proportion of those who come to Torquay as a last resort should derive no benefit, and speedily succumb to the disease which had *hardly* permitted them to accomplish the journey thither. The natural anxiety of patients, friends, and medical attendants will always send, or, at least, always has sent, a great number of cases there and elsewhere, utterly beyond the possibility of recovery. So notorious is this fact in Madeira, that even the boatmen and others on the beach constantly remark, "Here comes another Englishman to the orange trees," the name given to the protestant burial ground. It is not fair, therefore, to draw an inference against Torquay from the absolute number of deaths occurring in it. "But," says Dr. Granville, "let us look at the *inhabitants*, see what a high ratio of deaths occurs amongst them." I do not believe that the ratio is high; indeed, Dr. Granville's figures show that it is actually below that of any other district in the kingdom, and consequently below the

average; but supposing that it were high, no inference could thence be drawn against the salubrity of the place, for any one at all acquainted with it must know that a very large proportion of those who are inhabitants of it, have become such in consequence of the advantage they have derived from its climate, to which they came in the first instance with threatened, or incipient disease of the lungs, bringing with them, or there acquiring, families amongst whom there is an hereditary predisposition to phthisis and other diseases. Of course amongst such a population deaths might be expected in a higher ratio than elsewhere, even though a very large proportion of persons derive that advantage from the climate which it is notorious that they do. This remark is even applicable to the lower orders, for it is well known that many mechanics resort hither to carry on their businesses on account of the advantage they derive from the mild climate.

Nothing, therefore, in my opinion can be a more unfair method of judging of the salubrity of a spot than that adopted by Dr. Granville, viz., a comparison of the ratio of mortality with that existing in other places where no such congregation and accumulation of unhealthy subjects takes place. Circumstances prevent the possibility of drawing a just conclusion from such a comparison. "But," says Dr. Granville, once more, "I speak of *natives* of the place." I very much doubt his having data for distinguishing between *natives* and *inhabitants*, and, moreover, I would observe that phthisis is not an uncommon disease among

the lower order of natives of Madeira, and that it is often seen in negroes in the West Indies, it is hardly, therefore, to be expected that any district in England should be free from the disease which is characteristic of its climate, though by the way I believe the natives of Dartmoor claim this exemption. Any one interested in this matter should read an answer to Dr. Granville, appended to a very interesting and well written guide book, published by Mr. Cockrem, of Torquay. Amongst other things he will there learn, to his surprise, that Dr. Granville considers it proved that the temperature of Clifton and Bath exceeds that of Torquay, that of the latter being quoted for January, February, and March, at from 40° to 45°, whilst that of the former is set down at from 44° to 49°. In the comparison, however, the doctor forgets that he had before told his readers that the observations at the latter places had been taken at three p.m.

In illustration of what I have said as to the inconveniences and evils often attendant upon the migration of an invalid to a distant country, I may mention the case of a friend of mine, who, being in delicate health, was strenuously advised by his friends, professional and otherwise, to spend a winter in Madeira as the most certain means of restoration. To this he was nothing-loath; in fact it suited his taste very well; but he felt that there were objections of a grave character arising from the necessity of taking his family along with him, which was a step of the more difficult nature, from the circumstance of his lady's expecting to add to her family at an early period of the autumn.

It would have been impossible for them to have left England before October, even had it not been deemed advisable that he should not arrive too early, so as to be exposed to the autumnal affections, which often try those recently arrived in Madeira very much. With some reluctance, therefore, he yielded to the advice and wishes of his friends, and being in London at the time, he took considerable pains and underwent no little fatigue in viewing the accommodation of vessels about to sail for Madeira.

Most people like as much room as they can get, especially on board ship, where you never have too much, so he fixed at last upon taking his passage in a fine East Indiaman, about six hundred tons burden, appointed to sail *positively* in a month's time. In fact, he had not the opportunity of inspecting the small packets which regularly trade to Madeira, as they were both on their passage home, and he would not attend to their advertisements, which stated that they would sail about the same time as the Indiaman, whose captain and agents were very positive as to the time of sailing, and even entered into a written agreement that if the ship had not left London for Portsmouth by a certain day, he should be at liberty to give up his passage. This was about as convenient an arrangement as he could have made, as he resided at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, and the time, allowing for an average passage, gave him every promise of being at Madeira in good time for his lady's convenience.

The next thing he had to do was to *furnish* his

cabins or state-rooms, for on board most East India ships, it seems, *no* article of furniture is found in the private cabins, and of course, that was a matter of considerable embarrassment and fatigue to one not conversant with such matters, ship upholstering being very different from house, and for the most part to be obtained at different shops. This, however, was arranged in due time, and the furniture ordered to be sent on board the ship in the docks, and distributed in the cabins according to specific directions: the unpacking and fixture of it being left for personal superintendence at Portsmouth, where it was expected the ship would remain some days.

My friend then repaired to Ryde, and the whole family were put in motion packing up, not only for the voyage, but for giving up their house. With considerable exertion everything was got ready by the time appointed, and all were eager expectants of the ship. She did not, however, appear at the appointed time, and the family was kept in the most exciting expectation for more that a fortnight, though the winds continued particularly favourable for outward-bound ships. This delay occasioned the loss of nearly all the spare time which had been reckoned on after reaching Madeira, and my friend repeatedly made up his mind, that if the ship did not appear on the morrow at farthest, he would not go at all. Still as day after day slipped by it was impossible actually to set about unpacking.

At last the long-expected vessel made her appearance, more than a fortnight after her time, and

brought up at Spithead with the blue-peter flag flying as the signal that she would sail again *directly*, the easterly wind being favourable for her passage down the channel. I should have said that *a* vessel made her appearance which was *supposed* by the pilots and others at Ryde to be that my friend was expecting, but no signal was made on board, as it ought to have been, by which this could be known with certainty; my friend, therefore, could only get his breakfast over as quickly as possible, and give directions that everything should be got ready for embarkation in case of a certain signal being made from the ship, to which he proceeded in a boat as fast as the easterly wind would permit, that being as unfavourable for his reaching Spithead from Ryde as it was favourable to the ship down channel. Upon going on board he found the ship in great confusion, the pilot having taken her past the turning into Spithead during the night. (Even pilots are sometimes negligent). The captain had not been on board, but was to join at Portsmouth, and the chief officer informed my friend that he expected him on board immediately, and that the ship was to sail thereafter *without delay*.

This information astonished my friend not a little, as although *everything* had been ready for more than a fortnight, he knew how difficult it would be to get on board that evening, especially after the loss of so much time in coming to ascertain whether it really was the ship he was to sail in, but the thing was settled: the decree had gone forth, and was like those of the Medes and Persians. Fortunately he

had brought with him a ship carpenter and sundry remaining articles of furniture, and good cause he had to be glad he had done so, for he found *all* his furniture *crammed* into one of the cabins, and all hands on board, including the ship's carpenter, so tired with the hard work they had had during the night, owing to the pilot's mistake, that not a soul could he get to assist him.

Having spent half-an-hour busily on board, and got into a nice heat, he set off again in his boat before the sharp easterly wind for Ryde. By the time he arrived a cart-load of baggage had already been put on board a boat in consequence of the signal he had made, and every effort had been used to get ready for departure; not a moment had been lost, and after a hasty luncheon all the party entered a wherry with the prospect of a long, cold beat up against the east wind to Spithead, and the certainty that they could not reach the ship before nightfall. A terrible job they would have made of it had not the captain of one of the steamers to Portsmouth kindly given them a tow nearly over to Portsmouth, which enabled them with one tack to reach the ship, which they did somewhat after dark, and just before the other wherry, which had left Ryde two hours before them with their luggage.

You may suppose what an unpleasant embarkation they had, hoisted up one after another in the dark, and set down upon the deck of the vessel, now presenting to the landsman, at least, a perfect Babel, for the capstern was manned, and they had to make their

way to the cuddy-door through half the crew who stood with the capstern-bars in their hands, which had been temporarily unshipped to make a passage for them, at one time being obliged to step over outstretched ropes, and at others, to dodge below them; in fact the ship was in the act of being got under weigh, a moment when everybody has to look out sharp for his personal comfort at the best of times, not to mention an occasion on coming on board with an invalid party, including a nurse and infant. The captain saluted the party upon their arrival, and even handed the lady to the cuddy, but it was evident that he was little pleased with the delay which he thought had occurred in their coming off, though certainly nothing could have been more unreasonable.

Well, perhaps you will think that once in the cabin my friends had *only* to contend with sea-sickness; but therein you would be greatly mistaken, for declining dinner, which was just then being served in very handsome style, my friend and his lady with the female servant and child, descended to the main-deck where their sleeping apartments, or state-rooms were situated. (Why such places should be called *state*-rooms I cannot imagine). Here they found that the carpenter had been unable to do more than distribute and fix a *part* of their furniture, and owing to some defect, one bedstead could by no means be put together. I cannot better describe to you the inconveniences to which they were subjected, than by telling you that they had with their own hands to unpack a hamper, get out their *lamps*, trim, and light

them, before they could obtain light beyond the *loan* of one miserable lantern, to proceed in unpacking the rest of the things which they wanted, and this with a child already past its bed-time, and a maid rapidly turning yellow and all manner of colours, under the influence of the heavy sea into which the ship was getting as she worked out by Bembridge and the Culver Cliffs.

Having supplied themselves with light, they proceeded to hunt up their personal baggage, brought off from Ryde, especially with the view of getting out the sheets, &c., for their beds;—where was it?—why all in a heap, far forward, just where it had been thrown when taken on board. Well, how to get this lot of goods stowed away, and especially to get at the trunks with the things wanted for the night? not a soul on board had afforded, or offered them the least assistance, as yet, but as dinner had been going on, my friend thought nothing of that, knowing what an all-absorbing affair that is, at all times, and in all places: but as that was now passed, he addressed himself without hesitation to a man bearing the appearance of a steward, who was dosing close beside his luggage, and requested that he would *lend him a hand* in getting it into his cabin;—the fellow replied sulkily, that it was not his business, and that he could not do extra work, after being up the whole of the preceding night, helping to work the ship: and he was as good as his word;—my friend, therefore, *the invalid*, had to get the indispensable part of his baggage into his cabin, as he best might, with the assist-

ance of one of his female servants. As soon as he had got the beds made, &c., which he did principally himself, (for ere now the servant not occupied in holding the child, was deadly sick, and all the rest of his party were little better), he went upon deck, and seeking out the captain, asked him whether he had been mistaken in supposing that attendance was to be found him on board, relating what had just occurred: this the captain treated very lightly, saying, that the fact was, there was always a good deal of confusion at first, but that he had no doubt he would find every thing right enough next day, and that he imagined that the man to whom he had addressed himself, was one who was, in some sense, his own *private* servant, and was only concerned with the passengers so far as to wait upon them at meal time. With this my friend was little contented, as he considered that it was just as necessary that he should be comfortably settled for the *first* night, as any other; but, in fact, I may mention that he found, the next day, little improvement in the attention of the stewards: he therefore called the head steward, and told him, that he considered that he was by no means well treated, and that he had one thing to observe, and that was, that his pay at the end of the passage, would be exactly in proportion to the attention he received: after this he was *much* better waited on, but he saw clearly that as most of the East Indian passengers carry male servants with them, passengers not so attended were made light of, and sorrily waited on; he could not but suspect, moreover, that passengers to Madeira

were treated with less respect, as being "short fares," as the coachmen call those they pick up on the road, and not likely to benefit the ship in her East India connection: in this, however, he might have been deceived.

To return, however, to his narrative :—At as early an hour as possible, he retired with his whole party to bed, thoroughly worn out, and moreover, somewhat sea-sick, for the wind had risen, and the ship was very uneasy, so much so, that it was with considerable difficulty that he and his lady could keep in their sofa-bedstead, whilst their imperfectly secured furniture was repeatedly tumbled from side to side: as a minor agreeable, I may mention, soon after they had settled themselves as they best might, the carpenter came to the door and demanded admittance, to see to the fastening-up of the port-holes, a precaution, he said, rendered necessary by the increasing roughness of the water, and to this end he had literally to crawl over their heads, and to spend some time in their room, to their no small annoyance, as you may suppose.

All night they were sorely tossed about, but they solaced themselves throughout, by the assurance, that with such a breeze they must have a rapid passage: judge of their feelings the next morning, when the first intelligence they received, in answer to their hopeful enquiry as to whereabouts they were, was, that they were nearly back again to Spithead.

The wind, it seems, had shifted soon after they had got outside the Isle of Wight, and they had been en-

deavouring to make head against it all night, but at last the captain yielded to necessity, and was making the best of his way back to an anchorage, there to await a fair wind; my friend was urgent with him that he should bring up at the Mother-bank, instead of Spithead, as in that case he would be quite near his own house, and could land with the prospect of a comfortable embarkation, even in a hurry, but they were too late for the tide, and were obliged to let go the anchor, very near their starting point at Spithead; here they were detained a whole week, during the continuance of a strong westerly wind: some of the passengers went on shore, but my friend told the captain plainly, that after what he had suffered in his embarkation, he would, on no account, go on shore, to incur the risk of another such affair, which he knew was likely enough to occur, if he landed at Ryde, from whence he must beat up against the east wind, with which the ship would go to sea; thus both he and the captain suffered from the excessive haste with which he had been urged on board in the first instance, after a tedious delay of a fortnight. My friend would have been most happy to have been on shore all the time, and the captain would, of course, have been better pleased to save the expense of boarding him and family, as well as others who followed their example: certainly he seemed any thing but pleased with their company, and was very little careful to render their stay on board, either at that time, or during their subsequent voyage, agreeable: in fact, it was a wonder how any invalid could stand

the system rigidly adopted on board that ship, of washing out the cuddy in which they breakfasted, and then opening ports, sky-lights, and doors, to dry it, even whilst the passengers assembled to breakfast; this, remember, was the end of October, and a remarkably strong and cold wind blowing; the system was all very well for warm latitudes, but at Spithead, at that season, it would have been trying for the most robust: to invalids it must have been highly detrimental.

I should observe, that although the captain was by no means studious of the comfort of his Madeira passengers, all of whom he treated with decided *coldness*, of more sorts than one, yet he was a very gentlemanly man, of superior education, and the owner of the vessel: in society on shore, I dare say he was a very pleasant man.

However, notwithstanding the little matters I have mentioned, my friend and his party effected their passage without decided detriment, their voyage being only diversified by a slight gale in the Bay of Biscay, and a tremendous roll in a calm, the night before they reached Madeira.

Arrived at Madeira, they were most hospitably received, and kindly entertained by Mr. Stoddart, (of the firm of Keirs & Co.,) in a house which is more like a palace than an ordinary residence; but he had little time to enjoy himself there, for although the weather was still very hot, the season was advanced, and lodgings were becoming scarce, whilst his lady now expected her confinement within a very short

time. Accordingly, he had to ride and walk over all Funchal and its neighbourhood, in the midst of alternate heat and heavy rain, (for the rainy season was setting in) until he met with a set of lodgings which promised tolerably well, though by no means what he could have wished; removing to these as soon as possible, he very soon had an increase of family, but unfortunately, the aspect of the sitting rooms not being a good one, they proved very *cold,* and there was *no* means of obtaining artificial heat: he could not even hire or purchase a stove, as he would gladly have done, and as some few invalids had done, to put up temporarily, at their own expense.

You may perhaps be surprised to hear of its being cold in Madeira, but though 62° is a high average for the winter season, yet it is not high enough to make one altogether independent of artificial warmth, especially an invalid, and in houses where there are no appliances to boot, such as curtains, carpets, &c., and through a long rainy season, such as my friend experienced for six weeks: accordingly, he was often obliged to button up his coat, between the showers, and sally out to warm himself by a walk.

Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at, that he derived no benefit from his trip, nor that he left the island much sooner than he had intended, or would have done, had he been fortunate enough to have obtained one of those pretty little villas which stud the hill side, and enjoy all the sun on their fronts. I should say that he is always enthusiastic in his praises of Madeira, notwithstanding the incon-

veniences he experienced, and maintains the salubrity and delightfulness of the climate, though he had but an indifferent specimen of it during his stay. As to the hospitality of the residents, and of Mr. Stoddart in particular, he always refers to it with the greatest pleasure, and evidently longs for another opportunity of enjoying it, but he says it must be under more favourable circumstances, and he stoutly maintains the superior comfort, though with less *style*, perhaps, of our West India ships, and even advocates the small Madeira traders, which partake more of the character of yachts, and where the comfort of the passengers is the *first* object; above all, he affirms that invalids are better at home, unless they go under favourable circumstances.

By-the-bye, it is not very unnatural to turn from the consideration of the island of Madeira, to its wines, of which we had some fair samples the other day at my friend's table, and this again puts me in mind of a scene which occurred in his dining-room, on that occasion, which was too good not to be chronicled, though I am sure it must lose its effect vastly by my telling.

My friend, you must know, had invited a larger party than usual, to do honour to his dinner, perhaps as a compliment to my poor self, or on some other special occasion. Well, the company had assembled, and some little delay having occurred in the kitchen department, the announcement of dinner was by no means unwelcome: all were on the *qui vive* and the awful ceremony of getting settled round the table

was accomplished as speedily as possible; my friend and his lady probably regarded their table that day with more than ordinary interest, for it exhibited a spec-and-span new set of china, which had particularly struck their fancy before, and which, now that they saw it upon table for the first time, no doubt answered their expectations.

The last person had taken his place at the board, and we now only waited the saying of grace, to be seated, and appease our appetites, somewhat sharpened by delay, and by the savoury odour of the viands. Perhaps some one at this moment put his hand, or even his thumb, upon the table, or perhaps the moment had arrived at which the Fates had promised themselves a little sport with us poor mortals: but instead of the grace, a sharp crack was heard: no one knew from whence it came, and all were astonishment: none so much so as the master and mistress; before any explanation could be sought or obtained, and before the company could be sufficiently composed for grace to be said, a long continuous crash was heard, and in a moment the table was seen gradually, and somewhat gracefully, sinking in the centre, towards which quarter, of course, the whole dinner equipage was speedily in motion.—Need I depict the general surprise and horror?—can you not better imagine it?—only think of the handsome and expensive dresses which were around that table, and which, of course, were in imminent danger of being utterly spoiled by a deluge of soup, of gravy, or of salad sauce from the glass dish on the top of the

epergne: fancy the danger of knives and forks, and broken glass, falling upon insteps no better protected than by thin silk stockings: fancy the very great annoyance of losing *altogether*, and irrevocably, a dinner already sufficiently late: (nay, I am no gourmand, but absolutely it was no joke: several of us, I know, had taken a long drive that morning, and had had but a light luncheon); but above all, only fancy and commiserate the feelings of my poor friends at the top and bottom of the table: the damage which they saw upon the point of occurring, was really serious: there could be no doubt that the dinner service would be so utterly mutilated, that the least expensive course would be to put the remainder aside, and purchase a new set, or recur to their old one. The destruction of glass, &c., of course, promised to be a serious matter, but it was light in comparison to the china question; these, however, constituted but one branch of their distress: their friends were sure to come in for more or less of damage, and through their fault:—their friends were like to lose their dinner, and through their fault:—their entertainment was brought to a sudden, and a most annoying end!—nay more, what was to be done? all this, and much more, must have passed rapidly through their minds, as they exchanged a look expressive of horror, of enquiry, and of amazement. I must, however, do the whole assembled company the justice to say, that they behaved admirably upon the occasion: there was no screaming, no faintings, no anger; fortunately, one gentleman had the presence of mind to

call out "support the table," which was easily carried into effect by those standing at the sides, whilst others seized hold of the nearest dishes, and one especially, the soup, and lifting them from the table, handed them to the attendants, who, recovering from their first surprise, were now in full activity; by these means the threatened effects of the catastrophe were averted: the subsidence of the table was arrested, the progress of the things towards the centre was stayed, and every thing was *saved*, excepting a few glasses,—the glass salad dish, which had toppled over at the first, and one china dish, which suffered partially from the fall of its glass compeer. At as early a moment as possible, the ladies retired to the drawing-room, where they found that not a single dress had been damaged; ("*O terque quarterque beatæ!*") and the wreck being cleared, as they say at sea, the cause of the mischief became apparent; the table, which was of the telescope kind, had been lengthened for the occasion by the upholsterer, who had disappointed my friend of a new set which he had ordered, and the job had been left in an imperfect state: the consequence was, that the frame-work sank beneath the weight, and the whole must have come to the ground if it had not been supported.

Activity was the order of the day, temporary supports were now introduced beneath the table: fresh linen spread, and in a *surprisingly* short time the board was again ready for the reception of the guests, and, thanks to the cook, the dinner was unspoiled, nay, not a bit the worse; you may suppose how much

it was enjoyed by all of us, and how very much the recollection of our past trials increased the hilarity of the evening. It was late before we separated, but the first thing I did next morning, was to take down my friend's Horace, and read with exceeding zest the eighth satire of the second book, where you may remember a somewhat similar scene is described with exquisite humour.

> Ut te Nasidieni juvit cæna beati?
> * * * * Sic, ut mihi nunquam
> In vita fuit melius.
>
> * * * * *
> * * * * *

> "But lo! the canopy that o'er us spreads,
> Tumbled, in hideous ruins on our heads,
> With dust, how black! not such the clouds arise,
> When o'er the plain a northern tempest flies;
> Some horrors yet more horrible we dread,
> But raise us when we found the danger fled;
> No play was half so fine."

LETTER IX.

Well, it certainly is an immense advantage to rise early: if you are much engaged in business, you evidently gain that which is of so much importance, —time; and this is often, not only as valuable as so much money, but enables you to get through the various engagements of the day with comfort: it also enables you to participate in various enjoyments, which are out of the reach of those who rise only *just* in time to begin the day's business; again, if you are an idle man, and a man of pleasure, early hours prolong good health, and are especially valuable, as inviting you to enjoy your own society, and at the same time to improve yourself, by withdrawing, in a degree, from the busy, bustling, careless world, and fixing your attention upon things of a higher and more important character.

> Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
> In solitude, where we are *least* alone;
> A truth which through our being then doth melt,
> And purifies from self
>
> Byron.

So it has been with me this morning. My West India habits being still upon me, I was up long before my friend or his servants, and the morning being fine, fresh, and inviting, I took the liberty of letting myself out of the front door, and wended my way across the village, till I came upon the church-yard; I know not how it is, but there is something pleasing and soothing in a church-yard: most people, I believe, find it so; one might have thought that it would be rather a melancholy place, and therefore to be avoided: but I have often observed that most people select the church-yard for a stroll, when they have a few spare moments on hand, in a strange place; travellers very often occupy the few minutes that the change of horses give them, at the different stages, in making a little tour of the consecrated spot, where the former inhabitants of the village sleep; some perhaps are led thither by mere idle curiosity, just to see the place: some seek information as to the healthiness of the neighbourhood, by the ages recorded on the stones:—by-the-way, Dr. Babbington the elder, used to tell of a hard hit he received in a church-yard, one day from a country lad whom he addressed, after observing that the ages recorded on the stones were all very great;—"Healthy place this, my lad," said the doctor.

"Why yees, pretty well for that."

"Who's the doctor?"

"There ain't none."

"Indeed! why what do folks do when they get ill?"

"*Oh, they dies o' theyselves.*"

Perhaps it was acting upon this hint that the worthy doctor upon being upset in a chaise, and a good deal hurt, exclaimed, upon hearing some one talk of sending for a surgeon,—"No, no, pray do no such thing, I'm hurt bad enough already."

Well, to return; some probably go expecting to find the church-yard prettily situated, and commanding some fine views, and they are not often disappointed: even in England, the situations of the churches and their surrounding grounds, are very generally the best in the neighbourhood, and this is still more strikingly the case on the continent, especially in Switzerland, where many of the church-yards command the most magnificent views, as at Vevey, Berne, &c. Some, again, probably are attracted to the region of the tombs, from a sense that "this is not our home," and that the grave is not only the lot of all flesh, but the path through which lies the entrance to eternity and to rest:—to those mansions in the kingdom of their Father, where is "peace for evermore," and where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

There is an exceedingly pleasing paper of Addison's, in the first volume of the Spectator, on the subject of church-yard cogitations; he says—"I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations: but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy, and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep

and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones; by this means I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror.

"When I read in Westminster Abbey the several dates upon the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries and make our appearance together."

Upon the present occasion I came upon the churchyard unintentionally and unexpectedly, as I was wending my way towards the sea shore: it arrested my steps on many accounts, first, the beauty of the situation struck me, especially as the sun was just throwing his first rays upon the fine old elm-trees which occupy one corner of the yard, and giving new lustre to the large dew-drops which hung heavily upon the luxuriant grass amongst the tombs. The old church itself, looked peaceful and contented, as it lay sheltered beneath a huge rocky eminence, emblematical of that "rock of ages," beneath whose sheltering side the spiritual church seeks, and never fails to find, protection:—commanding also a view, and pointing attention, as it were, to the ocean,—

> That glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
> Glasses itself in tempests: in all time,
> Calm or convulsed,—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
> Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
> Dark heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
> The image of eternity—the throne
> Of the Invisible.
>
> *Childe Harold,* Canto iv.

The view, indeed, is partially obstructed by the rich foliage of the intervening trees, and the eye is led to wander over the luxuriant park lands which intervene, and to be fixed upon the massive buildings of Tor Abbey, which tell of wealth and comfort, and ease, and pleasure : and thus the attention is withdrawn from the image of eternity, and fixed upon the nearer objects, as, but too often, the mind is attracted and fixed upon objects of time, to the utter neglect and oblivion of those of eternity ;—strange, strange infatuation and weakness this, yet how few of us but must plead guilty to it.

It is interesting I think to trace the system of *compensation* which pervades all the dealings and ordinances of God respecting man, though here, as in many other things, we see " as through a glass, darkly." Could we read the history of those who occupy a single church-yard, I have no doubt that we should be able fully to recognise and appreciate the system. But even without such a power, how very interesting it is to peruse the records on the tombstones, especially in old church-yards. I could not help thinking as I strolled amongst the more ancient tombs on the present occasion, (for the yard having been enlarged at different periods, they occupy a distant part of it), that here the lines of Gray were particularly applicable,—

> " Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
> Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
> Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
> *The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep*."

Yes, here indeed are laid those who, if they were recalled to life, would not recognise the place in which they had spent their years, and, perhaps, contributed almost to found : even the multitude of tombs around would surprise them, those erected in the last twenty years probably out-numbering those which had been raised in the preceding two hundred years.

I should explain that the parish of Tor, or more properly speaking Tormoham, includes the whole of Torquay, and that, consequently, all that die in that resort of invalids are brought hither for interment, and so it happens, not only that there has been a necessity to enlarge the yard more than once, but that there is a marked difference between the older and newer portions: the tombs in the former being mostly of an unpretending, inexpensive style, whilst in the latter they indicate that those whose ashes they guard were of the wealthier classes, who could not only afford to come from a-far to seek health in these milder regions, but to have their names recorded on expensive tombs; not very expensive either, but such as befit those whose surviving friends are in easy circumstances. On many, too, I found recorded that their tenants were owners of seats in different counties, and the representatives or connections of great, noble, and wealthy families—thus proving that

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
  And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour;
  The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Gray.

In perusing the inscriptions on the different monuments, one character struck me as very generally prevailing, and that was a truly Christian spirit. "Many an holy text around was strewn," indicating a firm belief in the survivors that the spirit of those whose bodies rested beneath was blessed, for that they had died in the Lord. I do not recollect being once shocked and offended by that extravagant style of praise of worldly qualities and virtues which one sometimes meets with. This I attribute in a great measure to the character of the disease which had given tenants to the graves, pale consumption, seizing for the most part upon those of a quiet, amiable disposition, connected with a peculiar physical constitution, which often leads its possessor to think lightly of the vain pleasure of the world, and to seek peace where only it is to be found, and which still more frequently enables the interesting sufferer to hail him as the messenger of love, who is usually considered as the dread avenger and the great enemy of man. Gradually familiarised with death, they sink into his arms without a shudder or a mental pang, confiding themselves to his care as one sent expressly to take charge of them and conduct them to that "rest which remaineth for the people of God;" to the fold of their master.

> "Blessed fold! no foe can enter,
> And no friend departeth hence."

Yes, indeed, it is a great privilege which those who fall beneath the wasting hand of consumption enjoy, that

the character of the disease, very generally agreeing with the previous disposition of the mind, weans them from the world, leads them to the throne of grace, and gives them ample time to set their house in order, and not only to lay hold of the hope set before them, but to fit themselves in a great measure for appreciating and enjoying the society of saints made perfect and of their Heavenly Father himself, the purity of whose being no doubt, diffusing itself around and constituting the delight of those who can appreciate it, would assuredly be painful to others who had not been themselves purified. Surely it is a privilege thus to be led gently and tenderly to seek and to converse with God, though it be at the expense of protracted bodily suffering; surely of these it shall hereafter be said, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." It is a great happiness, too, that the submissive frame of mind which prevails in the consumptive patient is frequently communicated to the friends around, who, though they deplore the visible decay of the frame they love, yet cannot but rejoice at the no less visible development of the heavenly frame of mind, and, therefore, must acknowledge the mercy of the dispensation, though it deprive them ultimately of the object upon which their affections were centered, and who are thus taught to check their grief, and although the cup be bitter, to receive it with thankfulness,—thankfulness on their own account, as well as on that of the beloved one of whom they had been deprived.

It was thus that I accounted in some degree for the spirit which seemed to pervade the monuments of this yard. Something also I attributed to the sound doctrines, which, as I understood, characterised the pulpits of the place. It would seem as if the mourners who here commemorated their losses, "sorrowed not as those who were without hope," though their sorrow was necessarily deep, heavy, and lasting Indeed, I could not but feel that in many cases the hand of death must have been very, very afflictive to the survivors, and that they needed all the support which true religion could give. There was the tribute of the afflicted widow to the memory of the husband of her affections, for whose fostering care and support she had but lately left the protection of her parental roof, in the full anticipation of a life full of happiness and love—vain hope, her enjoyment has all been concentrated in the alleviation which her tender care has been able to furnish to the poor sufferer, who, contrary to all expectations, has drooped and needed her slender arm for a support, and who has now left her all desolate, except, indeed, it be that she still holds a frail but lovely and beloved pledge, one sweet child on whom to concentrate her affections; and yet, even this is an object of painful anxiety, for not only the protector but the support is gone, and what is to become of herself and that dear child deprived of those prospects which his unwearying love and industry would have provided? Ah, well, she has learnt to say and believe, "The Lord will provide," for he has

said, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widow trust in me."

Here again, the aged husband mourns the loss of her who had been for half-a-century the more than partner of his joys and griefs; who had appropriated each as if all her own, and yet, felt each the more acutely for the knowledge that they were shared by her other self; how shall he, during the remaining years of his now weary pilgrimage, how shall he totter through them without his solace, his guide, his guardian angel? He stands almost alone in the world; he has been many years a poor crippled invalid, withdrawn from society and looking only to one hand which ministered to his life, and how shall he now endure the loss of that hand? She, she has taught him to say, "The Lord will provide;" "Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

Ah! but what shall we say to this one; this poor, broken-hearted widowed mother, who has here deposited the last link which held her to earth, or rather, from whose hand has here fallen the last object which had supported her through a life of woe, a vale of tears? What has she, poor thing, done, that upon her head should be poured out the very dregs of the cup of bitterness? She was once young and joyous; the world was before her, and it seemed a pleasant world; her footstep was so light and gladsome that it scarce brushed the dew from the lawn she tripped across. Poor thing! she thought the whole world was a smooth lawn, and when she ac-

cepted the proffered hand, she almost thought it was for one continued happy dance. Alas! alas! how short-sighted are mortals! Her expectations, however, have been realized for several years. Her husband has placed her in the sphere of elegance, the society of the wealthy and the honourable: she is sought, admired, and flattered. Children were given to make her happiness complete; she had withstood temptation, and though she was fond of the world and of pleasure, she could yet without a sacrifice withdraw from it in a measure, to fulfil the duties of the mother; she had her reward, at least a part of it, in seeing her lovely young family growing up the admiration of all; the joy of her heart: but, anon, a sudden blow has made her feel that the joys of this world are but transitory and unstable. Her youngest child, a lovely babe, sickens, pines, and dies; she strikes upon her forehead, and as she stares at her attendants she asks, "*Can it be?*" "Is the child dead?" Scarcely recovered from the shock, she receives the intelligence from her husband that his affairs have become somewhat embarrassed in consequence of the unexpected failure of a great banking-house; she thinks little of *that*, for she has still a contented mind, and a competency; indeed, she thinks the less of the little retrenchments necessarily made in their establishment, for now she perceives that her eldest girl, the loveliest and sweetest tempered child that ever blessed a mother, is no longer what she has been; she is not so lively; her appetite fails; her figure is not so good; she droops, requires nursing; but the

details of a long illness are not necessary. She, too, sinks into the grave, bequeathing to the half distracted mother a legacy, an invaluable legacy; a seeking after God, with all its concomitants. She is changed; her grief remains, but it is chastened.

Folks almost wonder to see how well she bears the trial, and expect to see her soon in the gay world again; but they know not whence she derives her support, and where she looks for the pleasure. She does not, indeed, turn her back upon the world, but she uses it as a thing of time, and not to the neglect, but rather as subservient to eternity. One thing in the world she has come to value more highly,—that thing, her Bible.

Happy, happy for her that she has adopted that well of life and left her broken cisterns, for soon she has need of a refreshing stream: her husband, he on whom she doated, and whom she hoped to lead into the better path, meets with an untimely and a miserable end, and upon winding up his affairs she is found to be little better than a beggar, with but a scanty jointure. Well, she has learnt to say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord;" and though bowed to the ground she can cheerfully retire into seclusion, and devote her time to her Bible and her boy, that boy upon whom all her earthly hopes and joys are concentrated. She is well repaid, for whilst she gains increasing peace of mind, she sees her boy growing up into a fine, intelligent, high-principled youth, acquiring knowledge fast, and above all, that knowledge which

leadeth unto life. After all her trials and troubles she is once more a happy woman, though in a new sense.

But, as I said before, what has she done that the judgments of God are poured out upon her? His ways are, indeed, past finding out, but thanks be to Him that he has taught us that "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and it is by that assurance this poor widow is enabled to endure the consummation of all her woes, when her son, her only son, her only earthly hope, is struck with the hand of death, and sinks into the grave despite the care of her who, to delay the catastrophe, has taxed her slender means to the last farthing to meet the expenses attendant upon a long journey, in the hope that change of air might arrest the hand of death; vain hope; a sparrow falleth not to the ground without the will of its Maker, and although he will have us use all justifiable means for the prolongation of life, yet, he over-rules all things, sometimes ordering them so as to bring about recovery, sometimes baffling the skill of the most skilful, in what seem the simplest cases; sending forth the summons, the irrevocable summons at one time in a whisper borne upon the soft breath of consumption, at another in appalling accents which speak in the roar of elements. This he does, and let no man say, "What doest thou?" the hairs of our heads are all numbered, and death works not but as his minister and by his well-considered orders. So feels this poor heart-broken widow, and as she resigns her son to God, she says, she feels in very deed that "it is well." It is well for *me*; "It is good for me

that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes." It is well for *him* that he has gone where "The wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," and where "God shall wipe away all tears." "Blessed be God," methinks I hear her say, "Blessed be God that hath taken thee from the evil to come, and carried thee safely through the dark valley of the shadow of death to that 'mansion, eternal in the heavens,' where thou shalt be with him for ever. Oh blessed be his name, for that he hath taken thee to himself, whilst unspotted from the world, and before thou couldest fall, being tempted. We read of but two persons grownup to know good from evil whom God translated at once from life to immortality, but surely we may believe that thou and such as thou, who die in tender years, unstained by personal sin, enter *without doubt* into the kingdom of Heaven: hath he not said that 'Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' Oh yes, and I thank thee, God, for that assurance, and now, my child,

I give thee to thy God—the God that gave thee
  A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart!
  And precious as thou art,
And pure as dew of Herman, He shall have thee,
  My own, my beautiful, my undefiled,
  And thou shalt be His child.

Therefore, farewell! I go; my soul may fail me,
  As the heart panteth for the water brooks,
  Yearning for thy sweet looks.
But thou, my first-born,
  Thou in the shadow of the rock shalt dwell,
  The rock of strength. Farewell!"

Mrs. Hemans' Hebrew Mother.

We may, indeed, all be thankful, that it is not in this life *only*, that we have hope, and that we can look beyond the grave as to our home; beyond the things of time to those of eternity: that if we feel, and who does not? that all here is vanity, we can look with the eye of faith to that city whose builder and maker is God, and which shall therefore abide for ever.—Oh, yes, this indeed is as a "covert from the storm," and happy are they who can take hold of this hope set before them, and stay themselves by it amidst the tempests of this world; good cause have we to make this our own, and to be able to "give a reason for the hope that is in us," for otherwise, we shall be like Peter, and thinking we stand, shall find that we are falling at the most important moment.

It is something, much, that those who perhaps think but lightly of religion, should hold with Lord Byron, who says, in his letter to Mr. Sheppard, acknowledging his, conveying an intercession on his behalf, by his, Mr. S.'s deceased wife:—"Indisputably, the firm believers in the gospel have a great advantage over all others, for this simple reason, that if true, they will have their reward hereafter, and if there be no hereafter, they can be but with the infidel in his eternal sleep, having had the assistance of an exalted hope through life, without subsequent disappointment, since (at the worst for them) 'out of nothing, nothing can arise,' not even sorrow." There are numerous passages in Lord Byron's poems, which would lead us to hope better things of him: I cannot see how a sceptic *could* have penned them, especially one who would not go out of his way to accommodate

himself to the opinions of the world: but, however this may be, I feel assured that it is highly important, not only that our faith should be sure and steadfast, but that it should have such ground to hold in, as shall prevent its giving way under any strain, and with that view I think that we cannot take too much pains in furnishing ourselves and our children with evidences of the truth of our holy religion; it is for this reason that I consider the Bridgewater Treatises a most valuable addition to the standing literature of our country and of the world; independently of their general interest and merits, they fulfil to the uttermost their chief intention, by displaying the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, as manifested in creation; but I think there is one small volume of modern times, yet more valuable: I mean Keith's Evidence of Prophecy, which, by illustrating the fulfilment of ancient prophecy to the very letter, (proof of which, he has, in many cases, happily extracted from the writings of *professed infidels*), leads us irresistibly to feel, that the God in whom we believe is indeed the true God, and to exclaim with the Israelites of old,—"the Lord he is God: the Lord he is God;"* "It is," says Keith, in his introduction, "delightful to have every doubt removed by the positive proof of christianity: to feel that conviction of its certainty, which infidelity can never impart to its votaries, and to receive that assurance of the faith, which is as superior in the hope which it communicates, as in the certainty on which it rests, to the cheerless and disquieting doubts of the unbelieving

* 1 Kings, xviii., 39.

mind. Instead of a mere prejudice of education, which may be easily shaken, belief thus founded on reason, becomes fixed and immovable, and all the scoffings of the scorner, and the speculations of the infidel (let us add the temptations of the tempter), lie as lightly on the mind, or pass as imperceptibly over it, and make as little impression there, as the spray upon a rock." "Religion deserves a candid examination, and it demands nothing more; the fulfilment of prophecy forms part of the evidence of christianity; and are the prophecies false, or are they true? is their fallacy exposed, or their truth ratified by the event? and whether are they thus proved to be the delusions of impostors, or the dictates of inspiration? To the solution of these questions, a patient and impartial enquiry is alone requisite, and the man who withholds this enquiry, and who will not be impartially guided by its results, is not only reckless of his fate, but devoid of that of which he prides himself the most, even of all true liberality of sentiment: he is the bigot of infidelity, who will not believe the truth because it is the truth."

It is something to know that Newton, Bacon, and Locke, whose names stand pre-eminent in human science, to which they opened a path not penetrated before, found proof sufficient to satisfy *their* minds of the truth of our religion, but it needs not the aid of exalted genius and deep learning, to lead us to conviction on this head: no, the most simple may arrive at it, though, happily, each step in wisdom leads to the confirmation and elucidation of the truth. It is

the privilege of the sincere believer, however unlearned after the flesh, to receive and to adopt, under the most afflictive dispensations, the sentiment of the Psalmist, and sorrowing, not as those who are without hope, to say,—" the dead shall not return to me, but I shall go to them;" compare this short sentence with all the comfort which Servius Sulpicius could suggest in his beautiful letter to Cicero, upon the death of his beloved daughter, and we shall then feel that Byron was indeed right, when he said that true believers had indisputably the advantage. Acknowledging the justness of such remarks as these,—" You surely must often, as well as myself, have had occasion in these wretched times, to reflect, that their condition by no means deserves to be regretted, whom death has removed from this unhappy scene." " Time necessarily weakens the strongest impressions of sorrow, but it would be a reproach to your character not to anticipate this, its certain effect, by the force of your own good sense and judgment. If the dead retain any consciousness of what is here transacted, your daughter's affection, I am sure, was such, both to you and to all her relations, that she can by no means desire you should abandon yourself to this excess of grief." Acquiescing, indeed, in the whole tenor of the letter, we yet cannot but feel that it stops short of the mark, and that the one brief sentence of the Psalmist, above alluded to, is infinitely more valuable and consoling than all the most eloquent reasonings of the heathen sages: that it is for those, and for those only who can feel assured with

Martha, "I know that the dead shall rise again at the last day," to say,—"Oh, death where is thy sting?—oh! grave, where is thy victory?"

A more striking instance of the value of this belief in the immortality of the soul, could perhaps hardly be given, than that which Napoleon afforded, when his favourite general, Duroc, was struck down by a cannon ball, at the very time when they were pursuing a retiring foe: in the midst of triumph, this conqueror, this man of the world, this child of the revolution, was actuated by the profoundest grief, and his *only* comfort consisted in resting upon that very belief, which his nation, if not himself, had long laughed to scorn.—"Duroc," he said, pressing the hand of the dying hero, "there is another world where we shall meet again."

In conclusion, just compare Horace's ode (beautiful as it is), on the death of Quintilius, "*Quis desiderio*,"

> "Why should we stop the tender tear?
> Why blush to weep for one so dear?"

and ending,

> "'Tis hard, but patience must endure,
> And sooth the woes it cannot cure."

Compare this, I say, with the lines of Heber, on the death of his friend: the first and last verses of which run,

> "Thou art gone to the grave, but *we will not deplore thee*,
> Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,
> The Saviour has pass'd through its portals before thee,
> And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave! but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide:
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting since the Saviour hath died."

The comparison will surely lead us to be thankful that light has shone upon them that sat in darkness, and that we are not of those who in this life only have hope. The subject is beautifully touched in the concluding stanzas of Mrs. Hemans' Ode on the Statue of the Funeral Genius of the Ancients.

In the dark bosom of the earth *they* laid
Far more than we,—for loftier faith is ours!
Their gems were set in ashes, yet they made
The grave a place of beauty and of flowers;
With fragrant wreaths and summer boughs array'd,
And lovely sculpture gleaming through the shade.

Is it for us a deeper gloom to shed
O'er its dim precincts?—do we not entrust,
But for a time, its chambers with our dead,
And strew immortal seed upon the dust?
Why should *we* dwell on that which dwells beneath,
When living light hath touch'd the brow of death?

Leaving the church-yard, I passed through the lodge gate of the Tor Abbey grounds, which rise amphitheatre-like, from the shore, whilst to the westward, they are spread around the venerable-looking old mansion, and richly clothed with fine avenues of trees: traversing these, I found myself where I love to be, upon the sea shore.

There is a rapture in the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.

BYRON.

A lovely prospect lay before me: to the left, the lofty hill I have before spoken of, as forming the boundary of the basin of Torquay on one side, clothed to its summit with the dark foliage of a fir-wood, and washed at its base by the waters of the bay; beyond the principal part of Torquay itself, the basin and the southern hill, clothed like its fellow, with a wood of evergreens. To the right, the bold front of Berry-head: Brixham, with its many fishing smacks, hovering around the mouth of its little harbour, and the picturesque line of coast: whilst before me lay the broad expanse of the water, extending into the channel, enlivened by the presence of one or two large vessels passing up and down: immediately at my feet lay a considerable expanse of hard sand.

The scene was very beautiful, yet I could not help giving the preference to our own sea-side scenery: in fact, prejudice apart, I know of nothing to equal that; I need not tell you where to go to look for the spots I have in my mind's eye; you must be well acquainted with the coast road from town in both directions, along which they abound;—stop and refresh yourself and horse in the shade of that large tamarind tree which grows by the side of the road, and contemplate the lovely scene: it will bear looking at again and again, and the more you consider it, the more I am sure you will admire; look with me at that resplendent line of sand, of purest white, sparkling beneath the rays of that glorious sun:—look at it through the tender and refreshing green of those young cocoa-nut trees, which surprise you by their

luxuriant growth in that huge bank of sand which skirts the shore, and which is thus turned to profitable account;—see the blue, blue waves which come rolling in one after another, and in turn rising to the height of several feet, then curling over, and breaking into a light wreath of sparkling foam, then falling over, as in delight, upon the white sand, hurrying up its gentle rise to a surprising distance, as if in very sport; then rushing back apparently in the same mood, leaving a light veil of white froth upon its passive playmate, to be instantly dissipated by the heat of the sun, and the action of the strong breeze, which is almost always blowing from the east; whilst you admire the unceasing succession of these sports of nature, you will see the process by which these sands, the debris of coral and of shells, attain their excessive whiteness: you will see that they undergo a never-ceasing process of bleaching, and I feel assured that you will admit that the elements of earth, water, fire, and air, could not be seen combined to greater advantage. For my own part, I must say, I know of nothing so exquisitely beautiful as these scenes, and as a single feature of them, the colour of the waves as they curl over, and allow you to see the strong sun-light through them; I called their colour blue, but I am not sure that I am quite correct, say rather, that it is that of the most beautiful aqua-marine; on a large scale I can compare it to some of the large masses of ice which one meets with on the glaciers of Switzerland, so situated as to allow of the transmission of a strong light through

them, and particularly where they are excavated by the action of running streams, as at the source of the Arveron, which issues in a full stream from beneath an arch, which it constantly keeps open at the lower end of the immense sea of ice. I should very much like to see a good set of *coloured* views of West India scenery, well executed, I cannot think but that it would make a most beautiful and attractive work: the finest engravings, without colour, cannot but convey an inadequate idea of such scenes.

As I strolled about the sands looking for madrepores, a species of coral in the pebbles which make very beautiful brooches &c., I came upon a spot where some youthful wanderer had been inscribing, with the end of his stick, the names of his brothers, and sisters, friends and playmates; there was Robert and James, and Richard and William, and Mary and Lucy, and Ellen and Jane. The waves rolling on before the flowing tide, had already passed over and obliterated many others, and had even made inroads upon some of these; they were all shortly about to pass away before the fell swoop of the relentless element. I could not help recognising in this an emblem of that which in the stern reality of life most nearly affects the interests and happiness of us all. We start, like this happy little one, with friends on all sides, parents, relatives, and the friends of those who delight to nurse us on their knees and whose names we early learn to love and lisp. Our childhood is turned into youth, and some of these kind friends are seen no more; we scarcely enquire why: we run

further up the sands, and form a new host of friends and acquaintances, a host so numerous, so lightsome and so joyous, that as some drop off, we hardly miss them; new faces, new names occupy their places. Another step, another retreat is made; the middle of the sandy plain is reached, and here again we dwell upon the names of those friends who are left, whether of our childhood or our maturer years, and we learn their value; but the tide rolls on, time's tide, resistless and relentless; our best beloved are submerged and their names are lost in immensity, in eternity; lost so far as we are concerned; *we* see their faces no more. And now, as we retreat before the rolling tide, we find that we have no time to inscribe new names, that although it is not yet high-tide, the shore is steeper and less smooth; that if we can find time and space to inscribe a few names of cherished friends, it is as much as we can do, and that even these are gradually, but surely, washed out, till at last we are left to sit down upon the high beach from which the overhanging cliff precludes escape, alone, or with two or three companions, and ruminate over the scenes where we have been happy; perhaps to think of those whose names we have long dwelt upon with delight, and, if we be wise, to ponder upon the moment when our names, too, must sink below the wave, and pass from the sight, the very knowledge of those who shall in a few years be walking on those sands,—fit emblem of the world's wide, unstable stage. Happy those who can sit down and calmly contemplate the rising tide, assured, that though it will surely submerge

them, yet that in due season they will rise above the flood and be wafted across it to another, a brighter and a happier shore, where they will enjoy the society of their best friends for ever and without interruption or separation ;

> "A land of pure delight,
> Where saints in glory dwell."

where time shall cease, and death shall be no more.

I must not omit to mention that I had a great treat the other Sunday, having been fortunate enough to hear the Bishop of Exeter preach at the chapel of ease, on behalf of the Society for Educating the Poor in the principles of the church of England. I need hardly have told you that it was a treat; you would readily have conjectured that. You would suppose that the worthy bishop would bring into exercise upon such an occasion all the powers of his master-mind, and you would be right in the supposition. I was particularly struck, not only by the strength and clearness of the argument, the elegant character of the language, and the impressive manner of delivery, but by the evident adaptation of all to the time and place. To criticise the Bishop of Exeter would, indeed, be arrogance in me, but it struck me as an excellence not to be passed over in silence, that one possessed of such *brilliancy* should evidently keep it in the back-ground, and adopt rather the plainness of speech more particularly adapted to the pulpit, accompanied, indeed, by elegance, but yet more remarkably by strength and conclusiveness. It

is not all persons who can afford, if I may so say, to make such a sacrifice, and to rest their preaching *solely* upon its truth and authority, and unfortunately the attempt is not always successful. I like to hear an eloquent, and a brilliant sermon, and I can admire the ingenuity with which a talented preacher addresses himself to the feeling of his audience; nay, I have no doubt that in very many cases it is necessary to use such ingenuity to get at the recesses of the human heart; but I do love to hear the teacher use plainness, as one in authority, and especially do I like this in the heads of our church. *Hæc autem hactenus*, I know not whether either you or I are called upon to discuss such matters.

However this may be, I must tell you of another treat which I have had here, and that I am sure you will duly estimate. From information received from a friend, I was led to attend service at St. Mary church, two miles from Torquay, and there I had the very great pleasure of hearing our own excellent Bishop Coleridge preach.

That I heard an excellent sermon delivered in the most impressive manner, every Barbadian will, I am sure, readily believe without my affirming it. Some allowance may possibly be made for our natural feelings of respect and regard for an individual who has earned them from us by a course of useful exertion, of firm but courteous deportment, and ultimately by the visible moral improvement of his diocese, but I am convinced that the merest stranger must admire the dignified and impressive manner of our worthy

bishop, whilst delivering his truly valuable and authoritative admonitions and exhortations from the pulpit. Alas, that we should be about to lose the spiritual superintendance of such a man! We may and ought to be sincerely thankful that we have enjoyed such an advantage for so long a time, and I think that the admirable condition of our island in point of church accommodation may be looked upon in after years (not to detract from the merits of the inhabitants) as a monument of his care and zeal in the cause of religion. After the destruction of our churches by the hurricane of 1830 we should, no doubt, have exerted ourselves to rebuild them, but I doubt whether our efforts would have been so very successful without the fostering care of our good bishop.

Mary Church is the living of Mr. Coleridge, cousin of our bishop, who is usually a visitant there when in England.

The good people of Torquay are particularly well off for spiritual instruction. Besides the parish church of Tor, (which, to say truth, sadly wants the renovation which has been long promised it), there is a large chapel of ease, and a large proprietary chapel belonging to the establishment, and there are, I believe, chapels belonging to each of the recognised bodies of Dissenters, excepting Quakers and Socinians. Then, besides all these, there are meetings of various denominations, but little, if at all, known elsewhere. In fact, the multiplicity of these chapels and meeting-houses put me forcibly in mind of what

is related to have occurred at an assemblage of Scotch ministers, where, before proceeding to business, the worthy reverend gentlemen fell into a train of lamentation over the sad state of the world, something after the following fashion. "Eh, sirs! bet they're awfu' times, these we hae fa'en upon! Mercy guide us! wearisome and difficult it is for the puir ministers o' the kirk to keep their flocks thegither, and sorrowfu' it is to see the divisions and the sc*ee*sms whilk hae crept in upon us! Ay, sirs, maybe ye wadna hae thocht it, but p*o*setively there's Arian*ee*sm sprung up in the midst o' my ain paarish. It's a faac, sirs, mair's the pity, not to say the shame."

"Ah, weel, reverend father," said another of the divines, "ye're no singular in your troobles, we hae gotten Antinomian*ee*sm in our paarish."

"Troth, sirs," chimed in a third, "ye hae na gotten the worst on't; nae, nae, sirs, look at my puir paarish. What for, think ye, is't that I hae laboured and preached these forty years? Why joost to see *Soceenianeesm* rear its head before my vary een"

"Eh, sirs!' rang out a full chorus, "*Soceenianeesm!* Gude guid us! what next?"

"'Deed, reverend father, ye may weel say that," observed a young minister, who had hitherto been silent, "but ye'll hardly guess it. Bad eneugh are the eesms ye hae mentioned, but we hae gotten a waur eesm than a' they in my paarish."

"Hoot, man," exclaimed more than one voice, "it's not p*o*seible! waur nor Soceenianeesm, it's no p*o*-*s*eible."

"'Deed bet it is though, reverend fathers."

"Weel, than ye maun hae gotten Deeism amongst ye?"

"Waur nor that, reverend father."

"Waur nor Deeism! then it's joost Atheeism."

"'Deed no, reverend father, it's no Atheeism."

"Ye're daft, lad! div' ken what ye mean yoursell?"

"'Deed do I that, father," said the young man with a terrible writhing of the shoulders; "I ken that to my cost. We hae a' gotten the *rheumateesm!*"

LETTER X.

As I said before, the neighbourhood of Torquay abounds in pretty drives; it would be difficult to find a prettier than that to Teignmouth, which runs along the coast in such a manner as to give the passenger the fullest benefit of variety: at one time presenting a fine prospect of a rich inland country, and at another delighting the eye with the most lovely peeps of the sea between the green sides of the numerous little valleys which open to the southward. In one of these valleys, or coombes as they are called, I was noticing a particularly picturesque little village, when my friend told me that a certain degree of interest was attached to the spot from an incident which occurred there many years ago, or rather a series of incidents, constituting a little romance.

The lower orders of people in Devonshire, it seems, were once famed for credulity and superstition, and perhaps some tinges of the same still remain. At the time to which my friend's little history refers they were in full vigour, and in no locality did they

flourish more than in the little valley in question, for at that time it was very secluded, no high-road running near it as at present. Well, it so happened in the course of events that in the midst of a heavy storm of wind and snow one bitter winter's day, there arrived at the hamlet an aged woman—not very aged, but haggard, wan, and worn, demanding, rather than supplicating, charity, a shelter from the storm, and food to satisfy the cravings of hunger. There was something forbidding in the appearance of the woman; deeply pitted with small-pox and deprived of one eye, yet people relieved her wants, though not perhaps with the best of wills: if so, they did not at any rate receive any superabundance of thanks. All were pleased when the stranger turned from their doors, for the wildness and discourteousness of her manner occasioned them some uneasiness during her stay, especially such as had children. She left the hamlet ere nightfall, but it was discovered next day that she had taken up her residence in a wretched deserted hovel upon a hill-side common at a little distance, and it appeared that it was her intention to remain there, for she was busy with her own hands repairing the thatch, and otherwise rendering the place habitable. No one seemed disposed to meddle with her,—indeed, no one knew to whom the old hovel belonged; some feared to cross her, and many said it was no business of their's.

In fact, it was presently discovered that the old lady was rather an acquisition than otherwise, for in several instances she gave her neighbours good ad-

vice and assistance in the management of their sick people and animals. Nay more, it came in no long time to be admitted by all that Dame Jackson, as she called herself, was a WISE WOMAN, and that her knowledge extended beyond that attained to by ordinary mortals.

The subject of this discovery evidently took pains to promote this idea, and in due time obtained a strong hold upon the respect of the neighbourhood, and many were the dark and mysterious counsels and inuendoes which she threw out both to those who asked and those who did not ask her advice; and an evil word from her was sufficient to make the stoutest heart quail with apprehension of the consequences Of course she found no difficulty in raising the means of a subsistence.

There was, however, one exception to this general deference and submission on the part of a poor quiet widow, whose little cottage stood by the side of the path leading from the village to the old woman's abode. This woman was decidedly in advance of her neighbours: she had learned to cast off fear where no fear was, to put no faith in idle superstitions, but to look steadfastly and only to the hill from whence cometh salvation. Under every circumstance it was her practice to go to her Bible for guidance, and when she there found it written "There shall not be among you a witch," and felt in her own mind that if the "wise woman" was not in very deed a witch, she would fain have herself thought so, and that her deluded neighbours plainly

considered her in such a light though under another name, she utterly set her face against her, refused any converse with her, except such as was forced upon her by the individual in question as she passed and re-passed her cottage. She carefully avoided any altercation with her, and never spoke of her except when the subject was introduced by others, when she mildly but firmly bore testimony against what she considered to be a most dangerous error. She was, in fact, a humble but devout Christian; sorrow had done its work upon her heart,—a heart softened by grace, and naturally inclined to better things than the grovelling superstitions of the day. She had been early married, early a mother of two fine children, and early a widow: nay more, within three years of the death of her beloved husband she had lost her two sweet children, and her house had indeed been left unto her desolate. Still she knew in whom she trusted, and could say "It is well." Her faith never wavered; indeed, it passed through the furnace of trial and came out as fine gold. It was as the widow's measure of flour and flask of oil, it wasted not, neither was it deficient, but it was always at hand, ever a staff to rest upon. In fact, this poor widow afforded one of those beautiful instances of the effect of religion in the heart, pure and undefiled, which we occasionally, may I not say often, meet with in the humbler walks of life, and for which we have reason to bless God and be thankful.

It is no wonder that under these circumstances the

widow became an object of peculiar aversion to the "wise woman" of the hill, exactly as Mordecai of old stirred up the wrath and incurred the hatred of Haman. It was no doubt gratifying to her, as well as profitable, that the whole neighbouring population had come to regard her with feelings of awe, and were always ready to propitiate her favour in every way in their power; still there was something wanting, and doubtless, in the midst of her honour and popularity, she might often have said, "Yet all this availeth me nothing so long as I see that widow quietly sitting at her door knitting, and refusing to fear me." She could not, indeed, hope to hang her on a gallows, but in various ways she effectually embittered her life and straitened her circumstances. It was not to be expected that the ignorant people of the village should regard with favour one whose life was a sermon, a practical rebuke to their own errors, nor is it to be wondered at that they should readily adopt many little plans for the annoyance and injury of the widow, thrown out and suggested in the most cursory and insidious way by the "wise woman," for she was too wise to shew her envy and spite more openly, and though hating her neighbour yet keeping up a passing acquaintance and a shew of civility; whilst the other, though inwardly loathing one whom she considered not so much her own enemy as the enemy of her dupes, was unwilling to quarrel, and therefore never refused a civil answer to the passer-by. In many instances her patience, nay her faith, was severely tried; but, as David could say of old,

"Princes also did sit and speak against me; but thy servant did meditate in thy statutes:" so this poor widow, under all her trials, could go to her Bible, and thence draw so many reasons against fainting under persecution that she could "Thank God and take courage."

Things went on thus for two or three years, when an event occurred which caused a considerable sensation in the village and a decided change in the widow's life. It was in the dreary month of December that there had been a long, dark, tempestuous night, such as causes the mariner "to reel to and fro," and to cry out "Save, Lord, or we perish!" and impels those on shore to cast an anxious eye upon the water in the morning to see what distress may have been occasioned.

The earliest risers in the hamlet failed not in the present instance to look out upon the bay, nor were they long in discovering a frail vessel labouring amidst the fierce waves and striving under the exertions of its crew to avoid the shore upon which the wind was driving them.

> "Amid the tide
> The sloop they mark'd lay tossing sore,
> And shifted oft her stooping side
> In weary tack from shore to shore.
> And such the risk her pilot braves
> That oft before she wore,
> Her bowsprit kiss'd the broken waves,
> Where in white foam the ocean raves
> Upon the shelving shore."*

* Lord of the Isles.

It was all in vain; the fury of the wind was such that it was impossible to carry sail enough to work off the lee shore, indeed it was evident that the vessel had been so strained by the efforts which had been made to attain this object that she had become leaky, and that ere long, if not dashed against the rocks, she *must* founder. The crew seemed to be aware of this; they tried the pumps, but their strength was evidently unequal to the task, and they soon gave over. Those on shore could now perceive that the condition of the vessel was beyond all hope, and prepared themselves to render what assistance they might when she came ashore, not perhaps without some secret intentions, in some breasts at least, to avail themselves of the opportunity of appropriating what the waves might wash up on the beach. If such were indeed their hopes, they were probably in some degree damped when they saw that the captain had determined to abandon his vessel to sink or be driven where she would (which would probably not be upon their beach), and to endeavour to save the lives of himself and party in his boat, which he thought he might possibly be able to run through the surf within reach of the assistance of those he saw assembled on the beach, a risk which he considered somewhat less than that which would be incurred by running the vessel in, as from her greater draught of water she would be likely to take the ground further out, and, going to pieces, involve all on board in one common ruin. Heaving-to the vessel then, just opposite the little beach, and perhaps two miles from

it, all on board hastily descended into the boat. Additional horror was imparted to the scene when those on shore observed a female with an infant in her arms passed over the side into the boat, and all were more anxious than ever to render every assistance when the boat should touch the shore. Alas! however, she was destined never to touch that shore, and a watery grave awaited the poor shivering crew, beyond the reach of all human assistance. They had not proceeded more than a couple of hundred yards from the vessel when a tremendous wave caught the stern of the boat, hurled her onwards for a brief space, and then completely capsizing her, passed ruthlessly over her and her unfortunate inmates. All was still and death-like for a minute, then several unhappy wretches were seen to rise upon the angry billows, and amongst others a man evidently supporting the female, who in her turn still held the infant in her arms. It was but for a short time that the struggle lasted; no mortal strength could possibly contend with those waves, each one of which was breaking with such frightful violence: one by one they sank to rise no more, and all was still again—no, not quite so neither: see, there is a large dog yet breasting the waves. This noble animal had been observed standing at the gangway when the boat left the side of the vessel, but the master, well knowing the absolute necessity of not encumbering the boat more than it was possible to help, had been obliged, however unwillingly, to leave him behind. He had, however, speedily taken to the

water and swam after the boat with sturdy perseverance though severely buffeted by the waves; and now, see, he alone is left, and he is patiently and steadily making his way to the shore; poor fellow, too, see, he has encumbered himself with a large bundle which he is carrying in his mouth; he need to drop it if he means to get safely through this surf. Yet no, he means that it should share his fate; and, gracious powers! he is right, for it is his master's child; yes, separated at length from the grasp of its dying mother, and brought to the surface by the buoyancy of its woollen envelopes, it has attracted the immediate notice of its playmate the noble dog, who, taking it in his mouth is firmly resolved never to let it go in life, without placing it safely on the shore. Nobly he has resolved, nobly he is executing his purpose; true, the waves sometimes bury them both for awhile, but there he is again upon the top of the next, and as to the child, it is a part of himself. Fortunately, it is flood tide, and each wave hurries on the pair to the shore, where it is soon evident that the animal is well accustomed to the business of landing through the surf. No catamaran-man could wait more patiently, just beyond its reach, till the approach of a great master-wave, upon the back of which he rides steadily and triumphantly high up the beach, into which he immediately thrusts his paws with all his force, crouching carefully down to avoid the force of the retiring waters. The anxious bystanders are not long in removing him (for he is nearly exhausted,) and his charge higher up the beach out of harm's way, nor

in examining the child to see if it be still alive: breathing is suspended, but the little thing is yet warm, and some dry flannels and brisk rubbing soon bring it to life again, to the no small joy of its sturdy deliverer, who, speedily recovering from his fatigue, and shaking the weight of water from his sides, now divides his time between watching, with a quiet but truly happy demeanour, the process of the child's recovery, and running down to the edge of the foaming surges, looking out to sea with many a whine and much anxiety, scarce refraining himself from again dashing into the briny elements in search of his lost master; by turns solacing himself as it were by looking on the beloved object which he had rescued, and again bemoaning the loss of other dearly cherished objects. At last he settled down into companionship with those who stood around the child, relieved, perhaps, in some degree from the painful abstraction by the disappearance of the vessel, which, ere she could drift upon the rocks, had made one tremendous plunge and disappeared beneath the waves.

A material question now came to be mooted amongst the villagers: nothing had been gained from the wreck except a child, and a dog with a capacious stomach; who was to take charge of these, "ah, there's the rub," for in that charge what costs might come, puzzled them all, and made them rather keep the families they had, than enlarge them by the adoption of a foundling. One had more children than she knew how to feed; another had never been used to children; another had a sick husband;

another was sick herself; another was too young, and another too old; so it became a serious consideration what was to be the fate of the fair-haired, blue-eyed, little babe, which now lay laughing and crowing amongst them?

At this juncture the poor widow came down to the shore, for she had been tending and visiting a sick neighbour, and had not gone down with the rest, considering that she could render little assistance to those who might come on shore, and having no desire to secure any booty from the wreck. Her kindly nature hesitated but a moment; she reflected how poor she was, and how inadequate her limited means were to the support of another individual, but she no less promptly recollected, that those who have exercised true hospitality have entertained angels unawares; she reflected that an especial blessing had been promised to those who shall give one of their Master's little ones a cup even of cold water, and she thought she could furnish a little milk from her goat, and finally, that her own beloved Master had expressly declared that he would accept, as done unto himself, any act of kindness exercised towards the least of his little ones. She saw her line of duty plainly marked out, and she adopted it forthwith, expressing her readiness to take charge of the child, but stating her utter inability to entertain the dog. This, however, was not a material difficulty, for it was evident that such an animal was well worth his keep to any one who could afford it, and a sturdy fisherman promptly offered to adopt him into his family, rightly judging

that he might turn him to good account in carrying lines to the shore, when, as often happened, he found on his return from fishing, an inconvenient or dangerous surf running; neither was he disappointed, and for years this faithful creature well repaid the kindness he received. Fortunately the fisherman was a near neighbour of the widow's, and by degrees the dog became reconciled to the arrangement which allowed him frequently to visit his old play-fellow, though the receipt of his meals, and daily calls to the boat, taught him that his own home was with the fisherman.

This arrangement being made, it was soon carried into effect, and the widow bore her new charge to her cottage as speedily as possible, for she knew that it must be in want of food and warmth. There, closing the door, she laid the child upon the bed, and kneeling beside it earnestly prayed that it would please her Heavenly Master to be, in this case as in others, in very deed the Father of the fatherless, as he had hitherto been the God of the widow—her stronghold and her rock of defence. He knew her limited means, and it was not as a fatalist, but as a true believer, that she committed the future to his care in hope and expectation that He would supply what was needful; that the Lord would provide.

You will observe that no mention has been made of Dame Jackson, the wise woman, on this memorable morning: the fact is, she was not upon the field of action on that occasion: she was confined to her hovel by one of those severe fits of rheumatism, to

which she was liable, and it was some days ere she could walk abroad. It so happened, that as she passed the widow's cottage, for the first time after the events above narrated, its mistress was sitting at the door, with the babe in her arms, enjoying, with thankfulness, a warm sunny morning, such as often enlivens the southern coast, even in the midst of winter.

The old woman, upon this occasion, did more than exchange a passing word, she had heard the history of the wreck, and of the saving of the child, and her interest was excited: she therefore opened the wicket, uninvited, and proceeded, after wishing the widow a good morrow, to inspect the child; at the first glance, she gave a start, and exclaimed—"Dear me, how"—but checking herself, she proceeded to examine the child more narrowly, even beyond what the widow thought necessary: she evidently took a considerable interest in the infant, and asked many questions about her, agreeing with the widow, that her age must be about twelve months; she enquired particularly whether any marks had been found on the linen in which the infant was dressed, when she came on shore, and found that there were the letters A. J., on some articles of her clothing, and moreover, that on the dog's collar were the initials R V.; these letters seemed to afford the old woman no satisfaction, but the contrary, though it was not easy to divine why she should take any interest in the matter: she left the cottage, however, in a softer and more amiable mood than she had ever before exhibited to the widow, who

was, accordingly, pleased; she was, moreover, gratified to observe a decided mitigation in the asperity of her manner, which continued from that day forwards for four years: no cordiality, indeed, grew up between them, for their paths lay in widely different directions, but they seemed to have one object of interest in common, — the blue-eyed child, who was growing up as a tender plant, under the fostering care of the good widow, who really seemed to have received, not only a comfort and a solace in the child, but a real blessing, for since the ill nature of the wise woman had been mitigated, she had received from her neighbours many little kindnesses and services which had proved of essential benefit to her, and which she assuredly would not previously have met with.

Things went on in this way, as I have said, for four years: the old woman, in that time, frequently stopping at the gate, and endeavouring to form a sort of intimacy with the child, who, however, on her part, evidently did not desire any such improvement of their acquaintanceship; at first, this was no doubt owing to the forbidding appearance of the elder party, but probably, it might subsequently have been traced to sundry warnings which the widow thought it right to give her little charge, respecting the wise woman, whose attentions were anything but agreeable, and even became the subject of some disquietude to her anxious mind. It was somewhere about the end of the fourth year that it became evident that such lessons had not been unheeded, though in a way

which the good woman would not have wished, for she was too mild and gentle to wish to hurt the feelings of any one, however little cause she might have to respect them. The old woman, upon the occasion in question, had stopped at the wicket, and pereeiving the little girl in the garden, called to her, and after exchanging a few sentences with her, proceeded to enquire whether she would take a walk down to the village with her; this was the first time she had ever carried her intimacy so far, and the advance met with but an ungracious reception:—"No, thank'ee," said the child, twisting up the corner of her little apron, and retreating with her eyes fixed on the ground: her mind was evidently made up on the subject; the old woman, however, was not to be so easily refused, and assuming her blandest manner, she asked the child why she would not go with her: to which the little innocent promptly replied,—"Because you're a bad old woman, and I don't like you;" the wise woman waited for no further parley, but turned abruptly homewards, muttering—"Ah, there it is, I thought as much:—fool that I was to let my heart yearn after the little wretch, I might have known that it was impossible for any human creature to love the old hag:—no, that can never be, never, never: but after all it's that smooth-faced, oily-tongued woman, who has instilled this hatred into the child's mind: she might not have loved me, but an older head must have taught her that I was a *bad* woman,—ay, ay, there's no doubt of it, but I'll have my revenge in due time:—we'll see."

A new era now commenced: all intercourse was broken off between the wise woman, and the widow and child: no word was spoken as the former passed the gate of the latter, but her wrath was not passive: innumerable were the ways in which it found vent, especially in setting all her neighbours once more against the unfortunate widow: this lasted for a year or more, and then the old woman resumed her practice of addressing a word or two to the widow as she passed, but it was evident that this was rather a method of giving vent to some keen sarcasms, or ill-natured remarks, than as a proof of any good will, or neighbourly feelings: one or two examples may illustrate this.

One fine spring day, the old woman in passing the widow's cottage, observed her walking in her little orchard, accompanied by the child, and contemplating with satisfaction the beautiful bloom which promised a large crop of apples;—"Good morrow," said she, "so you are enjoying the fine prospects of your crop, eh?"

"Why, mother, I was, indeed, looking at the bloom which God has given us, and I trust, by his mercy who giveth the early and the later rain, that we shall all have blessed crops this year, for there were but few apples last year: you know 'the eyes of all wait upon Him, and he giveth them their meat in due season: he openeth his hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing.*'"

Psalm cxlv., 15, 16.

"And so you look for a large crop this year?"

"Why, it will be a great blessing to all of us: and for my part, it will help me to pay my rent, which will be acceptable enough in these hard times."

"Ay, hard times indeed; wouldn't you like another child to bring up?—well, well, *we shall see, we shall see*:—have the trees been shot at this season? no, nor saluted either, I'll be bound."

"No, mother, indeed they have not: I can't help thinking those are foolish customs, and I don't adopt them."

"Ay, well, *we shall see*." rejoined the other.*

Now this was an expression which she always in-

* Mrs. Bray in her interesting work on the Traditions of Devonshire, says,—"On Christmas eve, the farmers and their men, in this part of the world, often take a large bowl of cider, with a toast in it, and carrying it in state, to the orchard, they salute the apple trees with much ceremony, in order to make them bear well the next season; this salutation consists in throwing some of the cider about the roots of the trees, placing bits of toast on the branches, and then forming themselves into a ring, they, like the bards of old, set up their voices, and sing a song, which Brand, in his Popular Antiquities, gives as follows.—

Here's to thee, old apple-tree,
Whence thou may'st breed, and whence thou may'st blow,
And whence thou may'st bear apples enow;
Hats full! caps full!
Bushel, bushel-sacks full,
And my pockets full too.—Huzza.

Another song runs,

Health to thee, good apple-tree,
Well to bear, pocket full, hat full,
Peck full, bushel-bag full.

tended to be ominous, and which generally concluded her conversation; accordingly, she marched off, leaving little impression upon the mind of the widow, but a very unpleasant one upon that of a neighbour, who happened to come up in time to hear the latter part of the above dialogue: she shrugged her shoulders, and hoped no ill would come of it: ill, however, did come of it, for that very night, a bitter east wind sprang up, which continuing all the next day, and many succeeding, injured the blossom generally, but totally destroyed that on the poor widow's orchard, as it was quite exposed to the action of the wind from that merciless quarter, more so than any other in the neighbourhood. The good woman saw her hopes blighted, (and it was a bitter disappointment, for as the little girl grew up, she entailed expenses, to meet which no new means had appeared), without a murmur: it was enough for her that it was God's doing, and she felt assured that it could not but be well ordered, though she could not see the why and wherefore; she felt that the Lord was still her helper, and that He, in whom she trusted, would not leave her nor forsake her; she felt that his goodness had followed her all her life, and she firmly believed, that he who had declared that he careth for the poor and needy, that "the needy shall not always be forgotten, the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever," would not suffer her, or the child she had brought up, to want their daily bread. Under every trial she had the comfort of casting all her care upon Him, who

she knew cared for her; so true is it that "godliness with contentment is great gain."

On the other hand, this painful circumstance brought a fresh accession of honour to the wise woman: the neighbour who had overheard the conversation, failed not to report it, with many a comment upon the old woman's manner, and the result was, that the whole neighbourhood firmly believed that the widow's loss, which was not shared in, to a great extent, by others, had been brought about by the agency of the wise woman, her trees having been, moreover, peculiarly liable to such a mischance, from the circumstance of her having omitted, and that wilfully, to propitiate the season, by having them duly fired at by guns loaded with shot, or saluted with cider and song; the efficacy of this propitiation was adjudged to have been clearly proved upon this occasion by the little injury which the east wind had done to all the other orchards of the neighbourhood, in which the ceremony had been duly performed; none, of course, remarked that the widow's cottage and orchard were so situated that the stream of the east wind fell directly upon them, in its passage up the narrow funnel-like coombe: neither was it at all noticed that the wise woman, being very much subject to the rheumatism, might, probably, have felt divers twitchings of her enemy, even before she left her bed that day, consequent upon the approach of a spell of keen east wind: she could have told them as much, had she been minded, like the ghost in Hamlet, to "unfold a tale."

Not to enumerate frequent instances of a similar nature, I may mention one which deeply affected the one party, whilst it no less gratified and exalted the other. It was a couple of years, or thereabouts, after the incident last mentioned, that in passing the cottage, the old woman observed the widow dismissing her little darling from the gate, with some degree of pride, and much pleasurable feeling: and no wonder, for the child had more than amply answered all her hopes and expectations: she was, in fact, the best of children; the widow's slightest wish was to her a law; nay, in most cases, she had come to anticipate the wishes of her kind protectress; above all, her principles were just such as might have been desired and expected in a child which had been brought up with the fear of God before her eyes, and who from her earliest youth had been taught those "scriptures which were able to make her wise;" last, and least in the widow's estimation, she gave promise of considerable beauty; the clear blue eyes beaming with merriment and innocence, the flowing ringlets of flaxen hair, which shaded, and yet scarcely seemed to shade, the delicate neck and forehead; these, combined with a faultless figure and an easy carriage, all gave peculiar charms to the little foundling of the sea, and promised that one day she would be a young woman of no ordinary pretensions. There had been a christening of one of the neighbour's children, and several of the young people of the village were invited to celebrate the event; amongst others, the widow's little girl; the widow had given her consent,

not without some little doubts and apprehensions, but she was unwilling not to allow so good a child every possible indulgence, and the child had just set off with beaming countenance, light heart, and elastic step, when the wise woman made her appearance, and observed to the widow that she was a "likely child enough, and she dared to say would one day do mischief amongst the young men."

"She was, indeed, a sweet child," the widow replied, "and she sincerely hoped, if she lived, that it might please God to send her a husband in every way suited to her."

"Ah, but it wont be every young man that will be fit for a child brought up by *you*," said the old woman, with a sneer.

The widow hoped she had been enabled to do her duty by her, but she took no credit for it, much less did she feel any pride, and she was sure she had always endeavoured to quench that root of evil in her child's heart.

"Ah, that's all very fine," rejoined the other, "and perhaps it might be true, but I don't understand such matters: however, perhaps we shall see more about it some of these days,—*we shall see*;" and away she went, shaking her head ominously.

Now it happened that this conversation, like the former, was heard by a third party, who chanced to be walking down the road with the wise woman, and upon whom it made a deep impression.

Well, extraordinary things do come to pass, and amongst others, it was not more than a week when

the dear child sickened, and became rapidly more and more ill, till the widow was compelled to call in the aid of a doctor, who speedily pronounced the disease to be small-pox, and of a very severe and unfavourable character; surely there was no resisting this new proof of the wise woman's awful power! There were, however, one or two bold spirits in the parish, who thought that things were going too far, and reflecting that their families might possibly fall under the displeasure of the old woman, ventured to suggest that she ought to be proceeded against as a witch: but such disloyalty met with no favourable reception: the neighbours, indeed, feared the more, but they dared not think of casting off the yoke, nay, they rather rejoiced in this new proof of the power of her before whom they now almost bowed themselves: she, in the mean time, by no means avowed, or would allow herself to be, in any degree, the author of the mischief, though she had "certainly felt, at the time, some misgivings, and a sort of warning that some evil was about to befall the child: she could not tell how this came to her mind, not she: and she could not help it." Now this was not true, she could have told how it came into her head, and she could have helped it, too, to a certain extent, the fact being, that knowing where the child was going, she remembered that a few days before she had herself innoculated with small-pox several children, who not being yet ill, were sure to be of the party, and knowing that the little girl had not been innoculated, nor had the disease naturally (vaccination was not then in fashion

amongst the poor, if, indeed, it was discovered), she rightly judged it by no means impossible that she might take the disease, as actually occurred. Need I say how the widow acted under this new and severe trial? it will readily be believed that she laid her whole case before God: that she sought consolation where only it could be found, in the sure promises of God, which she knew to be yea, and amen: humbling herself in remembrance of her sins and short-comings, she entreated the Lord that the life of the child might be spared, and then opening the Bible at the Psalms, she turned to several passages, which though she well remembered, yet she preferred perusing once more; amongst others, she derived consolation from the twenty-second verse of the fifty-fifth Psalm, —"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee: he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." This she felt to be just such a conclusion as was most desirable to one who, like the Psalmist, began the matter by saying,—"Give ear unto my prayer, O God, and hide not thyself from my supplication;—attend unto me, and hear me." She recollected such an injunction, and the promise seemed in itself an answer to this prayer; again she turned to the fifteenth verse of the 50th. Psalm, where she read,—"Call upon me in the time of trouble, so will I hear thee;" and again to the 70th. and 71st. Psalms, and thoroughly adopted their language throughout: lastly, she lighted by chance, or I should rather say, was directed, to the 37th. Psalm, which with all her meekness and lowliness, she could not but consider,

in some measure, as applicable to herself, whilst the 53rd Psalm seemed intended to encourage her under persecution.

But we must not dwell upon this picture, however pleasing, for the tale swells unreasonably enough; suffice it to say, that the earnest prayers, and the unceasing attentions of the good woman, seemed to have their desired effect. Though the disease was severe, yet it was not fatal, and in due time, the march of the fell-destroyer was arrested, and the beloved one restored to health, and the widow's heart once more beat high with joy, though her darling's beauty was seriously damaged by the scars occasioned by the disease: it would have been totally destroyed, no doubt, had it not been for her unceasing efforts to prevent this catastrophe, and the peculiarly patient and conformable disposition of the child.

Once more, the conduct of this pious woman may be readily supposed: if she had prayed to God in her trouble, she did not now forget to bless him, and to give him hearty and unfeigned thanks for the mercy which he had vouchsafed to her, and to the child:— "Verily, God hath heard me," she cried, "and hath attended to the voice of my prayer;—blessed be God, who hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me;" Psalm lxvi., 19., 20.; then she turned to the opening of the 40th. Psalm, and indeed, to several other passages, and made use of them as the most suitable outpouring of her own feelings.

On the other hand, must it be confessed, the wise woman was disappointed and annoyed at the dear

child's recovery? at any rate, her demeanour towards her and her kind nurse, was more bitter afterwards: it seemed as if she thought that the recovery had been a blow at her own power and infallibility, and that she was anxious to be revenged for it.

But I must hasten towards a conclusion. Years sped onward and the ocean child had grown up into womanhood; she had attained the age of eighteen, and for some time past had exchanged situations with the good widow, whose infirmities had kept pace with the hard lot she had endured through life, rather than with her absolute years. At any rate she had long been unable to perform the active part of a housekeeper, and had often been confined to bed with severe illness. Under these circumstances she saw clearly how much reason she had to bless God for his dealings with her, and especially for sending her so excellent a child in the place of her own, which had been taken from her. When she had at first consented to foster the little foundling she thought of nothing but her duty and her responsibility. She knew not, indeed, how her slender means would suffice for an additional call upon them, but as I have said, she felt assured that the Lord would provide. But she never once thought at that moment of the comfort and advantage she should derive in after days from the kind attentions of a daughter. She did not think of the matter; if she had she would not have calculated upon living so long! but now she saw, indeed, how graciously she had been dealt with, for her child, though often tempted abroad by many

who sought her company, never failed to fulfil in an exemplary manner the duties of an affectionate daughter. The cottage was neater than ever, the poultry and pig better attended to, if that were possible, and every thing that could contribute to the good widow's comfort was done before she could express, almost before she could feel, a want.

And so, as I have said, time sped on, and Annie, for so the widow had called her, had arrived at the age of eighteen years. Many a gallant lad exhibited some pretensions to her hand, and sought her affections, but these last had long been silently engaged by the most unpretending youth in the neighbourhood, a young man of an interesting appearance it is true, but deprived by delicate health of all those qualities which commonly are thought to win the favour of beauty. This youth was a son of the fisherman who had taken charge of the dog which had brought the child on shore, and it would seem as if his great affection for the dog had been the first channel of communication between their young hearts. He was only a couple of years older than Annie, and they would often hang on opposite sides of the noble creature's neck, and then he would often accompany Neptune up to the widow's cottage in his visits to his old and beloved playmate and mistress, and so the two grew up as friends; and then the affectionate heart of the child grew attached more deeply to her friend, because he was delicate and unable to enter into the boisterous games of his brothers and sisters, and their companions. These

she would often leave to go and have a quiet game with poor Edwin, or to see him draw figures on the sand, or after awhile, to hear him read, and to receive instructions at his hands, for if debarred of bodily strength and elasticity of spirits, he was a boy of excellent mental parts, and with a little assistance, which he picked up from the parish clerk, he soon learnt to read and write well, and by his own unaided efforts he made considerable progress in a rough style of drawing. These acquirements it was his pride and delight to communicate to his kind companion, and so they grew up to be something more than friends; they knew not what; until a year or two before the time I am now speaking of, they were taught by a severe illness which Edwin experienced. Then the anxiety on the one hand, which the maiden discovered for his recovery, the innumerable little kindnesses and attentions which she exhibited towards him, without overstepping, in the least degree, the bounds of maiden propriety, and on the other hand, the deep gratitude of the poor invalid and his anxiety for his own recovery for the sake of so kind a friend, opened their eyes gradually, and soon after his convalescence they found out that their happiness was, in fact, bound up in each other, and that there could be no doubt that they ought to go through life unitedly The narrowness of their circumstances alone offered any impediment to this scheme, but against this they had an excellent remedy;—what lovers ever were without a remedy for every obstacle? They were poor it was true, but they thought that

they might very well make a livelihood by communicating to the boys and girls of the neighbourhood the knowledge they possessed, and so in due and proper course, soon after Annie had completed her eighteenth year, they became man and wife, with the entire approbation of the poor widow, for she respected the youth, seeing that he respected his Maker and took pleasure in reading his word. The young man's family could have no objection to the marriage, as it relieved them from the charge of an invalid, and committed him to what they knew would be good keeping, besides that, they entertained a sincere regard for the object of his choice.

The widow felt the weight of years and infirmity more and more every day, and she rejoiced sincerely at the prospect of thus leaving her beloved child with so suitable a companion, one, in every sense a help meet for her. She now resigned over to them the entire charge of the cottage and orchard, and rather lived with them than they with her. Her presence was truly valuable, for she had always a word of advice under difficulties, of comfort under misfortune, and of exhortation and warning under trial.

As soon as proper arrangements could be made in the cottage the young couple commenced the school which they had planned. Fortune seemed to smile upon them; they soon had as many little scholars at a very moderate charge each, as gave them enough to live comfortably.

But fortune is fickle, and this deserving young couple seemed destined speedily to feel her frowns. In the

first place they had inherited all the wise woman's ill-will to the widow, over and above that which she had long exhibited towards poor Annie herself. It was not wonderful, therefore, that the sight of the thriving school moved her spite, nor that she should set herself to work by sly and malicious insinuations, inuendo and misrepresentations to move the parents of the neighbourhood to save their money, and not to waste it upon so foolish a project as teaching their children to be wiser than themselves, who had all gone through life so well without being able either to read or write. Neither is it surprising that these wily efforts should succeed, and that after a few months the young couple should find their little forms empty, their time hang heavy on their hands, and their purses very light indeed. Well, never mind, they had not lived under the teaching, the exhortation and the example of the widow in vain; they followed her footsteps closely, and put their trust in that Lord in whose sight they knew they were of much more value than many of those sparrows who share his care and protection. By the exercise of great economy they continued to live tolerably well, and very contentedly on their diminished income, narrow as it was. They never ran in debt, and they never bought a superfluity.

But a new subject of anxiety now presented itself: they were about to become parents, and this would entail new expenses of an unavoidable nature, though perhaps not very great at first; still they trusted that the Lord would provide for those whom he sent

into the world, though they felt that they could only expect him to do so through the instrumentality of their own exertions, and these they were prepared to make to the utmost. They were both remarkably clever in making pretty little articles, such as shell-baskets, moss ornaments, &c., and it was agreed that they should get up a good stock of these little things, and that Edwin should carry them about for sale to the houses of the neighbouring gentry and wealthier farmers, whilst Annie was nursing at home. Edwin had accordingly departed on this mission, after the birth of a fine little son, when the wise woman passing by, observed the new mother walking up and down before her door, with the infant in her arms.—“ So, ma'am,” she began, “ you're exhibiting your baby, eh?—fine baby, I dare say, and you like to have it seen, I suppose:—let me see it,” and she forthwith removed the 'kerchief from its face, whilst poor Annie, frightened and trembling, stammered forth an assurance that she was not parading it for inspection, as the dame supposed, but only giving it, and herself, a little air, of which they stood in need.

“ Ay,” said the old woman, paying little regard to poor Annie's disclaimer, “ it is a fine child, but it ain't always the finest children that are the longest lived,” and so she passed on, having inflicted a severe blow upon the poor mother's happiness, for under such circumstances, even strong faith will sometimes shrink, though it do not give way, and Annie remembered her own illness, which had so closely followed an inti-

mation by the old woman; it will seem extraordinary, but the infant *sickened* not very long after, with the thrush, and *died.* Might not Annie well have said under the circumstances—"Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief;" were not the circumstances enough to try her faith, and to lead her to admit the dread power of the wise woman? The fact, however, was, that she, poor thing, but scantily fed, and over-exerting herself, had become feverish, and unequal to the discharge of the duties of a nurse: the nourishment she supplied the child was scanty and unhealthy, and became more so as her anxiety on the child's account increased; no wonder that the poor little innocent sank, nor that the mother should have experienced a severe illness. Amongst the neighbours, the death of the child was generally attributed to the omission, on the part of the parents, to read the 8th. Psalm over it three times a week, which they held as a specific charm against the very disease which had carried it off. May we not fear that the wise woman secretly triumphed? Her hatred, however, was not sated. It might have been a year after, that meeting poor Edwin, as he set out upon one of his little expeditions, she addressed him with some passing remark, and then turned to his own occupation, ending with the observation,—"Ah, it won't last very long, it won't do;" it was not a very shrewd remark, for it was but too evident in the young man's countenance that *he* could not last long at such work: that it would not *do* for him. Pale and emaciated, he was but ill able to walk at all, and for him

to continue journeying about the country, was impossible: yet what was he to do?—Annie had now been confined with another child, and there was need that he should exert himself for their support, but nature cannot be urged beyond a certain point: a few weeks more saw him unable to proceed in the laborious occupation, nay, confined to the house; all hope seemed taken from them, but the eye of a friend was upon them: their Heavenly Father would not, and did not, leave them; the rector of the parish was about to publish a volume of sermons, and required some one to make a fair copy for the press from his somewhat crabbed and illegible handwriting; enquiring for such a one of the parish clerk, he was directed to Edwin, who, it may be remembered, had formerly been the clerk's pupil; the job was given to him, and with a thankful heart he set to work upon it, and daily earned as much as was necessary for their subsistence; still his own health underwent little improvement, though he was not absolutely ill, and the poor mother's care was equally divided between her infant and her husband.

Things went on in this way for several months, the child was thriving nicely, and the hopes of the parents were beating high in the expectation that they should be allowed to rear this pledge of their love: but there are those who really seem marked out for misfortune and affliction. God's ways are high above out of sight, and angels seek in vain to pry into his mysteries: again this second child is stricken with illness; the old woman had been observed looking

narrowly at it, as it sat one day, in the cottage door, and some of the neighbours would have it, that her eye had blighted it, but perhaps she, who was really skilled in the diseases of man and beast, only marked some indications which told her that mischief was approaching: at any rate, the poor mother was again called upon to suffer the pangs of anxiety, and to fortify herself, as best she might, against the bitter trial which awaited her; happily, she knew where to go for support, even if she had not had the advantage of the aged widow's counsel and advice.

The poor father was not less to be pitied, as being less actively employed in nursing, and consequently being more at leisure to grieve over the threatened loss of his darling child: indeed, his weakened condition was hardly capable of sustaining this new trial. He was sitting one afternoon, at the door of the cottage, in deep dejection, when he was accosted by a young seafaring man, of a fine open countenance, who begged the favour of a glass of water, being rather tired, and very much heated (it was a warm autumnal day), with a walk he had taken that morning from Teignmouth (where his vessel was lying), to Torbay, upon some matter connected with freight: his speech immediately indicated that he was a foreigner, and Edwin courteously offered him a seat, and proposed that he should take a cup of milk instead of water: to both these propositions the stranger, who was about twenty-five years of age, and of prepossessing appearance, readily assented, and they entered the little parlour accordingly, in one corner of which the aged widow

was sitting, Annie being up stairs watching the sick child. The stranger, however, before taking his seat, cast his eyes up to a large drawing, hung up over the fire-place, (it was Edwin's chef-d'œuvre, and an accurate portrait of the faithful Neptune, who had long since been numbered with the dead); at the first glance he started, and exclaimed—"Bless me, how very extraordinary!" then fixing his eyes on the drawing, he examined it narrowly, not without some shew of agitation, and turning eagerly to Edwin, enquired "whence he had obtained that picture?" in answer to this, Edwin requested him to be seated, and placing a large cup of milk before him, proceeded to inform him that it was his own handy-work, and taken from a faithful favourite of his own, and his wife's.—"May I ask," he added, "what it is about the drawing which so much interests you?"

"Why," said the stranger, "if that be not the likeness of a dog which was once in my family, it is truly wonderful how two dogs could have been so alike, and that too of so peculiar a character: pray inform me how that dog came into your possession."

The answer to this, of course comprised a recapitulation of the events narrated in the opening of this tale, in which Edwin was often prompted by the good widow, who delighted, as he did, to dwell upon this work of Providence. The stranger paid the most marked attention to all that was told him, and at the conclusion, said—"This is certainly a most wonderful

discovery: pray what has become of the child thus rescued from a watery grave?"

"Why," said Edwin, "she is now my wife, and is occupied most painfully, up stairs, in watching the sick bed of a dear child:—but do explain what it is which interests and agitates you so very much in this matter, for interesting as it is to us who are affected by it, you seem moved beyond what one might expect from one whom it does not immediately concern."

"Nay," replied he, "but I *am* deeply concerned in the whole history, for I feel firmly convinced that the master of that unfortunate vessel, and the father of that child, was my own father."

Both his auditors started and sprung to their feet for an instant, then resumed their seats as if unable to stand. Neither of them could utter a word; they could only stare at the stranger with astonishment and in silence.

"I have not the least doubt of it," he continued. "It is true that I was only five years old when my father, mother, and little sister departed upon that fatal voyage, leaving me in charge of my mother's sister in Holland, but, beside that I have a distinct recollection of much that is connected with that early period of my life, the circumstances relating to this voyage and the consequent loss of my parents and sister have been kept fresh in my memory by the lamentations and the conversations of my aunt, who was much attached to my mother and felt pleasure in talking over all the circumstances which led to her loss. But, indeed, my own perfect recollection of

that dog would be sufficient to satisfy me of his identity: one day I hope I shall be able to show you a likeness which I have of him, done by a first-rate artist in Holland, for he was considered a subject well worthy any pencil: had he no collar on?"

"Oh yes," said the widow, "that he had, and when he died it was given to dear Annie as a memorial of him, and it hangs now yonder, behind that bunch of dried mint; fetch it down, Edwin."

The stranger inspected it narrowly, rubbed the brass plate which was let into the massive leather, and read distinctly the letters R. V.; "Yes, to be sure, these are the letters, R. V., Reuben Viseden. The dog, I remember, was particularly fond of my infant sister, I suppose because she was an infant, and that was a source of some jealousy to me. But all this time we are forgetting my sister, for so I *must* call her already; can I not see her? It so happens that I am sure I can identify her, not so much from memory of herself, as from a large drawing of her in my mother's arms, which has been constantly before my eyes at home. Indeed, I may as well say at once that my sister was fair, with blue eyes and flaxen hair, and particularly distinguishable by a large mole on her left shoulder."

"Positively you are right," cried the widow, "verily the hand of Providence is in this; 'the arm of the Lord bringeth mighty things to pass.' Your description, young man, answers exactly, evento the mole."

"Yes," replied the other, "there can be no doubt

on the subject. But do not let us waste more time in words; pray go and bring my sister that I may make myself known to her."

"That I will, directly," said the eager Edwin, and he was going accordingly, but the widow stopped him by saying, that she would herself go and break the matter to her, as the sudden shock of the discovery might prove injurious to her in her present weak state of health. She found the child sleeping more soundly than it had done since its illness, and leading Annie to the further part of the room, she proceeded very cautiously to break to her the wonderful discovery which had just been made down stairs, desiring her, at the end, to go down and see her newly-found brother."

To Annie this all seemed like a dream, and when assured of its reality, she ventured to suggest that there might be some trick about it. However, the widow assured her that she had attentively considered the whole matter, and that she had come to the conclusion that the young man was perfectly honest and correct, nay, that she felt the more convinced of the truth of what he said, from the very strong likeness which existed between them, allowing for the difference of sex and the nautical style and habits of the young man. Thus assured and urged, Annie took one anxious look at the still sleeping child, then, just setting her cap straight, and putting on a clean apron, descended to the room below with a palpitating heart, and when she stood before the stranger she was almost ready to sink. Indeed, after the first hurried

salutation she was fain to take the chair which her husband offered. The explanation and grounds of belief were once more gone over and made still more plain and decisive, and, in the end, the brother and sister felt themselves fully entitled to treat each other as such, and to relieve their feelings by a long embrace, accompanied by tears of joy even on the part of the stout sailor, who seemed in every way worthy to be the brother of such a sister.

It was not long ere the poor mother was recalled to the sick bed of her child, from whom no earthly inducements could have detained her. The brother felt that his presence must in some degree be a restraint, and that, in all probability the father as well as the widow would wish to be up stairs. He said, therefore, that he would just take a walk up to the top of the hill and see how the weather looked seaward, after which he would return, take a cup of tea, and proceed to his vessel for the night.

In the execution of this plan he necessarily passed by the dwelling of the wise woman, of whom, by the way, no mention had been made by the party at the cottage. The old woman was sitting on a stone bench near the path, deep, as it seemed, in contemplation, as the young man approached. He, seeing an aged female thus seated, touched his hat civilly, and wished her good day as she looked up. His surprise, however, was not little at hearing the aged woman exclaim the moment she set her eyes upon him, "Merciful powers! young man, who are you?" and then

in a lower tone, "do my eyes deceive me? am I dreaming?"

"Why, mother," replied he of the sea, "I doubt you'd be no wiser if I were to tell you who I am, and all about myself, though by the way, perhaps you might take some interest, too, in hearing that I am the brother of your neighbour down here at the cottage; her that was brought ashore by the dog."

"What Annie?" enquired the old woman. He nodded assent. "Her brother! is it possible? If it should be so," continued she in converse with herself, "how very extraordinary that I should have been so much struck with the likeness when I first saw her, and that now it should flash upon me so vividly in her brother as to stun me into a forgetfulness of more than five-and-twenty years. Yet so it is; such a wonderful likeness I never saw; and I can hardly bear to look upon it. Young man," she continued, "may I ask you to come into my cottage and narrate to me the way in which you came to discover your sister here? did you come to seek her?" So saying she led the way into her poor hovel, and placing one settle for the accommodation of her visitor, she seated herself opposite to him upon another. "How did you know of her being in these parts, and how do you know, indeed, that she is your sister?"

The young man, not displeased to find a willing listener for his yarn, proceeded to inform her how that he had not the least idea of his sister being alive until that afternoon, when chance had drawn him to the

door, and the chain of circumstances which led irresistibly to the conclusion that they were indeed brother and sister. To the conclusiveness of this evidence the old lady gave her sanction, and then proceeded to enquire how it was that a man of some property, as his father appeared to have been, had taken his wife and infant to sea with him, instead of leaving them comfortably at home.

"Why, you see, mother," he replied, my father was an Englishman, and having been wrecked on the coast of Holland he was picked up by some fishermen and carried up to Flushing, where my mother, being a widow, kept a house of entertainment. As he proved to have received some bad injuries, indeed his right arm had been broken, my mother being of a charitable disposition lodged and boarded him gratuitously for a whole year, for just as his arm had been getting well, he had met with some accident which broke it a second time, and made it a tedious job, and when he was sufficiently well to be able to think of quitting, she discovered that he was not only largely indebted to her for board and lodging, but for the abstraction of her affections, which had, in fact, entirely settled upon him to the exclusion of the numerous host of suitors who besieged her door and her heart. In short she went so far as to make this apparent to my father, who, being of an amiable disposition, and withal grateful, consented to become the husband of one of the handsomest women in the place, and the master of decidedly the most thriving house of entertainment in those parts. It seems,

however, that one obstacle presented itself to this happy arrangement. My father had a mother in England to whom he was much attached, and whom he earnestly desired to visit. He had been unable to write to her during his long stay, owing to his twice broken arm, neither could he very well have moved sooner; now, however, he was most desirous of visiting her before his marriage, but my mother would, by no means, hear of such arrangements: indeed, she may have had certain misgivings which led her to insist upon this plan being given up, and a letter was despatched instead: great was my father's anxiety to receive an answer to this letter, but, alas! he was doomed to disappointment: in due time the letter was returned through the post-office, marked—'no such person known.' My father would gladly have started at once, to see if he could not succeed better than the postman, but my mother would not consent: she was, in fact, in the way to become a mother, and she declared that the separation would be the death of her, and so my father consented to postpone his trip till after the interesting event should take place: that event issued in my appearance upon life's stage, and my father began to think again of England and of his beloved mother, of whom he always spoke in the most affectionate manner. But he was again doomed to disappointment: a letter was received at home, stating that my mother's uncle had died in Java, and left behind him considerable property, but that it was indispensable that some one should come out immediately to see

after it, or it would be all dissipated; under these circumstances, it was unanimously resolved, in family conclave, that my father would be the most proper person to undertake the voyage, which was, indeed, all in his line, and my mother now became wonderfully reconciled to the separation. Accordingly, off he went by an early vessel, on board of which he got a free passage, in consideration of his doing second-mate's duties. He was detained in Java twelve months, which made his absence, altogether, nearly two years, during which time my mother consoled herself the best way she could, and, in fact, forgot much of her sorrow in the bustle of serving her customers, and anticipating the fruits of my father's voyage.

"A little within the two years, my father returned; he had not been quite so successful as had been expected, but the voyage had been well worth its while: unfortunately, however, before its fruits could be fully reaped, it was necessary to bring to a conclusion certain forms and suits in the courts of law at home, and during the progress of these, my father was obliged to be constantly ready to appear at a short notice, as a material witness, and indeed, had to appear several times, to his no small annoyance, especially as it prevented his undertaking the expedition to his native country, upon which his mind was so much bent. Eighteen long months were thus spent in attendance upon the law courts, and then success was only partial, though even that gave my mother a very comfortable share of my uncle's property, and in

this, my father, of course, participated. In the interim, I should mention, that my sister Annetta Jeane, had been born, and was about eight months old, when my father found himself freed from the 'law's delay.'

"It was about a month after this, when all the affairs had been comfortably arranged, that he came home one day, with the air of a man who had something of importance upon his mind, and who had arrived at a settled determination upon some important subject.—'Missus,' said he, to my mother, for he always used the English designation of his wife, 'Missus, I'm going over to England for a week or two, and I hope you won't fret yourself.'

"'Ay, the old story,' she replied, 'England, nothing but England: I believe, in my heart, you hate us all.'

"'No, not a bit of it, but you see I've this matter upon my mind and conscience, and so I *must* go, and there's an end on't.'

"'Nonsense,' replied his wife, 'there's some mystery about it: you can't expect to find your mother now.'

"'Why, as to the matter of that,' he replied mournfully, 'mayhap, I might not: indeed, I havn't much hope, but at any rate I shall free my mind from a burden, and who knows but what I might find out the dear old soul, after all:—at any rate, come what will on't I shall go, and so there's no use wasting more words about it.'

"This decided tone, you must know, was what my

mother was not very used to, but she saw and felt that my father's mind was indeed made up, and that it would be useless to argue the matter, or even to have recourse to the battery of tears, faintings, &c., which had succeeded on former occasions; but she, too, was a woman of determination. She replied therefore, 'Well, then, I suppose you *must* go: but, mark me, I go with you.'

"To this she expected a strong remonstrance on the part of my father, and she was prepared for a vehement argumentation, not to mention that she was determined that nothing should thwart her resolve; but my father, to her surprise, immediately assented, and expressed his entire satisfaction at the idea, proceeding to inform her that he had fitted out a fine sloop, and had on board a cargo which he was sure he could turn to good account at Teignmouth, from whence he proposed to make divers excursions into the country around his old home in search of his mother, and that he should be delighted to be able to shew her his native land, and possibly to introduce her to his dear mother. This ready acquiescence on the part of my father, to say truth, puzzled my mother not a little, for she had persuaded herself into the belief that the real object of all this solicitude must be, not an old mother, but an old flame, nay, possibly a first wife: she was, in fact, dreadfully jealous, but this frankness on the part of my father staggered her somewhat. However, she determined to abide by what she had said, and accordingly in a week's time she actually sailed with my father,

taking with her my sister, then ten months and a half old, and leaving me and her house of business under charge of my aunt. From that day to this I heard no more of them, and it was concluded, what seems to have been but too nearly true, that they had all perished at sea. The establishment did not thrive so well when deprived of its head, and my aunt after some years retired, enacting all the time the part of a kind relation towards me, and often repeating to me and others the story of which I have now given you an outline. In due course of time I took to the sea, and am now trading with a fine schooner on my own account, which is the cause of my being here, having put into Teignmouth for repairs. And so, mother, you have the rights of it."

I have not interrupted the narrative to pourtray the eagerness and anxious attention with which the old woman listened to it, nor to record the exclamations with which she interrupted it from time to time; but I may now mention that it struck the narrator that she was the best listener to a yarn he had ever met with, for she seemed as if she were personally and deeply interested in the whole matter—a party concerned.

When he had concluded, the old woman with a tremulous voice observed, "You said your father was an Englishman and a native of Devon, but surely Viseden is not a Devonshire, scarcely an English name, is it?" and she looked eagerly for an answer.

"Why no, mother, you're right enough there; I forgot that part of the matter. My mother's business

being extensive, and the house having been in the family for many years, it was insisted on by her and by all the family that my father should drop his own name and assume that of my mother."

The old woman gasped with agitation and could hardly speak. "And, for goodness' sake, young man, what *was* his English name?—quick, speak quickly!"

"Why, whatever are you in such a fuss and hurry about, mother?" said the young man in surprise; I'm going to tell you, ain't I, as fast as I can?—the name he brought with him from England was John Adams."

"John Adams!" exclaimed the old woman, taking hold of the table to prevent herself from falling: "God be merciful to me a sinner!" and so saying her head fell upon the table, and she seemed as one in a deep swoon

The young man's astonishment now knew no bounds: he sat watching the old woman as motionless as she. After two or three minutes she seemed to revive a little, and summoning all her strength and resolution she raised her head, looked the stranger full in the face, laid her trembling hand on his arm, and said with much solemnity, "Young man, do you believe that there is a God above?"

"Yes, indeed, I do," was the answer.

"And that we shall all stand before him hereafter to be judged, when even our idle words shall be called to account?"

"Yes, mother, I believe that; but what *do* you mean by such questions?"

She heeded not the interruption, but proceeded, "And would you, if called upon to do it, repeat before that judgment-seat the story you have now told me?"

"Ay, that I would, mother; but I'll not answer any more such questions unless you tell me why you ask them."

"Well, then, you shall hear," replied the agitated old woman: "John Adams was my SON!"

She was nearly choked with the effort to pronounce the word, and then she was silent for a minute or two, whilst the young man in his turn was unable to say more than repeat "Your son?" At last she pointed to a can of water which stood in the hovel and beckoned him to bring her a cupful.

This seemed to revive her a little, and again taking hold of the young man's arm she said, "You have told me your story, now I will tell you mine: it is short. My husband and myself lived near Newton: he was a bargeman, plying between Newton and Teignmouth, and—alas! that I should say so—a man of violent spirit and intemperate habits; in fact, not to mention abuse, he frequently treated me with great harshness and cruelty, but though I felt it deeply I had yet grace afforded me to bear it patiently, and this I could do the better as I had a son, an only son, who was in every respect all that the fondest mother could wish. He was, in fact, more than could have been expected in a young man, for he aided me not only with part of his earnings when he grew up, which was very necessary, owing to the intemperate habits of my hus-

band, but with his advice and encouragement under circumstances of great difficulty and trial. Nay more, he was a sincere Christian, and he led me to look for consolation and guidance in that holy book where all that seek may find. The unkindness of the father seemed constantly to bind the son more closely to the unfortunate mother, and my regard and affection for him was perhaps extravagant. I made him, I fear, an idol, and God saw fit to cast down my idol, and crush me under its ruins.—But I promised to be brief. He was absent one night, having been detained at Teignmouth, as I afterwards learned, to see a captain of a vessel. That night my husband came home much intoxicated and was very violent in his demeanour; in fact, he beat me severely. After a time he retired to bed, and I, exhausted by weeping, fell asleep in the chair, not daring to approach the bed: the next morning when I awoke my husband was very livid about the face and *quite dead*. The news was soon bruited abroad, and as he was a boon companion and had many associates around, they spread the report that he had been murdered by suffocation,—of course, by my hands. An inquest sat on the body, and from the evidence of the surgeon a verdict was returned that death had been occasioned by excitement of ardent spirits and passion This, however, by no means allayed the ferment. Nothing could persuade the ignorant people but that I had committed the foul murder, especially as high words had been heard in the cottage late at night. Heaven knows they were

all his. My son, on returning home the day after his father's death was, of course, much shocked at what had occurred, and the vehemence of the public declamation seemed almost to stagger him; but he soon put the cruel suspicion from him and became as kind as ever, greatly supporting me under the horrible aspersion of my neighbours.

"It was about a week after that, the event upon which the whole subsequent tenour of my life turned occurred. My son had gone out in the morning and did not return all day, nor the next. So long an absence puzzled me not a little, and a horrible suspicion filled my mind. It grew every instant and drove me to distraction. I could not help thinking that after all he had been worked into a belief in my guilt, and that although he could not have had any great respect for his father, he nevertheless could not abide the idea of living with a mother who was the murderess of her own husband, and that he had accordingly gone off thus suddenly. It was nearly a week before I received a note from him dated Plymouth, informing me that the day he left home he found a note at Teignmouth from the captain before alluded to, informing him that he was about to sail shortly from Plymouth for the Baltic, and being suddenly in want of a second mate he would probably take him in that capacity *if* he could come down to Plymouth *immediately* An acquaintance was about to sail for Plymouth with that tide, and had offered him a passage, of which he gladly availed himself. On his arrival at Plymouth the captain

immediately engaged him, but added that he *must* sail the very next day, consequently it was impossible to return home or communicate with me without losing the best prospect he had ever had. His friend had lent him three pounds, which, together with a month's wages in advance, furnished him with an outfit, and, finally, he requested that I would give the bearer the three pounds I had keeping for him. Anybody but a sailor would have written by post, but even my son, thoughtful as he was in most things, trusted his letter to the chances of the winds in his friend's keeping, which caused my suspense to be continued for nearly a week. It mattered not, however, I believe, for the horrible idea of his conviction of my guilt and consequent flight from me had taken such hold of me, that probably nothing could have removed it. From that time I have never had tidings of him till those you have now given me; he might, it is true, have been wrecked, but I could never ascertain that such was the fact, for the vessel did not belong to Plymouth, but to the north of England.

"From the time when this fearful idea took possession of my mind the devil, I firmly believe, became my master. After a miserable existence of some months amongst my neighbours, who now added to the former calumny the assertion that my son had taken his departure from a dread of living with me, I left my home secretly, and commenced a wandering life over the whole country, each hour filling my breast with new hatred towards the whole

human race, against whom I waged war, and chiefly by nourishing in their minds a silly belief in my supernatural powers. I suffered severely in my health whilst wandering about, and I was glad to repair this old hovel and take up my residence in it, and especially as I found the people of the neighbourhood most willing to be worked upon by the ridiculous idea of my witchcraft, which, as I have said, I promoted more as a means of gratifying my hatred towards the human race, than as a simple means of gaining a subsistence. I need not tell you that I possess no such powers, as your father's son cannot be so silly as to believe that I have. I know that your sister, under the excellent tuition of that truly pious widow, has no such belief; and yet, God knows, if any one might believe in the existence of such powers they might, for, by the exercise of much ingenuity and watchfulness, I have, alas! been able to make it appear that I have been the instrument of working them much ill.—Have they spoken to you of me?"

"No, indeed, mother, they have not."

"Ah! well, then, prepare your mind, my son, to hear such an account of me as will make you wish that shipwreck had befallen you rather than that you had discovered such a grandmother."

"Nay, mother, I think they are all too charitable and kind to give you such a character."

"Ay, charitable indeed they are, and for that, amongst other good qualities, I have persecuted them, miserable wretch that I am; wretch that I

am, for I have done it against my better feelings and my knowledge of my duty. Even while persecuting that excellent woman I have felt a deep reverence for her good qualities, but I have hardened my heart against such feelings, even though backed by the authority of the Bible, for, vile as I am, I have still at times, ay, often, gone to my Bible, that Bible which my dear son, your father, taught me to love and reverence: but I have stifled all the good feelings which have arisen from its perusal, ever since I thought that he had deceived and deserted me;—as to your dear sister, my conscience bears me witness that from the first moment I saw her, when I was struck with her likeness to your father, my heart yearned after her, and my affections were twined around her closely, when a chance word, but a true one, rudely dissevered them, and cast them forth to the four winds: she said that I was a *bad* woman: that was hard to bear under any circumstances, but I felt the *truth* of the accusation, and above all, it was a repetition of my son's judgment, and it re-opened all the springs of universal hatred which time had, in some degree, perhaps, modified.—Oh, what a character you will hear of me! and yet I would conciliate you, if only for the sake of your likeness to your dear father: when you first stood before me, I was as one waking from a dream: time seemed to dwindle into naught, and my own son stood before me, little changed from what he was, when he went forth from me, at the same age, thirty years ago;—but oh, what a character you will hear of me! and you *must* hate me."

So saying, the old woman wept bitterly and long, whilst the young man, much agitated, paced up and down the cabin, with a true sailor's assiduity, making about three steps and a turn each way.

At last she looked up suddenly, and with a more composed, but an eager manner, said—" But we must not waste time, we must see whether something cannot be done for the poor child, if, at least, they will be in any degree guided by the advice of one whom they must consider a monster of wickedness, and their bitterest enemy.—Did they tell you what was the child's disease ?"

" No, mother, but they said that he was in a burning fever, and as red as a boiled lobster."

" Ay, yes, I was sure it was so, I saw the eruption of scarlet-fever on the child's chest, as it sat on the step, three days ago : the fever must now be at its height, and the doctor knows no more about treating it, than he does about flying."

" Why, as to the matter of that, mother, he is ill, and cannot come down to see the child, which makes matters worse."

" No, not at all, perhaps better : at any rate, my son, take this bunch of dried herbs, hurry down to the widow and your sister, and tell them all that you have this evening discovered,—fearful discovery for them ; and beg them not at present to heed what is past, but to soak the herbs in a little hot water, and then to add that water to a jug of cold water, which will thus be made tepid : then let them bathe the surface of the child's body often with it, by means of

a wet cloth: to a part, let them add cold water, and frequently, ay, very frequently, bathe the dear child's forehead and temples; — with this smaller bunch of a different sort of herb, let them make an infusion, of which, when cold, the child should drink as freely as he will; I hope they will do this, for I know that it will do the child good, if any thing can, and don't let them keep it too hot: I have seen much of it, and learnt to treat it from a very skilful foreigner. Tell them no spells have been said over the herbs."

So saying, she dismissed the young man, who hastened to the widow's cottage, with a disturbed mind, for although he felt every respect for an aged relative, yet the account she gave of herself was not very pleasing, and he dreaded to hear a still worse. Upon his arrival, he found the widow and Edwin together again, whilst Annie was, as usual, up stairs with the little patient; he lost no time in communicating to them the extraordinary discovery which he had made, and eagerly sought for further information as to the character of his newly-found relative; to his surprise, he found the widow immediately professing a kind interest in the old woman, and endeavouring, in every way, to palliate her former misconduct, so as not to prejudice his mind against her: indeed, she seemed ready to befriend her in every way, especially when she heard of her penitence. In these feelings Annie was fully prepared to participate, when cautiously made acquainted with the discovery, and thus was this excellent and pious family, ready,

at a moment's warning, to open its arms, as it were, to one who had been its bitterest enemy.

The old woman's directions were immediately carried into execution, and that with the most striking relief and benefit to the child, who, from that time, went on to a perfect recovery, under the advice of the old woman, whom Edwin visited early the next morning, as an embassy, and brought down to the cottage, where a general re-union took place.

I may, in a word, state, that the old woman's repentance seemed most sincere, but that it took some time before the widow was able to persuade her that even for such as she there was a balm in Gilead, and that "though her sins were as scarlet, yet they should be made as white as snow: though they were red like crimson, they should be as wool;* yea, that purged with hyssop, by the Lord, she should yet be clean"† At last she was brought to lay firm hold on the hope set before her, often exclaiming—"O Lord, our God, other lords besides thee have had dominion over us, but by thee only will we make mention of thy name."‡

As to the other members of the party, I may observe, that by the old woman's advice, Edwin embarked with his newly-found brother-in-law, who was on his voyage to the West Indies, and returned in some months (having escaped the English winter), a new man, with greatly improved health: a repetition of the voyage, the following autumn completely established his health, especially as he now

* Isaiah, i., 18. † Psalm, lvi., 7. ‡ Isaiah, xxvi, 13.

removed with his wife and child to a warm and healthy situation in Teignmouth, where he kept the business, books, &c., of his brother-in-law, who settling his affairs in Holland, and taking leave of the distant members of his mother's family, (his aunt, the only near one, being deceased), came over and settled in Teignmouth as a trader.

The old grandmother had been called to her long home before this general move, and died in a truly happy frame of mind, a striking example of God's gracious dealing with his creatures, and leaving upon the minds of all who could appreciate such matters, a firm hope of her ultimate acceptance at the throne of grace. As to the widow, she lived several years after, though in a feeble state, and greatly aided Annie and Edwin, as well as their brother, and the wife he had taken in his own country, in bringing up their respective families in the way they should go.

LETTER XI.

I SHALL not attempt to describe the various excursions which we made in the neighbourhood, during my stay at Tor: such descriptions seldom fail of becoming wearisome to those who have not some particular interest in them; suffice it to say, that I found so many points of beauty and of interest were to be visited, that my six weeks were fully occupied, and that in a very delightful manner, for as the weather proved fine, we were constantly driving about, and I may add, that I have seldom been stationary at any place, from which so many pleasant excursions could be made.

I will just enumerate a few of these, leaving you to fill up the particulars of scenery, from imagination. First, we drove over to Brixham, about nine miles, and enjoyed a pic-nic upon the plane which surmounts Berry-head: next, we drove to Totness, and there taking boat, descended the river Dart, beneath the magnificent woods of Sharpham, and between a succession of beautiful hills, richly cultivated, and studded

with peaceful-looking villages, to Dartmouth, amongst the ruins of whose castle we made war upon sundry pasties, and such like matters, which we had brought with us. By-the-bye, we had to make good our position, if not by assault or battery, at least by a *demonstration;* upon our arrival, we found the place most convenient for our dinner, held, not by a formidable garrison, indeed, but by a couple of lovers, or rather, as I believe, by a couple newly-bound in Hymen's chains: their occupancy rendered it a nice matter to determine where we should dine, but as we were many, and they only two, we thought our convenience ought to be consulted, but we found that our object was either not understood, or not acquiesced in; one of the party, therefore, undertook to dislodge the happy ones, alleging that all places must be alike to those in such happy circumstances: taking two or three of the party with him, he ensconced himself in the neighbourhood of the loving couple, and effectually destroyed their privacy, a proceeding which speedily led them to decamp, and to leave us undisputed masters and mistresses of the spot, over which we immediately spread an ample repast:—it was really too bad.

In wandering about the ruins, we met with an old man, who was sunning himself on the esplanade, and probably meditating over scenes long gone by: at least, he proved well-stored with anecdote, and quite ready to retail it to those who would listen: amongst other matters, he gave us the following history of an adventure connected with the castle in

the war time, and in which he considered himself as in some measure an actor, having been, at the time, employed as under store-keeper in the little fortress.

At the time referred to, the castle was in condition to make a respectable opposition to the entry of an enemy into the harbour, and its safety and efficiency was entrusted to a gallant old major, who had bu one arm, but who possessed a right-hand in the person of his daughter, which, not only he, but divers others, and especially certain young men, considered as inestimable: in fact, it was quite evident that this right-hand of his, was not only capable of carrying on for him his official and other correspondence, of mixing a remarkably good glass of grog, and of filling a pipe to admiration, (not to mention all the duties of a more purely domestic character which had devolved on it since the death of its mother), but also of inflicting blows of the most serious import, of taking captives, and rivetting upon them chains which neither strength nor artifice could shake off. It must be confessed that the damsel's prowess in these last matters were productive rather of annoyance to her old father, than of ease or comfort: that they were not even very useful to the service, inasmuch as the victims were all of the number of his majesty's subjects, and that the old major had much more difficulty in locking them *out* of the fortress, than of inveigling into it, for the captives were all but too willing and anxious to hug their chains, and indeed, that too many of the youths of the neighbour-

hood had become absolutely fool-hardy, constantly exposing themselves to, and even inviting, the bolts of that artillery which flashed so brightly and so effectually, not from the iron guns, but from the dark eyes of the lovely and most mischievous Rosalind : in a word, the damsel was beautiful, and an arrant coquette, and the old father was constantly apprehensive of her playing him some trick, and bestowing herself on one of the numerous young men who, without and within the garrison, were always on the alert to win her good graces, and her heart: that little heart, however, was in very good keeping, and whilst it enjoyed the pleasure of the homage it received, and no less the amusement which the old gentleman's anxiety afforded, it kept itself very quietly to itself, till it had attained the age of about eighteen, when it discovered that it had at last been wounded : that a breach had been made in the fortifications, and that in one of its mistress's sorties, it had been taken prisoner by a gallant, who resided on the other side of the river, but who had for some time past been particularly fond of coming over to pick nuts, &c., in the wood above the castle, and who having there met with Rosalind once, by the merest accident in the world, somehow or the other *happened* to meet with her there more than once afterwards, and especially about the time when the old major was comfortably seated in company with his tumbler of grog and his pipe, in the little room which looked seaward, and from which it was his invariable custom never to move until both his companions had left him in the

lurch: indeed, generally, he continued a fixture for some time longer, in intimate communion with a particular friend of his, yclep'd Morpheus.

Well, things went on thus for some time, the old major enjoyed the company of his intimates, and his daughter enjoyed, no less, the company of her's: possibly, notwithstanding the grog, there were more spirits in the wood than in the castle; at any rate, Master Henry White made the best use of his time and privileges, and whilst numerous swains were sighing, and ogling, and pestering the fair Rosalind, he effectually won her affections, and, of course, would have asked her for his bride, but that he knew that no application to her worthy parent, on that score, was likely to meet with success: indeed, several from other quarters, and those far more eligible than himself, had met with a decided rebuff. It is true that these applications had not been seconded by the good-will of the object of them, but that was not of so much consequence as might have appeared at first sight, for the major, it was notorious, was a strict disciplinarian, especially on one point, and that had reference to his daughter, whose duty he considered it to be to him in the place of her deceased mother, and of his amputated arm; that any thing was at any time to interfere with this arrangement, or that it was to terminate anterior to his own decease, was what never entered into the old gentleman's head, except, indeed, it might be said that a possibility of such an occurrence flashed across his mind more than once, when he detected the aspiring youth

aforesaid, watching his daughter, or presenting her with posies, or saying agreeable things to her, (such circumstances *would* happen occasionally), and then he used to take all the precautions he thought necessary for checking such irregularities as he considered might possibly lead to any defection amongst his little garrison: the rules of the service, for instance, were more vigorously enforced against the intrusion of strangers: indeed, one or two youths narrowly escaped incarceration, as probable spies and French partisans. Upon such occasions, too, his correspondence increased wonderfully, and he was particularly assiduous in keeping a lengthy diary by the hand of his daughter, who was thus kept much within sight. But, bless me! what avail such arts on the part of old people? Rosalind was the less, *by a little*, in company of those whom she favoured, (I have said she was a coquette), but during her absence, they kept whetting their loves and their inventions, and it only needed one nod from the little beauty to have thrown the old major upon his own resources any fine day.

"It is a long lane that has no turning,"—Rosalind came to a turning in the lane she frequented,—Love's lane: and into this she was led by the said Henry White, boat-builder, and such like, of Kingsware: in fact, it was admitted by the little dark-eyed beauty, that the said swain might possibly hope for her hand, and a *leetle* bit of her heart, *some day or other*, if he behaved himself exceedingly well indeed, in the indefinite interim, and above all, if he did not incur the

risk of deranging and damaging the jaunty little bonnet which pretended to shade her face: it must be confessed that there was something in this condition which put his chance a good deal in danger.

"*Gutta terit lapidem non vi sed sæpe cadendo;*" the drop of water wears the stone, not by its force, but by the repetition of its blows:"—this proverb is applicable, perhaps, to most of the affairs of men, and so it proved on the present occasion to the suit of Henry White. The damsel, coy though she was, had but a damsel's heart, and the often repeated entreaties of her lover, at last prevailed upon her to take a step of a very extraordinary, and *almost unprecedented nature*. As she knew that her father would never give his consent to her marriage, she determined to marry without it, and to that end, to elope one dark evening with Henry White, it being arranged that she should immediately be joined on the other side of the water by a discreet female friend, who should accompany them in their journey up to Exeter, where it entered into their plan that they should, forthwith, become man and wife.

Henry White was a clever fellow as need be, as well as a handsome, and he laid all his plans admirably: Rosalind was a clever girl as need be, besides being pretty: so on the appointed night she made her father's after-supper glass of grog somewhat *better* than usual, the consequence of which was, that his nap was somewhat of the soundest: she also took care to encourage her little maid to indulge her

young man with a long interview at a side casement, thereby drawing him effectually away from the postern, which led from the body of the fort by a flight of steps down to the river side, which postern it was his especial duty to guard; by these means she ensured a clear coast, without letting any one into her secret. At the appointed hour she was all ready for a start, with a little bundle of things in her hand, and I need hardly say that she found her lover waiting for her on the rocks at the foot of the steps: he had come over in his own little skiff, in which he had often rowed her before, though it was as skittish a thing as the veriest coquette in the world: it was, in fact, made for fast pulling, and safe for two persons, one pulling, the other sitting in the stern-sheets, *only* as long as they were very quiet, and avoided leaning to either side. Rosalind had not much fear in her constitution, so she stepped lightly and firmly across the slippery rocks, and took her seat in the skiff, with the dexterity requisite, but in crossing the rocks she had dropt her shawl, and as it was not six yards from the boat, Henry, of course, went to pick it up, in doing which, he thoughtlessly let go of the skiff, which he had been holding to the side of the rock. To what great events do trifles lead!—in that instant of time,—for it was scarcely more which he occupied in springing to the shawl and back,—the skiff was carried by the ebbing-tide away from the rock on which he stood, and quite beyond his reach! the tide, which always falls rapidly out of the narrow mouth of the harbour, was now running like a sluice,

it being the top of the spring-tide, and the skiff was hurried away seaward, like a shot; it was a trying moment: if the boat had been a large and steady one, he might have jumped into her, at least he would have made the effort, but such an attempt, in the present case, would certainly have been followed by the upsetting of the boat, and the sacrifice of both their lives. It was quite evident that Rosalind would not have strength to pull the skiff against the rush of water, and that she must, therefore, be carried out to sea alone, in a dark night:—poor thing! she did what she could, and without a single cry, stepped cautiously to the centre seat, shipped the skulls, and began to pull against the stream with all the strength and skill of which she was mistress: she soon found, however, that the task was beyond her powers, and that she was rapidly going out to sea: this naturally flurried her a little, and beginning to pull over hastily, she *caught a crab*, as it is technically called, and narrowly escaping an upset, lost one of the skulls; of course, the game was up: she was at the mercy of the tide: this, Henry saw from the rock, as he peered through the gloom: his horror may be conceived: he knew that there was no boat at hand which he could borrow, there was, in fact, none within half-a-mile of the place, except that belonging to the fort, which required four hands for its crew, and even if he had not dreaded the wrath of the old major upon the discovery which must have followed his giving the alarm, he knew very well that before the crew could be roused up, and the boat launched,

poor Rosalind would be miles out at sea, and perhaps irretrievably lost. He took a bold course, therefore, and plunged at once into the stream: fortunately, he had left his jacket in the skiff, and his shoes were easily kicked off in the water, so he was freed from encumbrance, and no trace was left of him on shore.

He was a good swimmer, and was speedily alongside the skiff: but here a new, or rather, *the* great difficulty, arose, for it was quite impossible for him to get over the side of the skiff without upsetting it: he tried once or twice to do so, whilst Rosalind sat at considerable hazard on the opposite side, but each attempt proved ineffectual, and as he had now been swimming for a considerable time, it became necessary that he should recruit a little, by hanging on to the rope made fast to a ring in the very head of the boat. In the mean time, the party had been hurrying rapidly to sea, and were now quite beyond the mouth of the river, and beyond the hearing of those on shore, especially as the wind was northerly: fortunately, there was little of it, yet as the river-tide met that of the channel, there was a short jumping sea, which greatly endangered the skiff and those dependant upon it for their lives. In these circumstances, Henry determined now to make another effort to get into the boat, and this time, Rosalind took her seat in the very stern, whilst he raised himself gently over the peaked prow: it was an operation requiring some skill as well as strength, but he succeeded, and once more found himself beside his be-

loved one, who, it may readily be believed, was no longer the coy maiden, though her courage still supported her.

Well it was for her that she had so large a share of this quality, for it was all needed that night: Henry was, indeed, beside her, in the skiff, and with two skulls he would soon have placed her out of danger, but with one he could do *nothing* in a skiff equally pointed at the stern and bow, and they had only to trust to their frail bark outliving the night, and their being picked up, next morning, by some passing vessel: the chances of this, however, seemed rather to grow against them, as the wind and sea were getting up, and if they increased much, their fate was certainly sealed.

Fortunately, or rather, providentially, the night wore on without any material increase of wind or sea, and an hour or two after midnight, they discovered a very large lugger bearing down upon them, so near, indeed, as to afford them just grounds of apprehension, for it was evident that they were not noticed by those on board of her. Henry immediately hailed her, and in answer to the direction to pull along side, given with a foreign accent, explained the helpless situation in which they were, owing to the loss of one of his paddles: upon this the lugger's sails were lowered, and she was shot up along side of them, not without considerable risk of running the little skiff down. Great was the surprise on both sides at the constitution of the respective crews: Henry and Rosalind, on the one hand, were

surprised, and very little pleased, to find themselves on the deck of a large French lugger, crowded with armed men, whilst these last were hardly less surprised at finding the fair Rosalind in such a situation. An explanation soon took place on both sides, not much, it must be confessed, to the satisfaction of Henry or his companion: to be sure, the Frenchmen were exceedingly civil and good-natured upon the occasion, but it was, nevertheless, evident, that they considered them in the light of prisoners, and indeed, as a particularly valuable prize, for soon after taking them on board, and learning their history, all sail was set, and the course shaped for the French coast.

Poor Rosalind, it was a heavy blow upon her, but there was no help for it. They had, indeed, one ground upon which to hope for a speedy restoration to their native land, but of this they resolutely determined not to avail themselves. The captain of the lugger, which was a government vessel, proceeded to explain to them that the object of their visit to the English coast, at considerable hazard to themselves, was to pick up any information they could as to the harbours and places of debarkation. That they expected to have met with a friend near the mouth of the harbour, but had been disappointed, and that it was in their instructions to pick up and carry off any fishermen whom they might by chance meet with, as it was hoped and expected that they might be able to afford some valuable information to the French authorities. They were told, moreover, that although these instructions prevented the commander of the lugger

from giving them their liberty, even if they had possessed the means of turning it to good account, yet that there was no doubt that they might readily obtain that boon by giving to the proper authorities satisfactory answers to all the enquiries which they would make of them as to the port of Dartmouth, and especially its defences. Upon this information the colour rose to Rosalind's cheeks, and she began vehemently to declare that she would die in a prison sooner than be a traitor to her country and dear father; but Henry checked her, and said it would be soon enough to give their answers when brought before the French authorities. When left alone with Rosalind, as he presently was, he explained to her that it was just as well not to reject that courtesy which the commander seemed disposed to show them in the hope and expectation of their affording some useful information, however firmly they might both make up their minds not to give it. Upon this and other points they proceeded to lay down rules for their conduct, and especially for communicating with each other in the event of their being separated, which, of course, was to be expected.

Arriving at Havre without further adventure, the lovers were brought before the commandant and closely questioned as to the pilotage of the harbour of Dartmouth, its means of defence, and the degree of vigilance exercised by the garrison, &c., &c. To these inquiries Henry, who was spokesman, answered in such a way as to mislead the wily Frenchman in every thing; magnifying the dangers of the navigation,

the strength of the fortifications, and the energies and activity of the garrison and its officers; dwelling especially upon the terrors of the castle and its commander, without once alluding to grog and a pipe, or their consequent sound sleep. Upon other points upon which he was not quite so clear as to the answer which would be most advantageous to his country, he was either evasive or silent, and the result of the whole was, that they were told that the information afforded by them was by no means adequate to their ransom, and that they must accordingly be consigned to the miseries of a prison. These were, fortunately, mitigated considerably after the first few days, for the wife of the governor soon becoming mistress of Rosalind's history, and moreover, conceiving a great liking to her, promoted her to an appointment in her own household, in fact made her her needle-woman, with the additional duty of instructing her five little girls in the English language. Henry, on the other hand, came into considerable favour, not only from his agreeable deportment, but from his cleverness with his hammer, and as the carpenter in the establishment happened to be a drunken fellow, he was often, very often, called upon to perform the jobs of his department. This gave him occasional opportunities of visiting the governor's house, and there catching a few minutes' conversation with Rosalind.

Time thus wore on for six months, and Henry and Rosalind came to be considered rather in the light of members of the establishment than as prisoners. They were not, indeed, permitted to leave the prison,

but they had many indulgences within its walls. Still their minds were incessantly bent upon escape, and whenever they met this generally formed the chief subject of conversation.

At length Henry communicated to his beloved one that he thought he saw a chance of effecting his own escape from the prison, provided she on her part could devise any means of joining him on the outside of its walls through some other mode of egress. After a little reflection a scheme occurred to her by which she thought she might possibly get out of the prison. In fact, it was almost the only one by which she could hope to effect that object, for their place of confinement was a regular fortification, surrounded by a deep dry ditch, and to a female, at least, egress was only possible through the gate and over the drawbridge.

We shall see how they each proceeded in their respective plans; after fixing the hour of the next night when they should commence operations, and the spot at which they should meet in the event of success, as well as the steps to be taken in the event of failure attending the efforts of either party. Henry, it is to be observed, had after the first few weeks been lodged in a small room with the drunken carpenter, most of whose work he did. This man's sleep was generally, nay, always, as profound as deep potations could make it. For many months Henry looked only with sadness at the strong iron bars which secured the small window, and grieved that they were so strong. It had happened, however, some weeks before the present time that it had been necessary to take out the

inner sash of the window for repair, which gave him an opportunity of observing that although the bars without were not only strong, but let deep into the stone work, yet, that having been soldered in for greater security, that galvanic action had been gradually going on, which may be every day noticed in our cities at the bottom of area railings which are in most cases partially or entirely corroded through by this mysterious agency. Now Henry was a bit of a chemist as well as a mechanist, and this subject he understood particularly well, having studied it with reference to the plan suggested upon scientific principles for protecting the copper on the bottom of vessels from the injurious effects of shell fish, &c., which failed, as he knew, in consequence of the substitution of a greater for a lesser injury: the galvanic action occasioned by the use of two metals had, indeed, kept off all fish and animalculæ, but it had rapidly occasioned the decomposition of the copper itself, and so that which was excellent in theory, failed in practice on a large scale. Henry's studies on this head had taught him that this galvanic action between metals might be much augmented and accelerated by the agency of acid, and accordingly after replacing the sash, he took an early opportunity, when left in the apothecaries' shop about some carpentering job, to secure a phial of acid, of which he diluted a small quantity from time to time, and poured it upon the bottom of the iron bar at the junction with the solder. The consequence of this was, that the bars rapidly corroded, and in the course of a few weeks they were

sufficiently weakened to be removed by a good wrench of a strong arm, though the mischief was concealed from the eye by the wooden sash.

Upon the evening in question Henry proceeded to make all the preparations necessary for his escape, and especially to have ready a long coil of strong, but small cordage, which he had secreted from time to time, and neatly spliced together. Good need there was that it should be strong, for his life was about to hang upon it, and that during a perilous descent from a high window into the ditch beneath. At the appointed hour, and after the old carpenter was soundly sleeping and loudly snoring, he proceeded carefully to remove the bars of the window, and having fastened a small block securely to a large hook in the wall, and one end of the rope passed through the block round his own body, he climbed out of the window with the rest of the cord in his hands. Cautiously letting this slip as he descended he reached the ground beneath without accident, and protected from the eyes of the sentries by the darkness of the night. Still the most difficult part of his task remained, for after traversing the ditch, it was necessary that he should in some way get up the counterscarp, which was fifteen or twenty feet high. This he never could have effected had he not noticed before hand, that at a part a little distance from that opposite to which he had descended into the ditch, the face of the wall was under repair, and consequently, by the exercise of some agility and at some risk, he was here able to climb up to the glacis above. But here a new danger awaited him;

for as all the implements and materials for the repair were left there, a sentry had been placed over them, whom, upon his ascent, he found diligently pacing up and down. Still he persevered, and by dodging beneath the heaps of stone, and the artificers' benches, &c., and only advancing when the sentry's back was turned, he succeeded in getting beyond the reach of his eye in that dark night Once, indeed, an unfortunate trip caused the wary-guard to turn and cry, "*Qui vive,*" but by lying perfectly still for many minutes this danger was eluded, and, at last, the fugitive attained a narrow street of the town, where he felt himself comparatively at ease. Here he betook himself immediately, and with a palpitating heart, to the spot agreed upon as the rendezvous with Rosalind, the foot, namely, of a spire visible from the prison windows. She was there before him, and had been anxiously waiting his arrival, which the unexpected apparition of the sentry on the glacis had retarded for more than twenty minutes.

It will now be necessary to accompany Rosalind through the different steps of her escape, premising that she was, as has already been said, a very clever girl, and that by much application and attention she had made herself quite mistress of the French language, of which she had learned the rudiments at home. She had, moreover, to a very great extent, the talent of mimicking, which, if it had sometimes brought her into awkward scrapes, now proved of great service to her. At the appointed hour when all

was quiet in the prison, and she knew the mistress was preparing for bed with the assistance of her maid, (a process requiring some length of time, including the small gossip which always formed a part of it,) she proceeded to array herself from top to toe in a suit of her French compeer's dress, not forgetting a very smart Norman cap, something less than half-a-yard in height, the lappets of which she took care to bring so far over her cheeks as in a great measure to conceal them. Locking the door of her sleeping closet and assuming then to the very life the gaiety and carriage of the lively Marie, she sallied forth across the little yard and summoned forth the porter, urging him to open the gate with all speed. Now it must be understood that anybody else would have met with but a rough answer from the porter to such a summons, for he had, in fact, already got through the greater part of his preparations for retiring for the night, but Rosalind calculated upon the weakness of human nature. She was too sharp not to have observed that Cerberus, crabbed though he was, and not over juvenile, had, nevertheless, a very great liking for the pretty Marie, and so, in reply to sundry growlings which issued from the lodge, she began to scold in return, so exactly in the tone and manner of the object of the old fellow's affections, that it was impossible that he could fail of being deceived, at least, as far as his ears were concerned. To guard against the officiousness of his eyes, she stationed herself with her back to the lamp which half illuminated the low

porch, and then proceeded to urge her devoted slave to greater expedition. Comment donc, monsieur le portier, est ce que vous êtes sourd?

"Ah, non, ma petite, ma vie: soyez tranquille, je viens; je viens; mais il faut que je m'habille."

"Eh, bien, depêchez vous, depêchez vous: soyez vite, vite, vite."

"Ah, my jewel, my darling," said the old fellow, as he emerged into the porch, "how kind of you to come to pay me a visit:—why, who would not adore such a mistress, such a dear thing:—come, let me have a kiss, and just step in here, love."

"No, no, monsieur, I can't stop now, I can't indeed:—you must let me out immediately."

"Comment, darling, how can that be?—you're joking with your love: where do you want to go at this time of night?—some young beau, I suppose, but you know it's impossible."

"Eh bien, then let me go back to my mistress directly, and tell her that you won't let me out."

"Why what has the mistress to do with it?"

"Only this, that she is very poorly, and expects to add to her family every minute, and she desired me to fly for the doctor: I wish, for my part, ladies would be more considerate, and bring such matters about at more convenient hours;—here, besides running about for the doctor, I shall be up all night, I suppose, and you keep me here, and I shall be scolded for not bringing the doctor:—are you going to open the wicket?"

"Mais, ma chère, c'est impossible: my orders are not to let any one in or out after nine o'clock."

"Then you'd better go yourself, or else heaven knows what will happen to mistress, ay, and to poor Marie: *pauvre* Marie!" and here she began to weep piteously, which, of course, was more than the heart of the old man could bear, so he reluctantly turned the key, but before letting her pass he insisted upon one kiss, in seeking which her face became so much exposed, that a less ardent person might readily have discovered the imposition; she contrived, however, to evade both the discovery and the kiss, by promising half-a-dozen of the latter upon her return in about ten minutes, if she could find the doctor, but if she could not she must seek him till she found him: and if she did not return immediately, she added, with kind consideration, her friend had better take a nap on the bed, and she would arouse him by the bell which hung in his room; to ensure the soundness of the nap, she popped into his mouth, during the scuffle, a couple of morphine lozenges, which she had taken from her mistress's stock, who often had recourse to them against spasms: of course, the old beau was too polite to reject them: the consequence was, he slept till morning.

It required some spirit to go through the scene, and Rosalind could hardly believe in her perfect success, as she tripped across the bridge, unchallenged by the sentry who let her pass, having seen her dismissed by the porter, and moreover knowing her to

be the maid (the native maid), of the mistress. Once beyond the guarded precincts, and within those of the town, Rosalind speedily found her way to the foot of the spire, where she ensconced herself in a dark nook, and waited with a throbbing heart for Henry: before his arrival, she began to experience that "hope delayed maketh the heart sick." His tardiness occasioned her a thousand painful apprehensions, and she fell, almost fainting, into his arms, when he made his appearance; a few minutes sufficed to restore her to all her accustomed life and spirits, and she declared herself quite prepared to go through any scheme which he might think advisable. She had, to be sure, some little misgivings, when he explained to her, that their best chance of escape consisted in making their way to the water, seizing a boat, and putting to sea; this was natural enough, considering the recollection she must have had of their former aquatic excursion, but she speedily came to concur with him in the propriety of the course he proposed.

Henry had the bearings of the town pretty well in his mind's-eye, and they proceeded, accordingly, to make their way down to the quay, but in passing through a narrow, dark street, they were like to have met with a serious mishap: they stumbled over the body of a man, who was stretched across the pavement, and who immediately shouted out a "qui vive," in a tone intended to be that of a sentry on duty, but wofully savouring of the wine-flagon: at the same time he seized hold of Rosalind's dress, and

forcibly detained her: fortunately, she did not lose her presènce of mind, but stooping down, whispered many soft things into his ear, until, in fact, she had talked him fast asleep again, which occupied but a minute or two, for the citizen guard was inebriated to a great extent. As soon as his grasp relaxed, Henry proceeded to turn the adventure to good account: his cloak, cap, and musket, lay beside him on the ground, and these our hero unceremoniously appropriated, as also his pouch and side arms, which he readily enough detached from his person. Like a skilful general, he next proceeded to turn to the greatest advantage the means acquired from the enemy; Rosalind was already in an admirable disguise, and Henry now assumed the soldier's cap and cloak, and walked the street as good a member of the National Guard as need be.

Pursuing their course with more confidence, after this change of garb, they soon reached the water's side, where, of course, was a large concourse of vessels and boats. all lying still and in security: it was midnight, and the tide had just begun to ebb: this was fortunate for our adventurers, but still their path was one of considerable difficulty and danger: it was not even easy to select the boat which would be safe for a channel voyage, and yet easily managed by so small a crew; however, Henry was a pretty good judge, and stepping cautiously over two or three tiers of fishing smacks and boats, and carefully handing Rosalind across also, he at last fixed upon a large boat of promising appearance, which was lying on

the outside of all, made fast by the stern to a large buoy in the stream, but held on to the boats alongside the quay by a painter, from the bows: this last he immediately cast off, and by shifting the helm, sheered the boat off into the middle of the stream, where he proposed to set things to rights before leaving the buoy: his next step was to grope his way into the little cabin, for the boat was decked, just to see whether there was any one on board, a step which he soon found reason to rejoice that he had taken, for his ears were speedily saluted by the heavy breathing of a sleeper, nay, of two at least: this was an unpleasant discovery, but Henry was determined to go through with the adventure, if possible, and not to abandon it whilst there was a chance: he therefore proceeded very cautiously to possess himself of a minute lamp, whose feeble rays were carefully shrouded in one corner of the little cabin, for it was against the regulations of the harbour to burn a light on board any craft after a certain hour, but this had been left burning, evidently with a view to prepare for a start before daylight. Possessing himself of this, and screening its light from the companion-stairs, he proceeded to reconnoitre, and speedily found that the sleepers consisted of one sturdy man and a lad: leaving these as he found them, he returned to the deck, and communicated to Rosalind a plan which he had conceived for turning this apparent difficulty to good account: as the first step to this, he placed upon Rosalind the cap and cloak of the soldier, whose character he wished her

to assume, though he promised her that he would not ask her to fight much, as he reckoned principally upon her military *appearance* to effect his object.

After this explanation, and the transformation of Rosalind, who was left pacing the deck, Henry again dived below, and proceeded to wake the adult sleeper, a task of some difficulty: it was after some minutes and numerous yawnings and stretchings, that the fisherman growled out—"Bien, bien, qu'elle heure est-il Antoine?—mais diable!" he added, as he peered into Henry's face, "ce n'est pas Antoine!" He would hereupon have jumped up, but Henry desired him to remain as he was, an injunction which he enforced by holding the sharp point of the soldier's bayonet to his throat.—"Soyez tranquille, mon ami: I have something of importance to tell you," he added, as the Frenchman stared at him, undetermined, as it seemed, whether he should show fight or not.

"No harm will be done to you if you remain quite quiet, and do what I tell you, but if you attempt the least resistance, your fate is sealed, and you die, for besides that I am armed, and you are not, you must understand that I have a comrade on deck who is also armed:—perhaps you don't believe me, you shall see him;—Louis, Louis."—Thus summoned, Louis thrust his cap, the upper part of his cloak, and *probably* his head, down the companion, but the last was so much enveloped as not to be very distinctly visible.—"N'importe," said Henry, and the martial apparition withdrew, but not without having out-

manœuvred the enemy, who replied to Henry's—"Etes vous content, mon ami?" by a shrug of the shoulders, which said plainly that there was no help for it, and that the individual thus addressed was *agreeable.*

"Well then," continued his captor, "I'll just tell you exactly how things stand, and what we require of you: my friend there, as brave a soldier as ever passed muster, has, unhappily, a slight weakness; he is certainly rather fond of putting his hand to his head, and of carrying with his hand a cup or a glass: you understand me: and after such exercises, he is, unfortunately, rather apt to do rash things, if roused from a heaviness and moroseness in which he indulges at those times: so you see, some days ago, having appeared upon parade, not exactly in the best state for going through his exercises, his officer ordered him to leave the ground, and as he demurred about obeying, the officer proceeded to push him off, whereupon he made a plunge at him with his bayonet, which, had it taken effect, must have proved fatal, but his foot fortunately slipped, and he fell headlong to the ground, from whence he was removed under a strong guard, and committed to prison. It happened that he and I, an English prisoner, fell a good deal into company, and we planned, and have executed, a mode of escape which has brought us here: you see then, that it is very necessary that we should have your assistance in getting across to England, where, if we arrive safely, I shall be able to make you some recompense, but if, on the other hand, you refuse to

assist us, or attempt to play us any trick, you may depend upon it that we have made up our minds to go through with the matter, coûte qui coûte, and that there will not only be considerable danger of my bayonet becoming intimately acquainted with your throat, but that Louis would have all your lives, if you had twenty of them."

This tale evidently had its effect on the sailor, who looked with no pleasant eye towards the companion-stairs, and at the same time intimated his readiness to assist the fugitives, however hard it might be upon him, especially in case of detection, which he considered next to certain. This matter being agreed upon, Henry proceeded to give him some directions for his conduct; in the first place, he desired him to furnish him with some fisherman's dress, which he did: then to wake the lad, and merely to intimate to him that he had taken some passengers on board for a trip to a neighbouring port; then, that he should accompany him on deck, and get the boat under way, and steer her skilfully to sea, adding, that he might chance to lose his life if he put her on any of the sand-banks, which he might otherwise have done on purpose; lastly, he cautioned him against saying anything to Louis, who had, unfortunately, found the means of procuring some brandy in his way down, and was, in fact, in a dull, but mischievous humour, to guard against which, he proposed to get him below to sleep, as soon as he could; in the mean time, he knew the best plan was to leave him as much as possible to himself.

One cannot say exactly, but it is just *possible* that the Frenchman thought of taking French leave upon going on deck, and escaping across the other boats to the shore, but Henry's precaution had effectually prevented that, and the fellow looked rather disconcerted as he discovered that the boat was now quite isolated in the stream: he said nothing, however, but eyeing Louis askance, began to get the sails up with the assistance of Henry and the lad: Louis enacting the sulky remarkably well, and of course not intermeddling with the seamen's business.

As soon as the jib and mizen were set on the boat, which, by the way, was a fine lugger of about twenty tons, the stern-fast was cast off, and she dropped down the stream towards the mouth of the harbour, where, as they expected, they were challenged by sentries: Henry had stationed himself close to the sailor, with the bright bayonet in his hand, whilst Louis couched down with his musket, in readiness to effect the double annihilation of the man, in case he or the lad should give any alarm, or should fail to give the accustomed answer to the challenge. With these inducements before him, he gave the required explanation, that he was bound to sea with the ebb-tide, to look out for a vessel which he expected, and which he was to pilot into harbour: this procured them permission to pass on without further molestation, and now being fairly out of harbour, they proceeded to set the other sails, and under cover of the darkness, to turn out of the river past the fortifications, which they happily did without further chal-

lenge. Warned, too, by a light on board the vessel stationed outside the river to watch all comers and goers, they gave her a wide berth, and hoped to pass unseen, but just at that moment, the moon shone out, and the watch on deck espied them, and called out, desiring them to come along side to be overhauled: this, however, they silently declined doing, and the rather that the moon was again shrouded, and they felt assured that they could no longer be seen; fortunately, Louis had before gone below to sleep off the effects of his potations, or rather to be out of the fisherman's way, so his uniform could not have been seen, and they were partly inclined to hope that nothing would come of the alarm: though Henry urged the man and lad to set up and trim the sails well, whilst he himself took the helm, and made the best of his way to sea, against a light northerly breeze, taking care to go about upon the opposite tack to that upon which they had been seen from the coast-guard vessel.

It was about an hour after this that the day began to dawn, and then they soon discovered that they were not forgotten on board the guard vessel, which Henry thought he recognised as his former captor, a fine lugger of about thirty tons It was apparent that the crew of this vessel were on the alert, and, in fact, getting her under way, no doubt with the object of pursuing them, in consequence of suspicion excited by their pushing out in the dark without answering the challenge: hereupon the Frenchman shrugged his shoulders, and said, he supposed that

Henry would not think of attempting any thing further, but would, of course, submit quietly to the capture: to this, however, Henry by no means assented: in fact, he stated his determination to try the sailing of the boat, in spite of the odds in size.

"Why," said the other, "that would be sheer nonsence: La Jeune France, as the guard-vessel is called, is considered one of the fastest vessels on the coast, and though this is by no means a bad boat, yet she is out of trim, full of lumber, and quite incapable of getting away from such an adversary, to say nothing of the swivel she carries."

To this Henry replied that they could but make the trial; that he was convinced that the boat could sail well, and that they must try and put her in trim, especially by throwing all the lumber overboard. Here the poor owner protested most vehemently against the sacrifice of his property, but Henry overcame his scruples by pointing to the companion, and reminding him that there was no knowing what a desperate man might do, or rather, that he might be very sure that if Louis came upon deck and found himself about to be captured, the very first thing he would do would be to shoot him, the Frenchman, under the impression of his having been in some way treacherous.

Hereupon monsieur agreed, however reluctantly, to make the trial of what the boat could do, and the rather that he felt that he was already, to a great extent, compromised by his answers to the sentry, and by the company which would be found on

board his boat. Overboard, therefore, went a great variety of property, in fact, almost every thing on board except the nets, which Henry consented to keep, arranging them under the weather bulwarks by way of trimming ballast, for they were many and heavy. The sails were again set up and trimmed: an immense anchor which was in the bows was brought amidships, and all measures adopted for getting the little craft into the best trim, of which Henry was evidently a good judge. The owner was then set to work with the skeet to wet the sails, and when he was quite tired Henry gave him a spell, keeping a careful eye upon him as he steered, that he made the most of the wind.

By these means the sailing of the little vessel was improved fully two knots, that is to say, she was now probably tearing along close upon the wind at the rate of seven knots an hour, whereas before she could scarcely have compassed five. Even the Frenchman began to take an interest in the matter, and to hope to get away; but, alas! their adversary was a regular clipper, and carried an enormous press of canvass, in the form of three lug sails and a jib; and her commander was evidently bent upon taking a boat which it was now apparent was doing everything to get away from him.

The result of all this was that the larger vessel came up with the smaller, by sure, though slow degrees. It was a question of time; if Henry could keep his boat along at the present rate and the wind should favour them a little, he might safely hope to reach the English side of the channel, whither it was doubtful

whether their adversary would pursue them, and where, at any rate he might hope to fall in with a rescue by a British cruiser. Alas, the chances of so desirable a consummation were but small.

The pursuer came up with them steadily, and there was little that could be done to improve the chance. Yet Henry was not to be daunted: leaving the Frenchman to steer, (for he now saw that he considered himself quite committed to their cause), he went below, and taking a saw and hatchet, cleared away, with Rosalind's assistance, every bulk-head in the little cabin, until he had left not a locker standing from stem to stern. The materials he handed up on deck, and had them thrown overboard. The little craft seemed grateful for this freedom from restraint, and sprang forward with increased life, but as the wind had risen considerably, she was now literally staggering under the press of canvass which Henry persisted in carrying on her, though the masts were visibly bending under its weight. Fortunately there was not much sea up, so she kept her head above water, and that was as much as she could do. Twice already they had been obliged to pump her out, and the water was now pouring in through the seams which were opening wide under the strain occasioned by the spread of canvass and the great weight, trimmed up to windward. The very form of the craft seemed warped, as it no doubt was, and the poor Frenchman began to fear that she would actually tear open and sink beneath them. Still, still Henry kept driving her on, and maintaining that they held their own, and

that they should yet escape; but he was only trying to deceive himself; he saw that their pursuer was coming up with them, and the faster as the breeze freshened. At the same time he saw that even the larger vessel was sorely distressed, and that the enormous mainsail she carried was bending the mast like a withy, whilst her crew were obliged to ply their pumps as assiduously as themselves. He determined, therefore, to hold on to the very last, in the hope that some mischance might befal their pursuers, or something turn up in their own favour. Once more the sails were drenched with the skeet; once more the pump was plied; but the Frenchman began now to murmur that it was high time to rouse up Monsieur Louis to take his turn in all these pastimes, which came rather thick and heavy upon them; but Henry replied that he had heard and seen too much of that young man's temper to think of rousing him up until he had slept off his potation, since, if he did, in his present reckless mood, he was sure to quarrel, and, perhaps, to do some mischief. So Rosalind still kept below out of sight.

The wind kept increasing gradually, but still the two vessels kept tearing on like two noble racers. From sea to sea they bounded, rising over each, under the skilful guidance of the helm, even as the fleet horse rises and renews his bound under the combined influence of bit and spur. Here, as on the race course, much is done by skill; as there the horse is to be held together, as it is termed, and not allowed to waste his strength in mistimed and ill-directed

efforts, whilst under proper guidance, the result of man's reason, the utmost stretch of his physical powers are to be developed; so here the vessels had to be steered with a steady hand which should alike prevent their falling off from the wind, the goal lying directly windward, or equally restrain them from flying up into the wind so as to prevent that power from operating on their sails to the greatest advantage. Well do the helmsmen on board both vessels direct their courses; steady they go, and straight forward; except now and then when a heavier wave than usual obliges one or the other to luff up the least in the world, so as to meet the billow with the stem instead of the bow and so avoid the shock which would not only have shaken the vessel to its centre and endanger the mast, but which would have parted the water so as to have thrown whole deluges on board. See, scarcely have they reached the crest of the wave, before the skilful hand again keeps the head away from the wind, and the sails, which had hardly shaken in the wind, once more are filled and ready to burst under its force. So rapidly has this been done that no way has been lost. But there is a limit to all things, and much depends upon skill and tact. Henry was fully aware of this, and he was the first to see that they were both under the necessity of steering too close to the wind in order to carry the great spread of canvass they had set, and that when they held steadily the course they ought, the vessels were pressed down into the water out of their proper bearings, which entailed a loss of speed. He, there-

fore, desired the Frenchman very carefully to lower the mainsail a little so as to take in a reef, and afterwards to shift the jib, which, from its great size, kept dragging her head away from the wind. These processes he contrived to have gone through in a very quiet way so as not to attract the attention of the pursuers, for he felt sure that they would give him an advantage unless the other party took the same steps, but he also still indulged the hope that something would be carried away on board the other vessel which might ensure his escape. In the first expectation it was evident that he was not to be disappointed; the little craft was sensibly relieved by the diminution of canvass, and she was not only more lively, but certainly went faster through the water. So sensibly was this the case that the pursuer seemed to think that there was some chance of the chase attaining, at least, to the English waters before he could overtake her. Such, at any rate, Henry took to be the cause of his luffing up into the wind, so as to allow the large swivel she carried to bear upon the boat. "Ah, that's right," he exclaimed, as the piece was discharged, "blaze away, monsieur, blaze away, and mind luff up well. Do it as often as you will, you'll never hit us in this sea, and I'll bet a trifle we slip away from you if you stop your way often like that. Blaze away, my lads."

"Never fear them, bon camarade," said the Frenchman, who was now thoroughly alive to the interest of the scene, "they'll not fire that gun again in a hurry.—See," he added, handing Henry

the glass, " the swivel's burst and wounded some of them. I thought so by the report." True enough, the swivel had burst, and injured two or three hands slightly : so everything was again thrown upon the speed of the respective crafts, and notwithstanding all Henry's skill the larger vessel gained ground, albeit literally staggering under the press of sail. She was, in fact, coming up upon the lee-quarter, when Henry took the glass and attentively surveyed the persevering enemy, then looked to windward to see if there was any chance of a puff which might carry his mast over, then shook his head, as he saw no grounds for immediate hope on that score. Giving the helm to the Frenchman he went below, and having explained to Rosalind the danger they were in of being retaken, he proceeded carefully to examine the musket they had taken from the soldier, which he immediately pronounced to be a rifle of great promise. His next step was to load and prime it very carefully. He then took it upon deck, cautiously covering the lock from the sea-spray. Here he knelt carefully down so that he could look over the bulwarks at the lugger. He watched her narrowly for some time, apparently measuring the distance between them accurately. Presently he took the piece, and slowly and steadily taking aim, discharged it. The Frenchman thought he was mad to tempt so strong an enemy to the use of fire-arms, and the more so when Henry exclaimed " Bravo, rifle! as good a hit as ever was made!—Try it again!" and proceeded to re-load. It was not

needed, however, his object was accomplished. It was no vain compliment that was paid him at home when he was designated by far the best marksman in the neighbourhood; and it was not in vain that he spent a good deal of his leisure time in ball practice. The distance was yet considerable between the two vessels, so much so that none but a rifle could have carried it; and the object at which he had fired was small, so much so that none but one practised in the use of the rifle would have *thought* of hitting it. Indeed Henry, though he had some confidence in his own aim, hardly hoped for the result. Nevertheless, seeing the labouring condition of the mast, and having observed that it was supported by two shrouds only, and those not very stout ones, he calculated that if one could be cut the other must snap, and the mast go by the board, and he determined upon leaving nothing untried. Watching, therefore, a moment when both vessels were pretty steady, he fired at one of these shrouds, *and hit it.** It was not, indeed, cut entirely in two by the ball, but the remaining part immediately gave way under the strain, and in another instant the other shroud snapped like a

* Henry White's aim was not altogether unique, it being upon record, that a merchant ship being closely pursued by a privateer schooner, one of several military officers who were passengers on board the ship shot away the rope pointed out to him by the captain, and which being the main halyards brought down an enormous sail by the run. This not only occasioned a delay to the schooner, but made it necessary for a man to go aloft and reeve a new rope, and upon this service one, two, and three men were successively picked off by the marksman on board the ship so that at last no more could be induced to expose themselves to so deadly an aim, and the schooner falling to leeward the vessel escaped.

thread, and away went the mast with its enormous sail over the side, carrying along with it two or three men.

The game was up: the day was won, and Henry could not help springing to his feet, waving his hat and huzzaing loudly as the lugger came slowly up into the wind encumbered by the wreck, of which he knew she could not be disencumbered in half an hour, especially as much time must be lost in picking up the men who had been knocked overboard, and that before things could be set to rights sufficiently for her to carry sail his own little vessel would be out of her reach effectually, though, like a prudent jockey, he immediately relieved her from some of the pressure to which she had before been subjected. The Frenchman's admiration knew no bounds, as may well be supposed, at the admirable shot, and his admiration was certainly no less when Henry, in the midst of this, called Rosalind upon deck and she appeared in the form of the Norman maid. Perhaps there was something of pique at the idea of having been so tricked and kept in order by the supposed Louis, but his native good-humour and gaiety interfered, and as anything like opposition could no longer be of use, he cordially joined with them in their rejoicings at their escape.

Now that they seemed no longer to require the protection of a British cruiser Henry's joy was a little qualified by the dread of the press-gang, which he knew would be likely enough to pounce upón them in case they fell in with a vessel of that descrip-

tion, and it was not without apprehension that he found himself approaching the English shore. Fortune, however, still befriended them, and they descried the land before nightfall without any incident, and about ten o'clock at night he had the satisfaction of bringing the boat in safety to the very spot from whence they had departed upon the adventurous night of their elopement. Making the boat fast, and leaving the Frenchman and the lad on board, Henry and Rosalind proceeded up the steps to the wicket, the former habited *a la militaire* and the latter disguised only by a huge pair of whiskers, which had grown since his sojourn in France. Of course they were stopped by the sentry at the wicket, but somehow or the other the very maid who had assisted unconsciously in their elopement happened, by the *merest chance in the world*, to be carrying on a flirtation again with the sentry in the same place, and immediately recognising her old mistress, welcomed her and Henry, and obtained their ready admittance.

As soon as Rosalind had satisfied herself of her father's safety, it was determined that they should play the old gentleman a trick, and, if possible, secure his hearty consent to their union. Accordingly the maid was sent before to say, that a fishing-boat had come into harbour having picked up at sea a French boat with a deserter from the army of that nation, who stated that he had important intelligence to communicate to the nearest authority. Rosalind and Henry listened at the half-closed door to the effect which the communication would have upon

the Major, who was just about to retire to bed after his second glass of grog. "Umph!" he growled, "a French deserter. Well, what have the fools brought him here for?"

"Why, to give important information upon certain stipulations."

"Hang his information, and his stipulations too; why don't they take him to the magistrates, or up to the governor's house? I'm no civil authority, and it's no part of my duty to make bargains with deserters unless they choose to come in here voluntarily."

"Yes, sir; but that's just the thing: he says he has heard an excellent character of you, and he swears he'll go no where but before you, because he knows after you've taken his deposition you'll take a glass and a pipe with him."

"Pooh! the man's mad. Heard an excellent character of me! I wonder who from? *I* drink and smoke with a French deserter! I'd be more likely to hang him. However, come, let's see him. But who's to take down his deposition? Bless me! that ever that girl of mine should have run away nobody knows where. I never shall get on without her. Do go and tell Serjeant —— to come to me: he must try his hand. Shew in the Mounseer."

In walked Rosalind accompanied by Henry. Both saluted the Major after their respective fashions, and Henry proceeded to repeat what had before been told him. Hereupon the Major turned to the supposed

deserter and demanded his information: he gave no answer but nodded at Henry, who proceeded to explain that he could not speak a word of English, and that it would be necessary to take his deposition in French. "Oh, bother!" exclaimed the Major. "Nonsense, man, it's impossible. What do you take me for? Bless you, I don't understand a word of French, nor the serjeant here either, so you may just take your man up to the magistrate's."

"But he says he won't go."

"Well, and I say I won't and I can't take his deposition in any foreign gibberish, and so there's an end on't.—Oh dear, oh dear! if my poor girl had been here now, she could have done it. Bless her! I wonder what's gone with her?"

"Why, sir, you take on about your daughter so, suppose this Frenchman could give you some information about her?"

"If he could I'd give him ten guineas with all my heart; but how should he know anything about her?"

"Why, easy enough; and, to tell you the truth, that's just the very cause why he wanted to come before you. In fact, he's got a message for you from her."

"Eh! what? from my daughter? Why she is alive then?—God be praised! But are you sure? How should he have met with her? She isn't in France I suppose?"

"Why he says she is."

"Well, why don't he tell us all about it? Come, Mounseer, let's hear about the girl, that's a good fellow."

"Ah, Major, you forget he can't speak a word of English. But he has told me all about it. You see he comes from the garrison at Havre, and there, he says, he made acquaintance with a young man and woman in the prisons who were picked up at sea off Dartmouth, and that the young woman told him she was your daughter, and that having gone out for a row one evening with her lover, they had lost an oar, been carried out to sea, picked up by a French cruizer, and carried in prisoners to Havre. There, he says, they led a hardish life, but still hope when the war is over to regain their liberty, and then, they say, as they suppose, you will never give your consent to their marriage, they mean to marry and settle in France, though the young woman said it would almost break her heart not to see you again."

"Oh, that's all nonsense! not see me again: hang it, then, I'll go and see her, and bring her back here husband and all."

"Well, but do you mean to say that you would give your consent to her marriage if she were to come back?"

"Ay, to be sure I do."

"You'll stand to that?"

"Certainly I will: here are plenty of witnesses."

"Very well, then, good father, there she is," said Henry pointing to Rosalind, who now dropped the cloak, took off the cap, and stood confessed before

him, "and here I am, Henry White, that is to be your son-in-law." The old Major settled his spectacles afresh; lifted the candle over his head; attentively regarded Rosalind; put down the candle; shook his fist at her, and with a choked voice said, "You hussey;"—what more he might have said at that time was cut short by Rosalind's throwing herself into his arms, and kissing him over and over again, all of which the old man returned with ardour, whilst his eyes ran over with tears, and his hand was extended over Rosalind's shoulder to Henry. The last words he uttered that night before they separated were, "Bless you, my children, bless you: get married as fast as you can; but mind, you must live near me and be much with me."

I need not say that they followed his injunction. They lived happily and were long considered as the lions of the neighbourhood. Immediately after the explanation above related, Henry borrowed fifty pounds from the Major, and hurrying down to the boat gave it to the Frenchman, who immediately put to sea for fear of being seized next morning by the authorities and made prisoner. Henry had the satisfaction of hearing afterwards that fearing to return to Havre, and not being a family man, he had made for St. Malo, which port he had reached in safety and made his home; indeed, in after-years he came over to the pilchard fishery and paid Henry a visit.

Enjoying a lovely moonlight row, we met our carriages at Stoke Gabriel, on the eastern bank of the

river, about half-way between Totness and Dartmouth: here we spent an hour or two most agreeably at the house of one of my friend's friends, and finally reached home, after a pleasant drive of some six or seven miles.

LETTER XII.

UPON another occasion, we drove over to Totness, and thence pursued the road which accompanies the Dart through the windings of a lovely valley, some eight or nine miles to Ashburton, from whence we took a drive of about a dozen miles, through what is called "Holne Chase," being, in fact, a continuation of the valley of the Dart, but with a great diversity of scenery, for instead of fertile meadows and rich orchards, extending to a considerable distance on each side, up the sides of sloping hills, the river, now a brawling, rustling, foaming stream, here occupies nearly the whole of the space between the steep sides of the deep valley, which are thickly clothed with hanging woods, only broken occasionally by massive and fantastic rocks. I have visited, as you are aware, a good deal of the most celebrated scenery of England, but I really know not a spot which surpasses this in beauty and romantic character; in Wales and in Scotland, such scenes are by no means uncommon, but they are hardly to be met with in England. The

place is celebrated, yet I think it is by no means so generally known as it should be. Those who delight in romantic scenery, would do well, I think, to go many miles out of their way to enjoy the pleasures of this chase. I would willingly try to give you some notion of its beauties, but I fear to be tiresome: if you would have a description of the place, just turn to the picture of the Trosachs, drawn by a master-hand, in the first canto of the Lady of the Lake: I assure you the description you there find, will not be very inapplicable to Holne Chase, which, upon a small scale, might bear comparison with the magnificent original, one of the most magnificent of Scotland's gems.

This valley or ravine, you will understand, is in the side of that extensive tract of high land, called Dartmoor: there are others, I understand, of scarcely inferior beauty, but I had not an opportunity of visiting any other of similar character: I was, however, exceedingly gratified by an excursion into the very wild and romantic vale of Lustleigh, which is also on the outskirts of Dartmoor, and marked by great wildness united with exceeding fertility: it put me very much in mind of many of the Swiss vales, where huge masses of rock are scattered about over the rich fields, which enjoy an immunity from extreme cold, in consequence of the shelter afforded by the hills which rise on all sides, whilst they are no less happy in summer, owing to the abundance of rills which ooze out from these high lands. Truly, the lovers of the picturesoue need not wander from Eng-

land for objects of admiration! In this very sequestered spot, we met with a truly hospitable entertainment from another of my friend's friends, who has here a delightful residence, principally of his own creation.

Berry Castle, an old baronial castle, not far from Totness, afforded us another very pleasant excursion, and Ugbrook Park, the seat of Lord Clifford, near Chudleigh, amply repaid the toil of a twelve miles' ride, under a sun which would not have been ashamed to shine in a tropical clime, whilst there was not a breath of air to stir a leaf or cool a heated traveller; depend upon it, that the magnificent avenues of ash-trees, which ornament the park, were never more admired or appreciated than they were by our party that day.

Teignmouth, Dawlish, and Exmouth, all occupied our time and attention, and at each we found subjects for admiration: but perhaps the greatest treat was reserved for me on my departure from this very beautiful and interesting neighbourhood; my friend had offered me a seat in his carriage, upon a tour by the north of Devon, across the water to South Wales, thence into North Wales to the English Lakes, and thence back by rail-road, through Cheltenham, &c.: I need not say that I joyfully accepted so agreeable an offer, and now passing through Chudleigh, we proceed towards Exeter, plodding our way somewhat heavily up the long, long hill of Haldon, the highest range in this part of the country: suddenly, we found ourselves at its summit, near the grand-stand of the

race-course, which occupies a sort of table-land, and here, had we not desired to stay our course for a while, on account of our horses, we *must* have done so to feast our eyes upon the lovely scene which lay before us: it was one of those which not only arrests the attention at the moment, but remains permanently engraven on the memory: I can hardly call to mind a nobler prospect, *in its way*, than this, where, spread out before you, lie not only an extensive and most fertile vale, but a noble river, the Exe, constituting, in fact, a grand estuary towards its lower part, whilst above, it meanders in all the loveliness of a rapid, but narrow stream, among rich meadows and fruitful orchards, up to Tiverton, whither the eye, I think, can almost or quite, trace it from Haldon, a distance of some twenty miles from its mouth. Then again, the landscape is diversified by the fine old city of Exeter, spread out upon its hills, and presided over by its venerable cathedral, and indicating that the richness of the neighbouring country has been, and is, duly appreciated. Beyond this, again, the eye wanders up the rich vale of Honiton, and is arrested by the hills which run up the country towards Taunton; finally, beyond the mouth of the Exe, the spectator is gratified by a fine view of the sea, the open, the ever-glorious sea.

These, and other distant features, probably claim and receive the earliest attention of the traveller over Haldon-hill: afterwards, a considerable share of admiration will be bestowed upon the rich woods

of Powderham Castle, on the right, and Haldon House on the left.

I doubt whether I could convey to you an adequate idea of the magnificence and richness of this view, were I to try ever so much, and I do not feel inclined to subject you to such an experiment: I must repeat, however, that I know of no view, of its sort, which surpasses it: I would not choose to go the length of a friend of mine, who holds it to belong to the *very* first class in the world, in which, it seems, he is supported by a gentleman, who after traversing a very large proportion of the world, declares that he sees *nothing* superior to this view: I must say, I have seen many prospects which I prefer, but they were not of *the same kind.* That from Stirling Castle is superior, because of the distant mountains which it comprehends:—that from the Malvern hills is superior, with the single exception of the water. I cannot bring myself to compare such views as this with those obtained from lofty mountains, such as Skiddaw, Snowdon, or Ben Lomond, much less with many which enchant the beholder in Switzerland; above all, with the coup-d'œil which rivets him in silence to the spot, as he turns a point of the road which leads through the Jura, and finds spread out before him the glorious lake, vale, and city of Geneva, with the unspeakably magnificent back-ground of the Alps, rising one above the other, in all the grandeur of their everlasting snows, till the summit of Mont Blanc seems to mingle with the very heavens:

a few such views as that there may be in the world, but I cannot conceive any superior to it.

We are apt, in speaking of views, to say and maintain that particular ones to which we are each attached, is the most beautiful in the world, or that we have ever seen: we ought, generally, to add, *of its kind*, for many splendid views cannot bear comparison with each other: their respective merits are in points of dissimilar character.

For my own part, speaking carelessly, I should be apt to say that the view from Cherry-tree hill into that portion of our own little Island of Barbadoes, to which the name of Scotland is given, is the most beautiful I had ever seen. Certainly, with the exception of that splendid view from the Jura, I have never seen any with which I was equally struck. I never shall forget the first time I was taken to that spot. I had not the least idea of what I was to see, and as I rode up the little valley which leads from Nicholas Abbey my friend kept drawing my attention to the pleasing prospect behind us, until, at last, he allowed me to look forwards, just as we reached the top of the hill, when I was really bewildered by the view before me. I could hardly believe that the hills and dales, and woods, and streams, and the sea shore, and the ocean which I saw before me, were real. The whole thing was so unlike the other parts of the country, and so *complete* in itself, that it seemed like enchantment. At any rate the effect was like that produced by the entrance into the gallery of a well-executed panorama. I had come from a plane, if not

a level country. I looked down upon a basin some ten miles in diameter (at a guess) bounded on three sides by hills as lofty as that on which I stood, and diversified and rendered interesting by chains and spurs of hills, from amongst which the little stream, the very sight of which was refreshing, ran down to the ocean which bounds the fourth side of the basin, and breaks with interminable roar and a long deep line of white foam upon its shores. I had come from a country where but few trees, and those of a decided tropical growth, were to be seen, and here I found ample woods clothing the sides of the hills, with foliage, which, at a distance, might have been taken for that of the forests of the temperate zone. Notwithstanding the rich fields of canes and the busy mills which stud the district, I really could hardly believe that I was still in the Island of Barbadoes, and was ready to believe it an illusion. I need not say that my utter amazement was no small amusement to my friend, nor that I often revisited the spot, and always with renewed delight. Upon the whole, it always gave me more the idea of a huge model of a mountainous country than any thing else, and I may truly say that there are very few views which hold so high a place in my estimation, albeit on a *miniature* scale. In this high estimation I believe I am pretty generally supported by strangers who visit the spot, otherwise I should consider myself prejudiced, as indeed we probably all are, in favour of our own country. A striking instance of this occurs to my mind just now, as narrated by a valued friend who

has travelled enough to have lost most of his native prejudices, and to have rendered himself a most valuable companion. Chancing to be travelling in Switzerland in company with several other persons of different nations, amongst whom was a Frenchman, they came suddenly upon one of those magnificent views which arrest the attention and call forth exclamations of surprise and admiration. These were poured forth abundantly by all the party, and new terms were wanting to express all that was felt. The Frenchman was the last who spoke, "Ma foi," he exclaimed, lifting up his hands and eyes, "*C'est comme la belle France.*"

Never was a more complete illustration of the truth of Napoleon's favourite dogma. "By a single step we were indeed," said my friend, "carried from the sublime to the ridiculous. All our admiration of the lovely scene was for the moment forgotten as we burst into the most uncontrollable laughter at the idea of its being compared with that of la belle France, through whose length we had toiled with such infinite ennui and misery during the many days' journey from Paris to the Jura."

Yet so it is; I presume we all have our prejudices, none more than your Englishman. I remember once having occasion to dispute a double charge by a porter at Brussels, when having asked the insolent fellow who he was, that I might make a note of it, he settled me and the dispute together, as he thought, by answering, "Moi—Je suis *Belge*." N.B. It was not long after his nation had been gloriously

drubbed in battle by the Dutch, which I thought added to the zest of the thing. We, too, of our little island must plead guilty to our little prejudices, at least, you know people say we are proud of saying that we are "true Barbadian born."

One instance more I must give you of what may, perhaps, appear like prejudice in my own mind. We have been witnessing and enjoying the scenes presented by the hay fields, and, indeed, latterly those of the corn harvest, and very delightful they are; work goes on briskly and happiness seems in the ascendant, whilst to my mind it is particularly pleasing to observe the labourers congregated under some wide-spreading tree at noon, enjoying their simple repast, with perfect contentment. Fifty times I have wished that I had been a painter, that I might have depicted on canvass the lovely scenes which I have selected from the multitude as especially worthy of such commemoration.

Yet, after all, I cannot but maintain that nothing of the kind I have ever seen comes up to the interest presented to the mind by the operations going on upon a large sugar estate during crop time. You are awoke at break of day to a state of excitement and interest by the whirring of the great mill, as it is turning into the strong trade wind, which even thus early promises "a fine sugar day." Away she goes at a railroad speed, as if anxious to grind out the half-dozen cart loads of canes which had been left at the door the preceding evening, before those newly cut in the fields can be brought home. It is cool,

and the young people, whose business it is to carry those canes up to the boatswain, whose province it is to thrust the ends between the revolving rollers, are all fresh and in high spirits; up they go with their bundles on their heads as fast as they can, and good need they have to be active or they will not keep the mill supplied so fast as she is working under the present strong breeze. Ay, and that other gang need be active too, or they will not clear away the canes from which the juice has been expressed in their passage through a double set of iron rollers fast enough to allow of the process going on at this rapid rate, and in that case you know all hands must be taken off to turn the mill out of the wind, and so bring her to a stand-still, which, perhaps, may be the more unfortunate as there may be a perfect calm in the afternoon. In England people make hay whilst the sun shines; with us, you know, they make sugar whilst the wind blows.

Well, but all things are going on well, and the last bundle of canes is just being carried up when the first cart, drawn by six oxen, comes in with a full load from the field where the principal strength of the labourers, say thirty, has been employed since day-light cutting down the canes, stripping them of their long leaves, and tying them up in bundles. Ah! that's right, here comes another load, and another, and now the supply is pretty well secured to the mills, for there are six carts all bringing in canes, and the two carters belonging to each are exerting themselves to get the cattle along as fast as

they can. I wish to my heart the poor animals looked a little fatter; however, one comfort is, that if they are worked hard during crop time, they derive abundance of food from the leaves of the cane, and are likely to improve in condition, as the labourers do upon the canes, which they are constantly sucking. Another thing is, too, that this set of cattle will only work till noon, and after dinner a new set will be put to work till evening. Fortunate it is that they are so cool about their work, or else the very cries and gestures of those who drive them would wear them out; surely those fellows must have lungs of brass, and sinews of Indian rubber; only listen to their cries and look at their jumping!

By the time you have noticed all this, or before, you are dressed and down stairs, when you take a cup of hot coffee; then you mount your horse and take a look at the field. Ah, that's right! the canes are cutting out well, six feet long upon an average, and as thick as they can stand, and there's a strong gang mustered this morning: they will have cut canes enough for the whole day's work, three hogsheads of sugar by noon, and after dinner they can go on weeding the next year's crop, which is already planted and in good growth, but sadly encumbered with weeds since the last shower. In the mean time it's to be hoped they'll get on loading the carts. Ah, come, that's right! there's fire under the copper in the boiling-house: they must have got cane juice enough to begin with, so let's see what they're about, and, by-the-bye, it's quite as well to get back out of this sun. "So

Georgee, my man, you've got to work, eh? one racking copper let down and another just ready to crack, eh? come that will do, how does the liquor look? ay, I see, pretty good. I say, I hope, Ben, you're tempering that liquor well. Don't you put too much lime in it or it will spoil the colour. Breakfast ready? ah, well, I'll come in a minute or two, keep the yam and the coffee hot, boy, and brush the flies off the ham, d'ye hear? I must just see the first skip."—"Fire more: more fire: you hear, me dere, more fire; the taiches *don't* bile."—"Come, now that will do, hold up your ladle, Georgee: there, see how it runs off, it's high enough, man, so off with it: skip away as fast as you can."*

* It may be as well just to explain to my English readers something more of the process to which the text has introduced them. The arrangement of the boiling-house then, is something of this kind:—First, the juice expressed from the cane at the mill runs down from thence to a large copper, holding, perhaps, three hundred gallons, in the boiling-house, bringing with it a great quantity of small bits of cane and other extraneous matters. When this large copper is full, a skilful hand proceeds to temper the liquor, as it is called, by adding finely powdered lime to it. This neutralises acidity and assists in the subsidence of the extraneous matter, which is first thrown to the top by the action of a very slow fire, then it forms a very thick scum, and after a time this scum cracks from the heat below. This is a signal that the liquor is cleared from impurities and fit for being let down into the smaller coppers, or taiches, in which it is to be boiled into syrup. Of these there are generally five, lessening in size as they recede from the racking copper. On the other hand the great fire, which is made of the dried canes, is put under the taich furthest from the racker, and the flame plays along the bottoms of the others and often rises several feet above the top of a tall chimney at the end of the range. By this arrangement the liquor only simmers in the copper next the racker, from whence it is ladled over the leaden partition into the next, and so on, still subjected to increasing heat and consequent evaporation, until it reaches the last,

Again, I have often been pleased at witnessing the hilarity exhibited by the English labourers at the harvest-home feasts, for notwithstanding that Bloomfield complains, and justly, in his "Farmer's Boy," that these feasts have declined, they yet exist, though celebrated, perhaps, with something less of hospitality and joviality, than in olden times, and it is very pleasing to see the farm servants and the occasional reapers, enjoying the hearty and unlimited meal of plain fare, and the copious draughts of cyder and of ale, till the cool of the evening invites to the merry

where it is in a constant state of ebullition, and where the evaporation is so rapid that fresh supplies are constantly being ladled in from the next copper, calling, of course, for corresponding transference of the liquor from the further coppers. At last, the liquor in the taich over the fire is evaporated to the proper consistency, which is ascertained by the experienced eye, partly by the size and colour of the bubbles, partly by the manner in which the syrup drops off the bottom of the ladle, and sometimes by the string into which a drop is drawn between the finger and thumb. This being ascertained, the head and second boiler commence ladling it out in concert, and as rapidly as possible, into a flat copper on the floor, where it stands till the next *skip* is ready to be taken off, by which time it is generally granulated. It is then removed to large flat wooden coolers where it stands until the next morning, when it is cut up, still soft and hot, and thrown into the hogsheads which stand on the stuncheon, constructed of beams, over a large cistern, into which the molasses drains, in the course of the fortnight the hogsheads are allowed to remain there to cure. Such is a *very* brief and imperfect outline of the process of sugar making Any manufacture more interesting I have never seen. It will be observed that there are many different operations, probably a dozen, all going on at the same time, yet all dependent upon each other. If the canes are not cut they can't be carted; if they are not carted fast enough, the mill must stop; if the mill stops from want of canes or of wind, the boiling must be suspended and the fire slacked. Again, if the fire is slacked and the boiling retarded, in the first place, the mill must stop, and a stoppage ensues throughout the whole course of operations, whilst the fire, and consequently everything, is in a great measure de-

dance: yet, it must be said, that these festive scenes will not bear comparison in point of hilarity and gaiety with the dances which the negroes hold, not only at the end of the crop, when they are treated by the master, but very often amongst themselves. It really is astonishing how fond the negroes are of dancing! a regular Joe and Johnny, as they call these entertainments, seems to be the very summum bonum of their existence, the ne plus ultra of terrestrial happiness; only fancy people starting off in a tropical afternoon, and walking twelve or fourteen

pendent upon the exertions of the youngest labourers, whose duty it is to spread out and dry the canes which have passed through the mill, which is the only fuel used. In the boiling department again much depends upon the nicety with which the temperer adjusts the quantity of lime to the particular quality of the cane juice, two fields of canes seldom yielding juice which takes the same quantity of lime. The method generally adopted is to add little by little of the lime to the copper of liquor and taking up a glass full from time to time, to observe the point at which the extraneous matter begins to subside, which is the true point. If too much lime is added the colour of the sugar is spoiled, if too little, the grain is soft. Whilst one large racking copper is successively filling the lesser copper, another is filling, being tempered and purified by gentle heat. Another material point is, that the more rapidly the syrup can be evaporated to its proper consistence the better: hence the head-boiler is incessantly calling out for more fire, though the flame be ascending six feet above the top of the chimney, and all the coppers, except that nearest the rackers, boiling furiously. This in itself, by the way, constitutes a beautiful sight. I must not omit to mention that the liveliness of the mill-yard is greatly added to by the half-dozen coopers and as many carpenters, who pursue their avocations under the large tree usually growing in some part of it, and who, not only for the most part whistle in concert, but usually beat tune to the time with their respective tools, often breaking out into snatches of comic and extemporaneous songs; their performances are really very amusing, and put one in mind of the scenes got up on the stage in such things as the Miller and his Men, &c, &c.

miles, as these people often do, for the purpose of joining in a dance, which is to last the whole night, and then walking back the next day, Sunday, or else, as frequently happens, spending that day in sleeping and drinking, and then returning home early on the Monday morning, sometimes to work, often to go into the hospital for a day's rest.

Well, but as I was saying, these negro-dances far exceed in spirit and gaiety scenes of a similar nature in the temperate zones: at any rate, I must say, that I have often been much struck and captivated by the joyousness of a Joe and Johnny.

It is something interesting, in the first place, to observe the anxiety with which the work is brought to a conclusion on the Saturday afternoon: then the great zeal with which the yard is swept up, especially in front of the mill: then your attention is aroused by the sound of the peculiar kind of drum, which the negroes call "pump," and by which a solitary performer, who has stationed himself in front of the mill, now invites the people to the scene of action: anon, a couple of chairs and a bench are brought: upon the latter, two or three fiddlers and two or three pump-players take their seats, whilst the chairs are filled by the master and mistress of the ball, who, by the way, generally make a good thing of it, for although the expenses of music and refreshments, such as porter, &c., fall upon them, each person pays them a fivepenny piece each time he or she stands up to dance, which, of course, is many times in a night: in fact, I have often wondered how those particularly

fond of dancing, could possibly meet the expense, amounting to several shillings in a single night: probably, the funds may have been raised by the sale of poultry or vegetables at the town market, in the morning, where a common negro, you know, often takes a couple or three dollars, ten or twelve shillings, without any inconvenience or sacrifice on his part.

However this may be, the scene becomes animated, and more and more so as the evening advances and the plot thickens: at first only a few persons are assembled, and the couples which stand up to dance are exceedingly dignified, graceful, and formal, and especially studying the effect produced by waving a white handkerchief, a chief feature in the performance: in fact, there is rather a want of spirit, but soon there are more arrivals, not only from the negro village on the estate, but from those in the neighbourhood, and even from a distance; the gaiety of the scene is greatly enhanced by the white and coloured muslins, the gaudy ribbons, the cloth dress-coats and pantaloons, and the dapper hats and caps, not to mention the expensive ear-rings, necklaces, and watch appendages, which are displayed on all sides, to the no small self-satisfaction of the wearers.

Presently, the musicians succeed in calling up the spirits of the company, to which end they frequently exert not only their instruments, but their voices; several couples now stand up together, and mingle in a figure, which I suppose they understand, but which I never could make out: the chief thing, however,

seems to consist in the solo figurations of the individual performers, and that as much with the hands and arms, as the legs. As the shades of evening close in, the party become more and more exhilirated: no sooner have one set finished their evolutions, than another succeeds: the music is more rapid and more exciting: the musicians shout, and the dancers follow their example: by this time there is quite a large assemblage, and all who are desirous of dancing, cannot find room in the ring, and consequently, the more ardent spirits fall to dancing in couples round the outskirts of the crowd, and the last thing you can distinctly see of them is, that nearly the whole mass is dancing; but for some time after this, you hear by the shouts and the music that the dance still proceeds, and at last, when it is understood that the mill-yard is to be restored to quiet, the whole company moves off to the neighbourhood of the entertainer's house, and as many as may be, to its interior, where the rest of the night is passed in festivities, which but too often exceed the limits of moderation. By-the-bye, I used in the scarcity of small coin, often to send, next morning, a five pound piece to get changed by the entertainer, and almost always with success.

Nay, but I need to hold my hand, as they say in the boiling-house, or I shall never be up to-morrow morning in time for our early start. By-the-bye, I must give you notice that I shall not be able to continue my correspondence during my projected tour

The particulars of it you shall have vivá voce when we meet, if, indeed, you do not cry in the words of Horace, "Ohe jam satis;" or in those of Shakspeare, "Hold! enough." "Vive valeque."

Your's sincerely.

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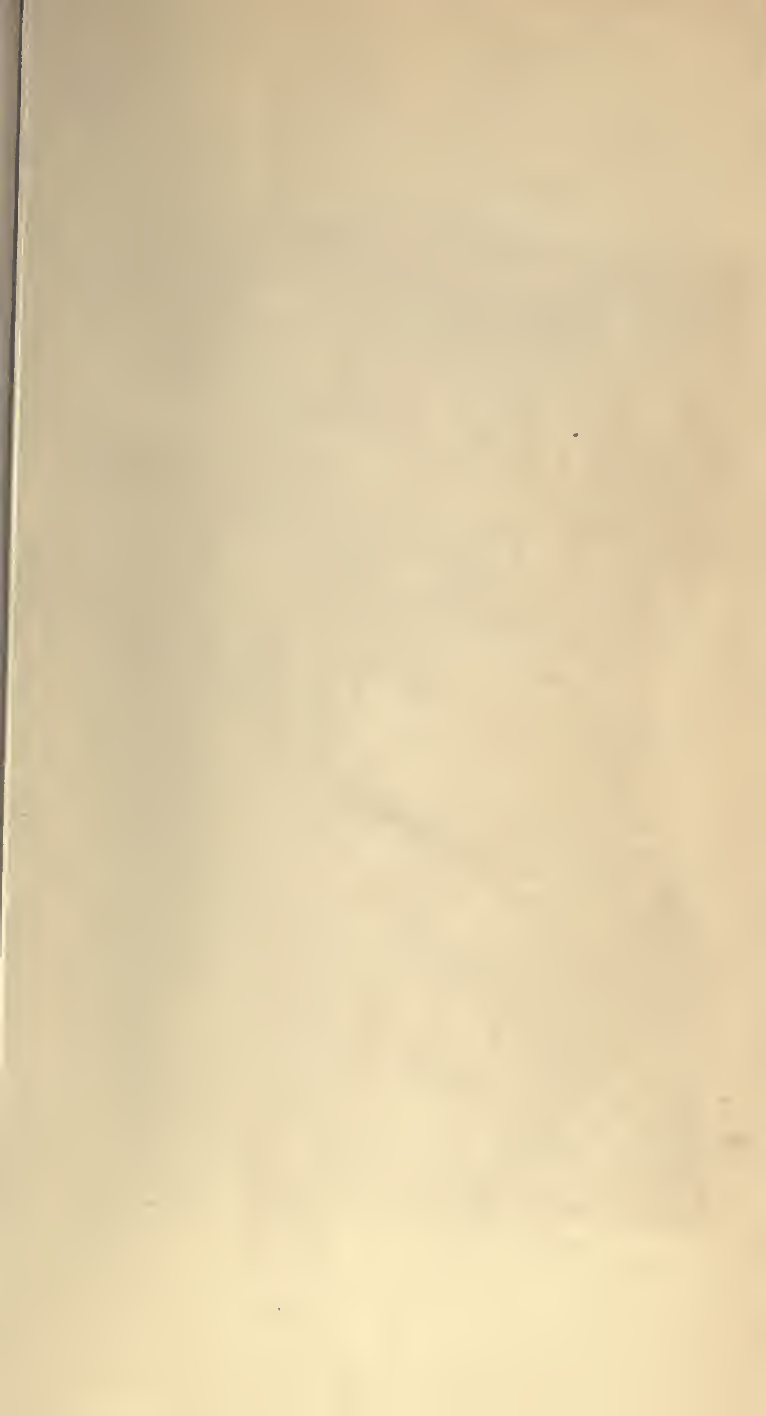

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